

# Renegade Immortal

## (仙逆)

### Book 01

#### The Mediocre Youth

##### Er Gen

##### (耳根)

Story Description:

Wang Lin is a very smart boy with loving parents. Although him and his parents are shunned by the rest of their relatives, his parents always held high hopes that he will one day become someone great. One day, Wang Lin suddenly gained the chance to walk the path of an immortal, but found that he only had mediocre talent at best. Watch Wang Lin as he breaks through his lack of talent and walks the path towards becoming a real immortal!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 1: Leaving Home

Tie Zhu was sitting on the side of a little road in the village, looking at the blue sky in a daze. Tie Zhu was not his real name, but due to having a weak body since he was little, his father was afraid he wouldn't be able to keep him alive and gave him this traditional nickname.

His real name was Wang Lin. The Wang family was considered a big family name in the area, a family of carpenters. The Wang family was well known in the area, and owned a number of shops that sold wood products.

Tie Zhu's father was the second son of the family. He was born from a concubine, therefore, he couldn't take over the family business, so he left the house after he got married and settled in this village.

However, due to his father being a skilled carpenter, Tie Zhu's family was pretty well off, not having to worry about food or clothes. They were well respected within the village.

Tie Zhu had always been very intelligent since he was little. He loved to read books and had a lot of ideas. Almost everyone in the village agreed that he was a prodigy. Every time his father heard someone praise Tie Zhu, the wrinkles on his face would fade and he would reveal a happy smile.

His mother cared for him a lot. One could say that he had grown up in his parents' love. He knew that his parents had high expectations of him. Other children his age were all working in the fields, while he sat at home reading.

As one reads more, ideas come naturally. He yearned for the world outside of the village. Tie Zhu raised his head, looked at the end of the road, let out a sigh, closed his book, got up, and walked home.

His father was sitting in the courtyard. Holding a pipe, he took a deep breath and said, "Tie Zhu, how goes your studies?" as Tie Zhu walked through the door.

Tie Zhu muttered a few words as he passed by. His father shook the ashes out of his pipe, rose up, and said, "Tie Zhu, you have to study properly. Next year is the district exam. Whether you have a future or not will all depend on this exam, don't end up like me, who will spend my entire life in a village."

"Honey, you complain about this every day. If you ask me, our Tie Zhu will definitely pass the exam!" Tie Zhu's mother carried over some food and set it on the table. She gestured at the two to come and eat.

Tie Zhu responded with a sound, then sat down and casually ate a few mouthfuls. His mother affectionately looked at him and passed him the few pieces of meat there were.

"Dad, is Fourth Uncle almost here?" Tie Zhu asked, as he raised his head.

"Calculating the time, it should be within these next few days. Your fourth uncle is more successful than your father. Hey, Tie Zhu's mom, have the mountain dishes prepared for Fourth Uncle all been packed?" The moment Tie Zhu's father mentioned Fourth Uncle, there was a hint of sadness on his face.

His mom nodded and emotionally said, "Tie Zhu, your fourth uncle is a very good person. In these past few years, it was all thanks to him that your father's wood carvings have stayed at a good price. If you are able to achieve success, don't forget to repay your fourth uncle."

As Tie Zhu's mom was talking, the sound of a horse was heard outside the door. Following the sound of the horse drawn carriage, a hearty laugh could be heard.

"Second Brother, open the door!"

Tie Zhu was surprised. He immediately rushed to open the main gate. He saw a strong middle aged man with bright eyes standing outside. He called out Tie Zhu's name, laughed, and rubbed Tie Zhu's head. Smiling, he said, "Tie Zhu, I only haven't seen you in half a year and you have grown taller again."

Tie Zhu's parents immediately stood up. His father, smiling, said, "Fourth Brother, I figured it was about time you arrived. Hurry inside. Tie Zhu, why haven't you gotten a chair for your fourth uncle yet?"

Tie Zhu happily agreed. He hurried back into the house, took out a chair, and placed it next to the dining table. He carefully wiped it with his sleeves while looking hopefully at the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man winked in his direction and jokingly said, "Tie Zhu, since when were you so diligent? I remember the last time I was here, you were not like this."

Tie Zhu's father glanced at Tie Zhu and said, "This little rascal was just inquiring about when you would arrive."

The middle age man saw Tie Zhu blushing and laughingly said, "Tie Zhu, your fourth uncle hasn't forgotten his promise to you." After he finished speaking, he took out two books and placed them on the table.

Tie Zhu excitedly cheered, then flipped through the books. He could barely contain his excitement.

Tie Zhu's mom kindly glanced at her son and said to the middle-aged man, "Fourth Brother, your older brother is always thinking of you. This time, you should stay for a few days."

The middle-aged man shook his head and said, "Second Sister-in-Law, there are many matters to attend to in the family these days. I must head home early tomorrow morning. After this busy time, I'll come back and see you guys." He gave his second brother a regretful look.

Tie Zhu's father sighed, saying, "Don't listen to my wife. Properly pack the goods tomorrow. The family's matters are more important. We can meet next time."

The middle aged man looked at Tie Zhu's father and asked, "Second Brother, Tie Zhu is 15 years old, yes?"

Tie Zhu's father nodded and said, "After this year, this little rascal is going to be 16. In a flash, more than 10 years has quickly passed by." He look at his son dotingly.

The middle-aged man pondered for a while and said, in a serious tone, "Second Brother, Second Sister-in-Law, I have something to tell you: the Heng Yue Sect is taking in disciple. This year, the family has three recommendation slots and I received one of them."

Tie Zhu's father was stunned and said, with a pale face, "Heng Yue Sect? But the Heng Yue Sect is full of immortals."

The middle-aged man smiled, nodded, and said, "Second Brother, it is that very immortal sect! Our family is still a prominent one in the area and has the qualifications to recommend potential disciples. You know my boy, he can't really study, but is good with swords and knives. I doubt the immortal sect will take my son. This spot is really precious. I know Tie Zhu has been very smart since he was little and has always loved to study. He might have a chance."

Tie Zhu's mother felt delighted and said, "Fourth Brother this ... this ..."

The middle-aged man rubbed Tie Zhu's head and said, "Second Brother, Second Sister-in-Law, from my view, let this matter be settled. Let Tie Zhu try; if he really gets accepted, it is his fortune."

Tie Zhu confusedly looked at his parents and his fourth uncle. He wasn't able to understand what was going on. "Immortals? What are immortals?" Tie Zhu softly and hesitantly asked.

The middle-aged man's face turned serious. Looking at Tie Zhu, he said, "Tie Zhu, immortals are those who can fly in the sky, and are simply not something us mortals can understand."

Tie Zhu grew curious of immortals.

Tie Zhu's father excitedly got up, pulled Tie Zhu's mom, and bowed to the middle-aged man. The middle-aged man quickly pulled them up and sincerely said, "Second Brother, what are you doing? My mother died early. If it wasn't for Second Brother's mother taking care of me, I wouldn't be here today. Tie Zhu is my nephew and this is the least I can do."

Tie Zhu's father started crying. He heavily patted the middle-aged

man's back, nodded his head, and sternly said to Tie Zhu, "Remember, Wang Lin, never forget what your fourth uncle has done for us or else I will not consider you my son!"

Tie Zhu's heart trembled. Although he was ignorant towards immortals, he could tell from parent's expressions that they viewed this matter with great importance. He knelt in front of his fourth uncle and kowtowed a few times.

The middle-aged man pulled up Tie Zhu and praised him. "Good child. You get ready and I'll pick you up at the end of the month."

That night, Tie Zhu went to bed early. He could still hear sounds from his father and fourth uncle. Father was very happy. Even though he rarely drank, he had to drink a few cups with Fourth Uncle today.

Immortals, what were they? Tie Zhu's heart was very excited. He knew in his heart that this was an opportunity, an opportunity to see the outside world!

Fourth Uncle left early the next morning. Tie Zhu and his parents saw him off at the village entrance. On the way back, he noticed that his father looked a lot younger. His eyes were filled with hope.

The expectations in his eyes were much greater than the time he wanted Tie Zhu to pass the district exam.

There was no secret in the village, even if it was how many pups a dog gave birth to. Everyone in the village would hear the news. Soon, everyone in the village knew the news from Tie Zhu's mother and all the neighbors came in to visit. Everyone's eyes were different from before as they looked at Tie Zhu with envy and jealousy.

"The Wang family gave birth a good son. He has been accepted as a disciple of the Heng Yue Sect."

"I have watched this child, Tie Zhu, as he grew up! He was very smart since he was little. Now he is a Heng Yue Sect disciple. He has a very promising future."

"Tie Zhu, you have great talent! When you are successful in the future,

don't forget to come back and visit."

These talks filled Tie Zhu's ears, acting like Tie Zhu was already a Heng Yue Sect disciple. Every time his parents heard it, they couldn't stop smiling. The wrinkles on their faces had lessened greatly.

Whenever Tie Zhu would walk alone in the village, all of the villagers passionately asked him about this and that. There were even people who told their kids to follow Tie Zhu as an example.

Half a month passed by quickly. The news of Tie Zhu becoming a Heng Yue Sect disciple quickly spread. All of the villagers nearby came to see Tie Zhu.

Everyone who came by brought gifts. Tie Zhu's parents couldn't reject them, but as they left, Tie's Zhu's parents planned return gifts. According to Tie Zhu's father, "Our son will be an immortal in the future, so he can't owe any favors. We will prepare return gifts for all the visitors."

Soon, the Wang family learned that Tie Zhu's fourth uncle gave his son's spot to Tie Zhu. One after another, they came to congratulate him.

Tie Zhu's father attached great importance to the visiting relatives, as many of them used to look down on him in the past and drove him out of the family all those years ago. Now that they were all coming to visit him, he swept away his sorrows.

He and Tie Zhu's mother discussed a bit and decided to properly entertain everyone. They spent a fortune to hire the village teacher to write invitations to send to their relatives.

The village teacher didn't want money, but wanted Tie Zhu to acknowledge that he grew up studying in his care. Tie Zhu had no objections as this was the truth.

After the invitations were sent to most of the Wang family members, there were so many people that Tie Zhu's dad had to move the party's location to the village square and set up a feast.

The villagers helped entertain the guests. As they spoke to each other, they would praise Tie Zhu endlessly.

Tie Zhu's dad brought his wife and son to the village entrance to personally greet the guests and introduce each relative to Tie Zhu.

"This is your third grandfather. When Father left the family, your third grandfather secretly helped a lot. Tie Zhu, you have to remember to repay his kindness," Tie Zhu's father said, as he helped a white-haired old man.

Tie Zhu quickly agreed. The old man looked at Tie Zhu and said, "Lao Er, time passes by so fast. Your son is already this big! He has better prospects than you."

Tie Zhu's father's face was full of radiance. He smiled, and said, "Third Grandfather, Tie Zhu has been smart ever since he was a kid. He was bound to be better than me. Take your time. Wife, help support Third Grandfather."

Tie Zhu's mother quickly helped the old man walk toward the feast.

Seeing the old man leaving, Tie Zhu's father let out a snort and said to Tie Zhu, "This old guy looked down on your dad and forced me away. Now that you have a good future, he comes to congratulate me. He is just that kind of relative."

Tie Zhu cluelessly nodded and asked, "Is Fourth Uncle coming?"

Tie Zhu's father shook his head. "Your fourth uncle sent a letter. He won't be able to come back until the end of the month."

At that moment, another carriage arrived at the village entrance. A 50-plus-year-old man came out. He looked at Tie Zhu's father and said, "Lao Er, congratulations!"

Tie Zhu's father's face turned complicated and said, "Big Brother!"

The old man's eyes swept across and looked at Tie Zhu. He smiled. "Lao Er, so this is your son? Not bad! Maybe he will really be selected."

Tie Zhu's father frowned, stretched, and said, "Tie Zhu might not have much merit, but he is smart and loves to read books. He is bound to be selected."

"That is not necessarily true. When immortal sects look for disciples,

there are very strict requirements. I see this kid is very dumb. Going is a waste of time," said a haughty voice from the carriage, as a 16 or 17 year old boy stepped out.

The young boy looked very pretty. He had eyebrows like scimitars, a face like Guan Yu, and eyes full of disdain.

Tie Zhu's father glared at him and Wang Lin gave him a deep look, but didn't say anything.

The old man's face changed color and shouted, "Wang Zhuo, how can you be so rude?! This is your second uncle and your little brother Wang Lin, why haven't you greeted them?!" He turned to Tie Zhu's father and said, "My son's speech is ugly. Lao Er, don't mind him, but..." As he was talking, he suddenly turned and said, "But Lao Er, it is not a simple matter for these immortals to accept a disciple—it is a matter of fate. This time, it's because the Heng Yue Sect was very interested in my son that our Wang family was given three spots, including his."

Tie Zhu's father snorted and said, "If your son can do it, then my son will definitely be selected!"

The youth laughed, not caring about the old man's words. With disdain, he said, "So, you are Second Uncle. I suggest you don't be so optimistic. The way of cultivation is very complex, and only one in ten thousand people can even learn it. How can he compete with me, who, while not being an official disciple yet, was personally selected by an immortal teacher?"

The old man's face flashed with a color of pride, "scolded" the youth, and brought him toward the feast.

"Tie Zhu, don't worry. Even if you are not selected, it doesn't matter. There is always the district exam next year." Tie Zhu's father earnestly said, after suppressing his anger.

Wang Lin confidently whispered, "Dad, don't worry. I'll be selected!"

Tie Zhu's dad gently patted his son's shoulder. His eyes were filled with rays of hope.

One after another, they greeted a lot of relatives. Tie Zhu's father took him back to the feast. In front of them was a bustling scene of people celebrating.

Tie Zhu's father cried out, "My dear relatives, my fellow villagers, I, Wang Tianshui, am not a very cultured man and don't have much to say, but today, I'm very happy because my son has a chance to become a Heng Yue Sect disciple. This is the happiest moment of my life. I won't say more, but thank you all for coming." He raised his cup and drained it of the wine within.

"Lao Er, your son has been very smart ever since he was little. He will definitely be selected like Wang Zhu's son and become an immortal."

"Second Brother, having a son like Tie Zhu, you have not lived your life in vain. In the future, all you have to do is wait to enjoy the good fortune."

"Tie Zhu, you must make your father proud! This time, no matter what, you must enter the Heng Yue Sect!"

There were numerous bright scenes everywhere. The sounds of celebration came from all sides, but there were many people, like Wang Zhuo's father, who on the surface was giving his congratulations, but in his heart had always looked down upon his brother and his brother's son. He looked at his son, and then at Tie Zhu. He felt very dissatisfied. Fourth Brother's actions were outside of his expectations, but as the immortals weren't blind, there was no way Tie Zhu would be selected.

People passed by, one by one. Tie Zhu's father pulled Tie Zhu around from table to table to give a toast and introduce various unknown relatives to him.

Today, Tie Zhu's father drank a lot of wine. He was never this well regarded. The feast lasted until it was very late and everyone started to head home. Before leaving, and still with a look of contempt, Wang Zhuo, while no one noticed, whispered to Tie Zhu, "Little fool, you won't be selected. You don't have the ability."

He left with his father as he displayed a smile full of contempt.

After returning home, Tie Zhu lied on his bed. He secretly decided in his heart that he must be selected no matter what!

Half a month passed by quickly. Today, Tie Zhu's fourth uncle arrived in a carriage.

Tie Zhu's parents quickly welcomed him inside. The middle-aged man washed his face and hurriedly said, "Second Brother, Second Sister-in-Law, I can't stay long this time. I'm taking Tie Zhu and leaving. The Heng Yue Sect will arrive to pick up the potential disciples tomorrow morning."

Tie Zhu's father was stunned. A trace of sadness appeared on his face. He firmly said, "Fine. Tie Zhu, follow your fourth uncle. If you are selected, study dutifully at the Heng Yue Sect. However, if you aren't selected, don't worry and come back home."

Tie Zhu, not wanting to leave his parents, nodded heavily. His mother took out a parcel from the room and lovingly said, "Tie Zhu, listen to your fourth uncle and don't cause any trouble; the outside is not the same as home. You must have patience. Mother has prepared you some new clothes. Also, there are some of your favorite, baked sweet potatoes. Mother will miss you. If you are not selected, just come back." As Tie Zhu's mom was talking, tears began appearing in her eyes.

Tie Zhu had never left the village ever since he was born. This was his first time leaving.

Fourth Uncle emotionally said, "Tie Zhu, you must be selected to make your parents proud. Second Brother, Second Sister-in-Law, the family will have a big celebration in a few days, so I am too busy today. Tomorrow, I'll pick you guys up. The results for the three candidates should be out by then."

He quickly pulled Tie Zhu onto the carriage, whipped the horse, and set off.

With tears in their eyes, Tie Zhu's parents stared at the carriage as it quickly disappeared into the distance.

"Tie Zhu has never left home before. Will he be bullied?" Tie Zhu's

mom said, while biting her lip. Her eyes were filled with sadness.

"He has grown up and has to deal with his own fortune." Tie Zhu's father picked up his pipe and inhaled deeply. More wrinkles appeared on his face.

# Chapter 2: Immortals

The carriage quickly rolled along the road. Wang Lin's body bounced with the uneven ground. In his arm was the package that contained all of his parents' hope as he left the village he had lived in for 15 years.

The trip won't be a short one. Wang Lin lied down and fell asleep in the carriage. Not knowing how much time had passed, he was gently nudged. He opened his eyes and looked up to see fourth uncle, who looked at him with smiling face and asked, "Tie Zhu, how do you feel about leaving home for the first time?"

Wang Lin noticed that the carriage had stopped and smiled. "Not much to say, just a little afraid if I will be selected by the immortals or not."

Fourth uncle let out a laugh and patted Tie Zhu's shoulder, saying, "Okay, don't over think it. This is uncle's house. You go rest first, then I'll take you to the family tomorrow morning."

After getting off the carriage, in front of Wang Lin was a tile roofed house. He followed fourth uncle to a room. Wang Lin sat on the bed. He was unable to sleep. The things that his parents, the villagers, and relatives said flashed through his mind. He signed in his heart. The thought of becoming the disciple of an immortal become heavier in his mind.

Time passed by, bit by bit. A moment later, the sun gradually started to rise. Wang Lin didn't get much rest throughout the night, but he was still full of energy. With a trace of fear, he followed fourth uncle to the main house of the Wang family.

This was the first time Wang Lin had seen a house this big, leaving him in a daze. Fourth uncle said, while walking, "Tie Zhu, you have to make your father proud. Don't let the relatives ridicule you."

Wang Lin's mind became more tense. He bit his lips and nodded.

Soon, fourth uncle brought him to the middle of the courtyard. Tie Zhu's father's eldest brother was standing there. When he saw Tie Zhu,

he nodded and said, “Tie Zhu, when the immortal arrives, don’t freak out, just follow your older brother Wang Zhuo. Do everything he does.”

The old man’s tone was very hard on those last few words.

Wang Lin stayed silent. He looked around and noticed that besides Wang Zhuo, there was another youth. The youth’s skin was a bit dark, his build was very large, and his eyes showed a hint of intelligence. There was a bulge in his shirt, like he was hiding something.

He look at Tie Zhu and made a face, then ran over and said, “So you’re second uncle’s son? My name is Wang Hao.”

Wang Lin chuckled and nodded.

When the old man saw Wang Lin ignoring him, he became very annoyed and was about to scold him.

Right at that moment, the clouds in the sky suddenly split. A sword of light suddenly descended like lightning. After the light disappeared, there stood a youth in white, whose eyes were bright and piercing, emitting an elegant spirit. This cold eyes swept across the three youths, especially at the youth with the bulge in his shirt. He coldly asked, “Are these three the ones recommended by the Wang family?”

“This is an immortal?” Under his gaze, Wang Lin started to feel cold. His heart started pounding and his face became pale while staring at the immortal.

The dark skinned youth, after seeing the immortal, placed his hands near the pockets of his pants, showing a respectful demeanour. His eyes held a fanatical expression.

Only Wang Zhuo casually looked at the others and snorted.

Wang Zhuo’s father quickly stepped forward and respectfully said, “Immortal, these three are the Wang family’s recommended youths.”

The youth nodded and impatiently said, “Who is Wang Zhuo?”

The old man’s face showed a flash of happiness, then he quickly pulled Wang Zhuo. “Immortal, this is my son, Wang Zhuo.”

The immortal youth gave Wang Zhuo a deep look. His face brightened and he nodded. "Wang Zhuo is indeed talented. No wonder Uncle-Master took a liking to him."

Wang Zhuo proudly looked at Wang Lin and proudly said, "This is natural. In order to become an immortal, one must have a strong spirit."

The youth made a frown, but it quickly disappeared. He directed a faint smile at Wang Zhuo's direction, waved his sleeves, and took the three youths on the rainbow and disappeared.

Fourth uncle looked into the sky and muttered, "Tie Zhu, you must be selected!"

Wang Lin felt his body lighten. The wind hitting his face caused him pain. On closer inspection, he noticed that he was under the arm of the youth, flying quickly through the sky. The village turned into little black dots as they quickly flew forward.

After just a little while, the wind caused his eyes to turn red and tear up.

"Unless you three want to become blind, close your eyes," the youth coldly said. Wang Lin's heart tensed. He quickly closed his eyes, afraid to keep looking.

After a short period of time, Wang Lin could feel that the youth was short of breath and that his speed started decreasing. Then, in a flash, the youth quickly descended. The moment before landing, the youth loosened his arm and the three youths fell to the ground.

Thankfully, the fall wasn't hard. The three got up quickly. In front of Wang Lin was a paradise-like scene, with mountains, flowers, and a river. It was a truly idyllic scene.

Straight ahead was a towering mountain. Its peak was covered in clouds, which hid its true appearance. Echoes of beasts' cries could be heard. There was a path of twisted steps that snaked its way down the mountain, like a painting, evoking a feeling of a different world.

Far off in the distance, at the top of the mountain, stood a hall. Even though it was covered by the clouds, the shining bright light made

people to want to worship it.

Next to the hall was a silver colored bridge with the shape of a crescent moon, which connected that peak with another mountain peak.

With these natural beauties, this was truly worthy of being the location of the Heng Yue Sect. The Heng Yue Sect was one of the few existing immortal sects. 500 years ago, it was the leading force of the entire cultivation world, with many branch sects. However, with the passage of time, it had shrunk to its current size and was only barely able to have a foothold in the cultivation world.

However, for the mortals near the Heng Yue sect, it was still an elusive figure.

“Little brother Zhang, are these the three candidates recommended by the Wang family?” A middle aged man dressed in black with an immortal demeanor floated down from the mountain’s peak.

The youth showed a face full of respect and said, “Third brother, these are the Wang family’s three recommended youths.”

The middle aged man’s gaze swept across them. He focused on Wang Zhuo a few times. Smiling, he said, “I know you are about to have a breakthrough. I’ll handle the test, you go cultivate.”

The youth agreed. His body moved toward the mountain, and in the blink of an eye, disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin stared at the scene before him, full of excitement. Suddenly, he noticed someone tugging his clothes and turned around. It was Wang Hao. His eyes were filled with excitement. He said, “This is where the immortals live! F\*ck my grandmother! No matter what, I, Wang Hao, must be selected.” Saying so, he touched the bulging object concealed in his shirt.

# Chapter 3: Test

Wang Zhuo was dazed by the scene before him. It took a long time for him to recover his senses, and the amount of arrogance in his heart had shrunk.

At that moment, several rainbow colored swords flew toward them. For each sword that dissipated, there was a Heng Yue Sect disciple, each followed by several 15 year olds.

There were both male and female youths. As they landed, they too had similar expressions to Wang Lin's group as they stared at the scene in front of them with different expressions.

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples that brought the youths gathered at the side and started talking about the youths. After waiting for a while, all the other youths who had been recommended arrived at the sect. A black clad middle aged man scanned the area. He emotionlessly said, "Among the lot of you, only a few will be selected to be Heng Yue Sect disciples."

All of the youths cried out in shock. Wang Lin's heart shuddered. He counted a total of 48 people taking the test.

"Cultivation, the path to becoming an immortal, depends on your natural talent. The first test is to see whether or not your spirit is strong enough. Now, whoever I point to will come up and take the test." The middle aged man emotionlessly pointed at a youth.

The youth's legs trembled. He walked over carefully. The middle aged man put his hand on his head and said, "Not qualified, stand to the left."

The youth suddenly lost all strength. Face looking bleak and eyes blank, he moved to the left in silence.

Then, another youth was pointed at. He moved forward with a fearful expression.

"Not qualified."

"Not qualified."

“Not qualified.”

Ten people in a row all failed the test. Up until now, there was still no one to the right of the middle aged man.

It was Wang Zhuo’s turn. All of his previous pride had disappeared from his face. Looking pale, he stepped forward.

After the middle aged man put his hand on Wang Zhuo’s head, his face suddenly lit up and asked, “What is your name?”

Wang Zhuo quickly replied respectfully, “Immortal Hui Bing, my name is Wang Zhuo.”

The middle aged man nodded. He smiled, and said, “So, you are the one Martial Teacher mentioned. Good, Wang Zhuo, stand to the right.”

Wang Zhuo felt exaltation and walked toward the right under everyone’s admiration. His eyes were filled with arrogance and contempt as he looked at the crowd. He felt untouchable.

“Mother f\*cker, he is one lucky dog.” Wang Hao murmured to Wang Lin, while curling his lip.

Wang Lin’s heart became more tense. In front of his eyes rose his parents’ eyes, filled with expectations. He tightened his fists.

“Not bad. You also stand to the right,” said the middle aged man, surprised, to the young girl in front of him.

After a short period of time, almost all of youths had been tested and only two stood to the right of the middle aged man. Wang Hao was up next.

Wang Hao quickly ran up to the middle aged man. Before he could even start the test, he knelt to the ground and kowtowed a few times. He said, “Immortal Hui Bing, may you enjoy a long life! My name is Wang Hao. You already tested so many people! You must be tired. Why don’t you rest for a while. I’m in no rush, it’s no problem.”

The middle aged man laughed out loud. Testing so many people whose faces were filled with fear, yet this clever youth here, without the

slightest bit of fear, was trying to win favor with him. He pressed his hand on Wang Hao's head and said, "Spirit is lacking, not..."

The moment Wang Hao heard his spirit was lacking, his heart plummeted. Without waiting for the middle aged man to finish, he quickly pulled out a jaded box and presented it front of him. Wang Hao wisely said, "Immortal Hui Bing, my father found this by accident in the mountain, but was unable to open it. I especially brought it to give to Immortal Hui Bing."

The middle aged man chuckled as he shook his head. He was about to refuse Wang Hao, but as he scanned the box, his pupils suddenly contracted. His face suddenly lit up. "Not bad! This is an at least 300 year old mushroom. Looking at the jade box, it was sealed by a cultivator. No wonder your father couldn't open it." He paused, then said, with a slightly faltering voice, "I'm in need of a helper for my pill concoction, are you willing to be my helper?"

Wang Hao, surprised, got up quickly. The difference in treatment was like heaven and earth, causing him to be very excited. He exclaimed, "Yes Immortal Hui Bing, I am willing!"

The middle aged man said, while chuckling, "Being my helper, I won't mistreat you. You can cultivate just like the other disciples. Go stand to the right."

Wang Hao was very excited in his heart. He ran to the right side and faced Wang Zhuo with a triumphant stare.

The faces of all the youths that failed turn pale. All of them felt very depressed. A few even started crying.

The middle aged man frowned. He shouted, "Send away all those who started crying."

A few of the Heng Yue Sect disciples stepped out. They quickly took the ones that started crying and casually disappeared in swords of light.

The middle aged man pointed at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He nervously walked toward the side of

the middle aged man. His mind was completely blank. Praying silently in his heart, he couldn't help but remember the expectations in his parents' eyes.

"I will definitely be selected!" Wang Lin thought, with determination.

The middle aged man's hand pressed on his head. With a deadpan face, he said the two words Wang Lin dreaded the most.

"Not qualified!"

Wang Lin didn't remember how he had made it to the left side, he only heard the spring thunder roaring in his ears and echoing the two words the middle aged man had said.

After a moment, everyone had been tested, and only three people stood to the right. In the eyes of everyone else, the three were insurmountable and immensely tall.

Wang Zhuo looked at Wang Lin with face full of contempt, fully expressing his disdain for him.

"While a strong spirit is needed in order to be a cultivator, perseverance is even more important. Even ordinary students like you, with enough perseverance, can become a sect disciple! The second test is perseverance!" The middle aged man paused, then said, with a deadpan face, "Follow the steps up. If you reach the top, you are qualified. If you're not finished within three days, you fail. Those who fail will be returned to their families. If you cannot endure any longer or meet danger, just yell out loud and someone will come and save you."

The middle aged man smiled to the three on his right and said, "You two, follow me to meet the patriarch. We will also find you masters. Wang Hao, you don't need to go. Come with me to the pill house so you can get used to the place."

After the middle aged man finished giving instructions, he took the three selected youths and disappeared into the mountains.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. His eyes were full of determination. He walked up the stone steps with no hesitation and started the test of

perseverance.

Aside from the three selected youths and the six crying youths who were taken away, thirty nine remained.

Among these 39 youths, the ones that were very depressed, the ones very determined, and those who were scared all walked towards their own future.

# Chapter 4: Heartless

The uneven stone steps were very dangerous on both sides. The slightest mistake would cause one to slip and fall.

After less than half a day, Wang Lin's legs felt like they were made of lead. He was sweaty and out of breath, it was difficult to even move. Looking up from the bottom of the mountain, the trail didn't seem long, but now, this trail felt like it had no end. Wang Lin's heart sank. He could not help but generate thoughts of despair.

In front of him there were a dozen physically strong boys, slowly climbing. They were all also out of breath. Until now, no one had given up.

Wang Lin gritted his teeth. He knew this was his last chance. His parents' expectations filled his mind. At that very moment, the foot of a boy behind him slipped. The boy fell off the side of the mountain with a scream.

"I give up! HELP!"

Everybody stopped to looked down at the same time and saw a dark light flashing by. A Heng Yue Sect disciple appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the boy. Their bodies could be seen gently falling to the foot of the mountain.

Wang Lin was pale and silent. He carefully continued climbing upwards. Time seemed to be passing much more slowly. Two days later, he could see the shadows of the dozen of youths in front of him

Wang Lin didn't know how many of these companions would give up, he only knew that he must not give up. His feet were bleeding and swelling. He felt a terrible tingling every step he took. He still persisted and used his hands to climb.

A middle aged man with a sickly complexion floated down the stairs from the top of the mountain. "Little children, keep your hearts strong, for this path is ruthless. It won't be in vain, nothing is in vain...." He let out a

lengthy sigh as he floated down past the climbing youths.

The middle aged man passed Wang Lin. This was the sixth youth he passed by, and he was the most pathetic of the bunch. With clothes soaked with blood, he seemed to be bleeding everywhere. His knees and toes were mangled. Wang Lin was climbing using his hands at this point. The middle aged man sighed loudly and asked, "My child, what is your name?"

Wing Lin's vision was blurry. The only thought in his head was to reach the top or die. He didn't even hear the middle aged man's question. In his eyes this little trail was the only thing that mattered.

The middle aged man looked at Wang Lin's eyes. Deep down, he was rather moved. He put his hand on Wang Lin's head. "This boy has amazing perseverance. It's too bad he lacks talent. What a waste, what a waste...." He gave Wang Lin a deep look, then continued to descend the steps.

The next night, Wang Lin's hands were bloody. He left a trail of blood as he climbed the stairs. He did not know how he kept going, but something kept fueling his body to go on. He felt like he could die at any time.

The sun rose on the third day. In the distance, Wang Lin could just barely make out the end of the stone steps. Unfortunately, with the end in sight, he heard a thunderous voice that shook his heart.

"Time is up. Only three have qualified. The rest....FAILED!"

Wang Lin let out a small, bitter laugh. He looked down while his body was slanting down on the stairs. His consciousness completely faded.

The black-clad middle aged man from three days ago stood on top of the mountain. He was looking at Wang Lin from less than 50 meters away with a ruthless look in his eyes.

A few Heng Yue Sect disciples went down from the top of the mountain. They each stopped next to one of the youths on the way down and fed them medicine.

A female Heng Yue Sect disciple said in a cold voice, "Seniors, out of 39

testers, 25 gave up. Only three passed the test, and 11 remain." She had also experienced this brutal test. She relied on the martial arts she had practiced since she was a child to pass. She barely had enough perseverance. Even now, after ten years of effort, she still hadn't become a true disciple.

The black-clad middle aged man had an icy look in his eyes. He slightly nodded while his eyes swept past the 11 unconscious teenagers."Take the three that qualified and find work for them to do in the future. Send the 25 that gave up back to their families. As for the last 11 people, wait for them to wake up. Send them together to the house of the sword spirit to see if any of them have spiritual affinity with the sword spirit. If they don't, send them home"

After the middle aged man was finished here, he walked away without another glance and the youths below.

Three days later, at the house of the sword spirit, stood 11 teenagers with pale faces. The injuries all over Wang Lin's body were already healed, but the wound in his heart was still gaping open. The pain of his failure kept eating away at his mind and body.

This test of the spirit of the sword was conducted not by the black-clad middle aged man, but by a man wearing white, someone they hadn't seen before. He had the same cold, ruthless look in his eyes. He looked at the youths as if they were ants.

The man said, with an impatient look, "This is the last test. If you can walk into this room, you are qualified."

All Wang Lin saw was an extremely common building. The front door of the building was open. When he looked inside, he could see swords of different lengths.

Each of the youths, one by one, walked towards the house. The first one that approached got within 5 meters of the house. His face went red as he struggled to get closer, but was expelled by an invisible force.

"Unqualified! Next!" said the man in white.

Wang Lin was the seventh in line. The six before him all met the same fate, expelled by an invisible force when they got within 5 meters of the house. He smiled bitterly, and with the last bit of hope in his heart, stepped forward.

As he approached the five meter mark, Wang Lin was able to keep going with ease. His heart was beating rapidly with anticipation. He stepped closer, 1 meter more. He wasn't feeling any discomfort yet.

The white clothed man let out a surprised "Hey!". His eyes were bright, and his face showed slight interest. He gently said, "Don't hesitate to continue. Keep walking towards the house of the spirit of the sword. If you are recognized by the spirit of the sword, you will be accepted as a true disciple, even if you failed the two previous tests."

The ten other teenagers standing there had the color of envy in their faces. They were deeply jealous of Wang Lin.

Wang Lin was very tense on the inside. The looks his parents gave him flashed through his mind again as he stepped one meter closer to the door. There were only 3 meters remaining to reach the door. Wang Lin took another step.

He suddenly felt a huge force rush in his direction. Wang Lin lost control of his body and was sent flying more than ten meters away.

The rest of the youths all looked at Wang Lin with mocking expressions in their eyes. They thought that Wang Lin was just like them after all, with no chance.

With a bitter laugh, Wang Lin could feel the gaping wounds in his heart grow bigger. His parents' expectant eyes gradually dissipated from his mind.

The man in white's eyes turned cold again and he said, "Failed. Next."

# Chapter 5: The Return

In the end, none of the 11 youths passed the test. There was one young girl who made it as far as Wang Lin.

On that day, all of the youths that failed the test were sent back to the bottom of the mountain. The Heng Yue Sect disciples took them home one by one. The one that came to take Wang Lin home was the same youth that had picked him up. Behind him was Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao.

The youth clasped his hands and said, “Brother Wang Zhuo, congratulations on becoming Uncle-Master’s disciple. You have a bright future ahead of you.”

Wang Zhuo’s face showed an arrogant expression. He proudly said, “It is only natural. Master said that after I have finished taking care of the mundane affairs at home, he will teach me cultivator techniques after I return.”

Wang Hao raised his head and added on the side, “I have always looked down on your arrogant demeanor. So what if you have a master? I will be able to learn how to produce immortal pills.”

Wang Zhuo gave Wang Hao a hard stare, then he shifted his gaze to Wang Lin, who silently stood there. He smiled, and said, “Tie Zhu, how was it? I told you before that you didn’t have the ability, but both you and your father wouldn’t believe it. Now we know the result.”

Tie Zhu raised his head, glanced slightly at Wang Zhuo, and said “Sir, my parents are waiting for me at home. Please take me back as soon as possible.”

Wang Zhuo saw Wang Lin dare to ignore him and sneered. “Little bumpkin, you are better off becoming a carpenter in a little village for the rest of your life, like your father.”

The immortal youth let out a faint smile as he looked at the three youths in front of him, but didn’t say a single word. He waved his sleeves

and brought the three along as they disappeared from the Heng Yue Sect mountain.

Comparing this flight to last one, Wang Lin's mood was like heaven and earth. Before, he was full of hope, but now, he was full of despair.

A little while later, the Wang Clan's house came into view. Wang Lin opened his eyes. He could see from afar the clan house that was lit up in celebration with a lively atmosphere. There were far more banquet tables than when his father had organized the feast at the village. They covered almost the whole yard.

All the Wang family members were there. Even those who were away buying lumber had come back. The celebration was in full swing, full of drinking and chatter.

The lead of the banquet was Wang Tianshui's older brother, Wang Tianshui, and Wang Tianshui's third brother. All the relatives surrounded the three of them to give them their congratulation. The scene was very festive.

Their eyes were filled with envy, but their mouths were full of flattery. Especially towards Wang Lin's father, who couldn't help but remember the sadness from his past.

Wang Lin's sixth uncle exclaimed, "Second brother, this time your son will be selected for sure. After this you don't have to be a carpenter any more. Anyone who sees you will have no choice but to call you elder."

Wang Tianshui's fifth uncle said, "Lao Er, back in the days I already knew your life wouldn't be normal. You devoted your life to Tie Zhu. Now that he is going to be an immortal, you as his father must be extraordinary."

"Second brother, this time both your kid Tie Zhu and my son will be selected. Us brothers haven't met each other in 10 years. This time, we must have a drink together, no matter what!" said Wang Hao's father, as he brought over glasses of wine. He was also Wang Tianshui's third brother.

Tie Zhu's father looked at all the relatives that used to look down on him. All the sorrow from his past was swept away. However, he couldn't help but feel a giant rock weighing down his heart.

"Tie Zhu, you must be selected!"

"Second sister in law, this time your marriage to second brother has brought you good fortune. Having Tie Zhu as your child, who in the neighboring area won't know you?"

"Second sister in law, your kid Tie Zhu has more ability than my child. Ever since Tie Zhu was little, he has been very smart."

"Tie Zhu's mother, even though we are of the same family, there are many consanguine relatives who have married nowadays. My daughter is unmarried, and is about the same age as Tie Zhu. Tie Zhu is handsome and I like him. Why don't we tie the knot between our families?" Like Tie Zhu's father, his mother was surrounded by a group of female relatives who were enthusiastically chattering beside her.

Wang Zhao's father held an indifferent look the whole time. He secretly desired for the Immortal to come and deliver the news that Tie Zhu had not been selected, so he could see his second brother's reaction to it.

As he thought of this, he let out a laugh and toasted the relative next to him that was praising his child.

The scene was bustling and full of spirit. At that moment, a sword of light appeared and landed in the courtyard. Four people came with it.

The area immediately quieted down. No member of the Wang Family dared to say a word.

The Heng Yue Sect disciple swept across the area and secretly sighed. He remembered when he was selected as a Heng Yue Sect disciple. His hometown was celebrating like this as well. He suddenly give Wang Lin a look of pity. He knew that the thing that this youth was about to experience wasn't something a youth could handle.

"He has a ruthless path ahead of him..." The disciple shook his head and left in a sword of light.

"Immortal practitioners can't have any earthly desires, take care of what you need to, I'll come pick you up in three days." His voice echoed from the distance.

When Wang Zhuo's father saw the immortal leave, he quickly rushed up to his son and asked, "Did Immortal Hui Bing take you as his disciple?"

Wang Zhuo said, with a face full of pride and arrogance, "Naturally. Master has said that in ten years I'll be able to become the head of Heng Yue Sect Disciples."

Wang Zhuo's father was overjoyed. He patted his son heavily on the shoulders, and laughed. "Good, Wang Zhuo you will be an immortal in the future! Our Wang family will have an immortal!"

Wang Hao's father's face also had an anxious expression while staring at Wang Hao. When he was about to ask, Wang Hao let out a sigh and said "Dad, you don't have to ask. Your son is already a Heng Yue Sect Disciple."

Wang Hao's father was ecstatic. He picked up his cup and fiercely drank. Wang Zhuo had a disgusted look on his face. He said contemptuously: "Third Uncle, you gave birth to a good son. He has lost the Wang Family a lot of face. In front of everyone he flattered the immortal and then, only relying on a bribe was he able to become a helper."

Wang Hao raised his brow and said "I'm happy, so what? In the future, let us see who has stronger cultivator techniques, then we will see who has lost the family face."

Tie Zhu's father saw the depressed expression his son wore, causing his body to shudder. He had an ominous feeling.

"Tie Zhu, what...what about you?" Tie Zhu's mother asked, full of expectation.

# Chapter 6: Insults

Tie Zhu was silent as Wang Zhuo, in a derisive tone, said, “I have said before that this kid didn’t have any talent. All he did was go and lose face for our family. I passed on the first test, so I didn’t see him until later on. A few days later, I heard that he failed all three tests. He might as well not have gone. I would’ve preferred it if fourth uncle’s son had gone instead.”

Tie Zhu’s fourth uncle frowned and said, “Wang Zhuo, even if you’re going to become an immortal, what can you possibly know about what my son can or can’t do? The audacity!”

There was a flash of coldness in Wang Zhuo’s eyes. He quietly laughed, but didn’t say anything.

Tie Zhu’s father suddenly looked like he had aged more than 10 years and fell down to his seat. Tie Zhu’s mother was also shocked, she couldn’t believe what was happening. She asked, “Tie Zhu, is... is this true?”

Tie Zhu bit his lip until it started bleeding. He fell to the ground and kowtowed a few times. He whispered, “Mom, Dad, Tie Zhu wasn’t selected by the immortals. I’m sorry, I .... I will repay you both in the next life.”

Tie Zhu’s mother realized her son was in despair. She quickly ran and helped Tie Zhu to his feet. She whispered, “Child, don’t worry. So what if you weren’t selected by the immortals? Next year there is the district exam. Child, don’t be so hard on yourself. Don’t do anything stupid either. Your father and mother still expect you to be at our funerals.”

Tie Zhu’s father snapped out of his daze. He realized the kind of mental state Tie Zhu was in. His heart trembled, and he quickly ran up to his son. Holding him, he nervously said, “Tie Zhu, you better not do anything stupid. Listen to your dad. Let’s go home and study hard for next year’s district exam.”

The surrounding relatives quickly moved away from Tie Zhu’s family. They all gathered around as if they were watching a show, gossiping and sharing comments about the event unfolding before them.

Tie Zhu's sixth uncle quipped, "I always knew that this Tie Zhu kid didn't have any talent. How could he compare to Wang Zhuo?"

"Totally right. Since this was bound to happen, why act like he was already accepted? How shameful. Lao Er, you are this old already. How could you still do something so stupid. No wonder dad didn't give you a share of the inheritance back then." said Tie Zhu's third uncle sarcastically.

"If you ask me, the story that this kid has always been smart since he was a child was fabricated. It was probably because Lao Er knew that he himself was a failure. He tried to raise his son's reputation by lying, and now he's been exposed." Said Tie Zhu's fifth uncle, whose face had turned ugly.

A female relative scoffed, "Out of the three children that went to test, only he failed. Tie Zhu is the worst child in our Wang Family. Second sister in law, I earlier said you had good fortune with second brother. Now it seems like your luck will keep dwindling for the rest of your life."

Tie Zhu's fifth aunt also sneered, "Isn't that right? When I went to see Tie Zhu a few days ago, I was wondering how he could compare to Wang Hao and Wang Zhuo at all."

Another female relative mercilessly said, "I had already seen that that kid Tie Zhu didn't have any talent. Just look at his mom and dad. How could they give birth to anyone good? In our Wang family, only eldest brother and third brother's kids are any good. Tie Zhu, bah, just with that name he sounds like an idiot."

"I was totally blind back then, about to push my daughter into a pit of fire. Good thing we found out beforehand that Tie Zhu wasn't selected by the immortals. My daughter would've hated me forever if I had her marry him. Tie Zhu's mom, let us forget about this whole thing. Since your Tie Zhu won't become an immortal, who would want their daughter to marry him? Isn't that like a toad wanting a swan's meat?"

In a few moments all the relatives turned into snobs. They continuously launched a barrage of insults at Tie Zhu's family.

Compared to the previous scene, it was like heaven and earth. There were even relatives who went as far as to ask for the gifts they gave back. Seeing his parent's pale faces, Tie Zhu tightened his fist. Listening to all the insults left him wishing he was dead.

Wang Zhuo's father laughed inwardly, and sneered, "Lao Er, didn't I tell you that to become an immortal's disciple, you need fate on your side? How could there possibly be any chance unless you have talent like my son? Yet you seriously believed it would be possible. Now you made your son wish he was dead! Was there a need for this?"

Tie Zhu's father couldn't hold in his anger any longer. He shouted, "Wang Tianshan, shut you mouth! Back in the day, father on his deathbed left me a part of the inheritance. You worked with the other relatives to steal it away from me, and now you are here insulting me. Do you really think I, Wang Tianshui, will quietly endure this?"

"And all of you people as well. Earlier you were happily congratulating me, and now you are here insulting us. Our son is already in this state, yet you add insult to injury. Are you all still human?"

Wang Tianshan paused for a moment and said, "Why bring up the past? I warned you with good intentions that your son didn't have any talent, but here you are being angry at me. Hmph, with a dad like you, the son won't be much better!"

All the insults thrown at the crestfallen Wang Lin were like thorns piercing his heart. He coldly looked at everyone and engraved their faces into his heart.

"You, I'll fight you to the death." Tie Zhu's father couldn't hold in his anger any longer and picked up a chair. Tie Zhu's fourth uncle rushed up and stopped him, whispering, "Brother, don't be impulsive. Elder brother has many servants. Listen to me, don't bother with him."

Tie Zhu's fourth uncle glared at Wang Tianshan and said, "Eldest brother, is that any way to talk? I will not listen to this any longer. If you dare to keep insulting my second brother, don't blame me for not caring about family ties. While the Wang family is big, I have made many

friends during my travel. Don't push me to burn it all."

Wang Tianshan murmured a few words. He still feared the well connected fourth bother.

"Lao Si, what you are saying is unreasonable. We aren't wrong in pointing out that Lao Er's son doesn't have any talent. What's wrong with us, the older generation, scolding the younger? What you're saying is too unreasonable." said the Family's third eldest uncle with discontent.

# Chapter 7: Leaving Home

“That’s right! Fourth brother, we are speaking for you because you gave your spot to second bother. What Wang Zhuo said was correct, your son is stronger than Tie Zhu. He might have really gotten selected by the immortals.” Tie Zhu’s fifth brother added on the side.

Wang Zhuo, with a proud smile, gloated, “Their family brought all this upon themselves. My father and I warned them beforehand. This useless family is about as stubborn as a donkey. Now they hit a wall.”

Wang Hao, with a pale face said, “Tie Zhu, he...”

Before he could finish, Wang Hao’s father shot him a fierce look. He lost all confidence and kept quiet afterwards.

Tie Zhu’s fourth uncle let out a deep sigh and said, “Whoever brings this up again means he has something against me, let this be done. Tie Zhu not being selected can only be said that he wasn’t fortunate enough and nothing else. Tie Zhu don’t take it to heart, you can come to your fourth uncle for anything. I have no say in immortal sects, but when it comes to normal sects, your uncle still has some ability to get in you. You can go with my son, Hu Zi. I have alway planned to send him to a sect to train.

Wang Zhuo chuckled when he heard that. He scornfully said, “Tie Zhu, I say go with fourth uncle. When you get there, you can tell them you were the trash that was rejected by the immortals. They might really take you.”

Wang Lin slowly raised his head. He looked around, glaring at all the surrounding relatives. When his eyes finally landed on Wang Zhuo he said, “Wang Zhuo, mark my words. I, Wang Lin, will definitely enter an immortal school. I’ll also never forget how you and your father insulted my family.”

Wang Zhuo laughed when he heard Tie Zhu’s words but before he could say anything else, Fourth Uncle shouted at Wang Zhuo, “ You wordy little brat! I’m going to waste you right now! Let see if the immortals still

want you then.”

Wang Zhuo’s father suddenly looked pale. He hurriedly stepped in front of Wang Zhuo. “Fourth brother, you wouldn’t dare!”

The surrounding relatives all held a cold smile on their faces as they watched the events unfold in front of them

Tie Zhu’s fourth uncle laughed. He had a steely look in his eyes. In a low, deep voice, he said, “Really brother? I wouldn’t dare?”

Tie Zhu’s father quickly stepped forward to pull his fourth brother back. “Fourth brother, listen to your second brother. You have a wife and kids at home, acting like this isn’t worth it for you. I will forever remember what you have done for me, just bring my family home.”

Fourth Uncle glared at Wang Zhuo’s father. He then nodded at his second brother, and proceeded to leave the house with Tie Zhu and his family.

Even from afar, Wang Lin could hear the relatives in the yard mocking him and his family.

The family sat in Fourth Uncle’s carriage as he gave them a ride home.

Silence enveloped the inside of the carriage. Tie Zhu’s father quietly sighed. It’d be false to say that he wasn’t disappointed, but Tie Zhu was still his son. He finally broke the silence. “Tie Zhu, this is nothing, alright? When I was forced out of the house before, I was much more despondent than you, yet I still persevered. Listen to your father. Go home and study. Strive towards a good result in next year’s district exam. If you don’t feel like reading, go relax with your fourth uncle.”

Tie Zhu’s mother gave her son a loving look and consoled him. “Tie Zhu, don’t do anything stupid. You’re my only son. If anything happens to you, I wouldn’t want to live anymore. You have to be strong.” As she was talking, tears rolled down her face.

Wang Lin looked at his parents. He nodded and said, “Father, mother, rest assured. I will not do anything silly. Don’t worry, I have a plan.”

Tie Zhu's mother embraced him. While holding him in her arms she said, "Tie Zhu, it's over. We will forget about this matter."

In his mother's warm embrace, Tie Zhu's wounded heart was slowly healing. He felt exhausted after the events of the last few days. As the carriage bounced up and down, Tie Zhu slowly drifted into sleep.

He saw a dream. He dreamt that he was an immortal, flying in the sky with his parents....

When Tie Zhu woke up, it was late at night. He sighed lightly as he looked around at the familiar room. His heart was resolute. Before he left the house, he took a long, deep look at his sleeping parents. He picked up a pen and paper, and wrote a letter. After taking enough dry food, he was on his way.

"I will not give up on the path to becoming an immortal. I must try to join Heng Yue Sect one more time! If they still won't accept me, I must at least find the location of other immortal sects." Wang Lin's eyes were filled with resolve as he left the mountain village, carrying only a bag.

With the moonlight paving the road and stars marking his direction, Wang Lin made his way forward, only his long shadow for company.

Three days have passed. Wang Lin was walking on a remote mountain road. He had opened his eyes back when the young immortal was holding him. He could still recall the general direction.

Heading east, Wang Lin ignored the weeds that were cutting both his legs. He kept moving forward.

After a week, he had already entered the inner parts of the mountains. Fortunately, there were no man-eating beasts here. Wang Lin pursued his path carefully. Today, when he looked up, he was finally able to see the familiar misty peaks on an isolated hill top.

Tie Zhu was completely exhausted at this point. He took out some dried food and took a few bites while staring at the Heng Yue sect's entrance. The hairs on the back of Wang Lin's neck stood up as he heard a wild animal breathing behind him. He looked back and all the color instantly

drained from his face.

A large white tiger with blood-red eyes made the air feel dense. Drops of saliva dripped out of the corner of its mouth, producing dripping sounds as they hit the ground.

The white tiger roared as it pounced. Wang Lin revealed a bitter smile, and without hesitation jumped off the side of a cliff. He felt the wind on his face as he plummeted down. He couldn't help but remember the looks in his parent's eyes, as well as all the relatives that taunted him.

"Father, Mother, your son didn't listen to you. This is goodbye."

The wall of the cliff was covered in a myriad of branches. Tie Zhu's body was getting cut by the branches as he dropped at breakneck a speed. A few moments later, in the middle of the drop, Tie Zhu felt an enormous force pulling him.

Wang Lin had no control of his body as the force pulled him. Before he knew it, he was inside a cave that had been carved onto the wall of the cliff. He felt great force constantly pulling his body against the wall, after a long time the force finally disappeared and he fell down from the wall.

It took him a long time to regain his senses. As Tie Zhu struggled to get back up, he noticed his clothes were torn and his body had gotten scraped all over by the branches. Pain came flooding in from his swollen right arm. Large drops of sweat streamed down, sticking to every part of his body. Wang Lin touched his arm, but he couldn't tell if the bones were broken. This injury was definitely sustained when he hit the wall.

# Chapter 8: Stone Bead

Tie Zhu was pale as he got up and looked around. He found that he was in a small natural cave. The sunlight peered in through the entrance of the cave, revealing a floor covered with the bones of birds and animals.

On the wall behind him was a black hole the size of a fist. He couldn't tell how deep this little hole was, but on closer inspection one mystery was solved. The pulling force that sucked him into the cave earlier came from this hole. The animals that those scattered bones had belonged to were sucked in just like he had been.

The suction from the hole must be spontaneous. The moment he appeared in front of this cave during his fall, the mysterious hole pulled him in and saved his life. Tie Zhu, enduring the agony of his right arm, was about to walk out of the cave when the bones on the ground suddenly started moving toward the hole. He quickly rolled to the corner of the cave without a moment's delay as he felt the wind behind him.

The unimaginable sucking force suddenly came from the little hole. All the bones rattled as they flew toward the hole. Some of the bigger bones were stuck on the wall blocking, the little hole.

At that moment, a bird was sucked in as it flew by the cave's entrance. It whizzed through the air until it splattered against the cave wall.

After about an hour, the force stopped pulling. Wang Lin stared in horror at the corpse of the recently deceased bird. He didn't move his body at all, only sat still, while calculating the time.

Half an hour later, the suction started again. This repeated several times. Wang Lin had grasped the timing of the strange suctioning hole. It would start sucking every 30 minutes for a duration of 60 minutes.

Taking advantage of the time gap between suctions, Wang Lin painfully crept towards the cave entrance. As he looked below, he couldn't help but reveal a bitter smile. Below him was a jungle, and the barely visible ground was covered with rocks. The cliff was very steep, there was no way for him to climb down with his broken arm. The distance from the

ground measured more than a few dozen meters. If he tried to jump down, it would definitely be the end.

The bag filled with food was left at the top of the mountain with no way for him to retrieve it. Right now food was the most important problem he needed to solve. As he was pondering, he suddenly remembered the suction time and rushed back to the corner of the cave.

Time in the outside world seemed to pass by quickly. Wang Lin could feel his body grow weaker and weaker. He had no feeling in his arm, it was completely numb. He smiled bitter as he said to himself, "Being stuck here means a slow death, but jumping down would be instant death."

He looked at the bloody corpse of the bird that was sucked in earlier. With a bit of hesitation, he walked over, picked it up, and reluctantly took a bite. The taste was appalling. He exhaled as the raw meat in his mouth flooded his senses, but then continued to eat it.

He barely chewed the meat, opting to just swallow it nearly whole. Tie Zhu felt warmth enter his stomach as it churned. He ate the bird quickly in big bites, then he stood up and took a deep breath to keep himself from puking it all out.

He tossed the remains of the bird to the side and sat down against the cave wall. His mind wandered, one moment thinking about his parents, one moment thinking of his fourth uncle, one moment thinking about the mocking faces of his relatives, and one moment he even thought about the cold eyes of the middle aged man in black from the Heng Yue Sect.

In a trance, Wang Lin looked at the half eaten bird corpse. Without batting an eye, he picked up the corpse for a closer inspection. He saw that within the bird's corpse there was a red bead the size of a baby's first. He was very surprised as he took it out of the carcass.

Why was there a bead in this bird's body? Wang Lin's heart was pounding as he thought of a book the teacher in his village had once shown him. Some animals live to be much older, and that something called a dantian will form within their body.

If one were to eat a dantian, their life would be prolonged, and their

strength would increase. Even limbs that had been cut off would grow back.

When he saw that description, he didn't believe it, and secretly scoffed at it, but now he couldn't help but to believe in myths and legends a little more after meeting immortals.

Wang Lin's heart was pounding hard enough to fly out of his chest. If this bead was really the dantian described in the book, then eating it would not only heal his injuries quickly, but it would also make it easy to leave this place. Even passing the test to join the Heng Yue Sect should be possible, at least he would be able to pass the perseverance test.

But the bead was very hard. It didn't seem edible. He used some of the ragged cloth on his body to wipe it clean, restoring its original color.

A gray bead, with five clouds carved on it, was revealed. It looked very old. Wang Lin was very disappointed, unwilling to give up, he gave the bead a bite, then silently laughed at himself. "Tie Zhu, you are too delusional. How could some random bird that just happened to fly by have a dantian?"

Wang Lin sighed. It was already dark outside. He felt weary and fell asleep with the bead by his side and animal bones covering the floor.

Since it is fall right now, the temperature dropped very quickly, especially in the mountain area. The cold air entered Wang Lin's body. He curled up, and the night passed by quickly.

The next morning, sunlight peered in from the outside of the cave as the sun rose. A few drops of sparkling dew secreted from the bead by Wang Lin's side. As the dew gathered, it dripped on to the bones nearby.

After a while, Wang Lin woked up. Not only was his arm still swollen, its condition seemed to have gotten worse. Wang Lin sat on the floor, feeling very depressed.

Wang Lin muttered to himself, "Am I going to be stuck here my whole life?" He slowly turned his head and noticed the dew that accumulated on the bones. Since he was thirsty, he carefully picked up a few bones and

licked the dew off them.

The sweetness of the dew was quite good. He couldn't tell if he was imagining it, but his whole body felt warm and comfortable after drinking some.

Especially the injury on his arm. There was feeling of comfort and itching as the swelling lessened. Wang Lin rubbed his eyes, and closely looked at his arm. The swelling had indeed gone down. He quickly looked at the bones around him but wasn't able to find any more with dew on them.

At that moment, he suddenly noticed the bead and saw drops of dew on it. He remembered that all the bones that had dew on them were next to the bead. He gently picked up the bead, with his heart pounding, and rolled the bead on his arm to evenly spreading out the dew.

Waves of cool and refreshing feelings came from the arm. Wang Lin stared at his arm without batting an eye. After a while his eyes lit up. The swelling from the arm had gone down. He tried waving his arm. While there was still some pain, it wasn't a big deal.

"This stone bead must be a treasure!" Wang Lin was pleasantly surprised.

# Chapter 9: Down the cliff

For the next few days, Wang Lin relied on the birds that were sucked into the cave and splattered on the wall for food. He spent most of his time carefully observing the stone bead. Every time dew appeared, he would smear it on his arm. He did this until his arm was fully recovered. He knew this dew was extremely valuable, so he collected some in the skull of a bird.

On this day, he sprinkled the dew he had been collecting throughout the past few days on a piece of cloth and carefully warped the bead in it. After making sure it wouldn't fall off, he arrived at the entrance to the cave when the suction force stopped. He used his teeth to tear apart his clothes and tied them together, then tied one end to a rock and the other around his waist and slowly climbed down.

Wang Lin had climbed down about five or six meters when his hand slipped. His body dropped quickly, but luckily his clothes were tough and gave him time to swing toward the cliff and grab onto a branch before the cloth tore.

Cold sweat glistened on Wang Lin's forehead. When he looked down, he estimated that he was still 20 meters up. With one hand, he grabbed a branch and with the other hand he grabbed the the cloth and tied the cloth on to the branch, Only then did he feel relieved.

He carefully moved back toward the cliff edge and then started to descend again. When he was 10 meters from the ground, the cloth had stretched to its limit, Wang Lin jumped down without a second thought.

His clothes couldn't bear the weight and began to split apart, but still help lighten the fall. Wang Lin felt the wind caress his face on the way down, as well as branches breaking under him, slowing down his fall. He positioned his body just right as he landed, toes pointing downward, and rolled into a ball as he touched the ground.

The ground felt like a stone knife that pierced his body, creating various deep cuts, especially a cut on this leg. It was so deep that you could see

the bones.

Wang Lin, with blurry vision, gasped for breath. He struggled to put the cloth that was around his neck that contained the bead into his mouth and sucked some dew that was in the cloth. After a while, he struggled to sit up and, with trembling hands, took the cloth and squeezed it above the wound on his leg as a few drops of dew came out.

A cool feeling emitted from the place the wound was. After having done all this, Wang Lin fell to the ground and prayed for no beasts to attack him before he recovered.

At that a moment, he heard a shout from the distance.

“Tie Zhu, where are you?”

Wang Lin was stunned. He listened closely and realized that it was his dad’s voice. Without time to think, he used all the strength left in his body to shout, “Dad! I’m here!”

A rainbow approached from the distance, it circle around the cliff near Wang Lin for a while then descended. A sword of light came down and dissipated, revealing a Heng Yue Sect disciple with Wang Lin’s father in his arm, frowning at Wang Lin.

When Tie Zhu’s father saw his son, he immediately burst into tears. He ran up to Wang Lin and hugged him. While crying he said, “Tie Zhu, what were you thinking? Why did you have to be so stubborn? Have you ever thought about how your parents would live if you died?”

Wang Lin was stunned. After thinking about it, he realized his dad misunderstood, and thought that he was trying to commit suicide. After looking at himself and seeing how battered his body was, he couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh.

The Heng Yue Sect disciple, surname Zhang, gazed over Wang Lin. He looked to the cliff above and saw the clothes that had been torn earlier. With a few leaps, he climbed up until he reached the cave. He felt a force try to suck him in and showed a surprised expression. However, he quickly recovered and jumped down like the force was no big deal. He

said, lowly, "Your kid wanted to suicide but was saved by this natural suction force from the cave. Now that Wang Lin has been found, let's go back to the sect and have the elder make a decision."

The Heng Yue Sect disciple rolled his sleeves, grabbed the father son duo, and quickly left that place. After a while, they arrived at the foot of the mountain of the Heng Yue Sect, then climbed the steps and approached the peak.

Coming back here like this caused Wang Lin to have mixed feelings. At the peak, there were many people with ugly expressions. The disciple Zhang quickly went up to one of them and whispered something. The old man's brow wrinkled and said with a cold voice. "Since the person was found, send him to the guest room to reunite him with his mother."

In the room, when Wang Lin's mother saw her son, she immediately burst into tears and ran up to hug him. After hearing from his parents he finally knew what was going on.

When he ran away from home, his parents returned to the Wang family to find his fourth uncle. The three of them feared for his safety, so they went to find Wang Zhuo's father. With the pressure of his fourth uncle, Wang Zhuo's father reluctantly got the family members to help ask the Heng Yue Sect to help.

This is the first time the Heng Yue Sect has encountered something like this opted to ignore it at first. However, the reason why Wang Lin ran away from home was due to not being accepted into the Heng Yue Sect. Although the Heng Yue Sect didn't care about the life and death of a mortal, if he were really to die and the news of it spread to the villages nearby, parents won't want their kids to try to enter the sect. Concerned about the future, they sent out a few disciples to search the area. Wang Lin's father was still worried so he followed them.

And that's what caused the scene before him.

After a while, someone sent in some medicine. Tie Zhu's mother hastily thanked the the person who delivered it, and carefully fed it to her son. This was indeed medicine produced by an immortal sect. The effect was

extremely good. After drinking it, Wang Lin felt that he had recovered quite a lot, and his wound began to ache a lot less.

Wang Lin's parents were unceasingly bestowing words of comfort upon him. He wanted to explain everything to them, but he was unsure if they would believe him.

At that moment, in a Heng Yue Sect hall, several elders were sitting around listening to the disciple Zhang describe how he found Wang Lin. At the end of the long table, a red faced man said disgruntledly, "What does the life and death of a mortal have to do with an immortal like me. Look at the other immortal schools, which of them are like us who send people to find a kid who tried to suicide because he wasn't selected. This is shameful!"

Next to him, a middle aged man with a cold face said, "What elder Ma said is correct. In all the sects within the state of Zhao, only our Heng Yue Sect is like this. But if that kid really died in our mountain range, parents will fear their children would all try to suicide if they were rejected. Then, who would dare to send us their children?"

An old man in robe took a sip of tea and said slowly, "In reality, isn't it because our Heng Yue Sect has declined that we must select disciples that are suitable for cultivation from mortals? If it was 500 years ago, who would care what the mortals think?"

Finally, an old man full of wrinkles sighed and said, "If this youth tried to suicide once, he could try to suicide again. Bah, to prevent this issue from continuing let us just make an exception and accept him as a disciple." After he finished speaking, he gave a side glance to the middle aged man.

# Chapter 10: Entering the Sect

The red faced old man frowned with dissatisfaction and said, "Elder Li, is our Heng Yue Sect really going to sink so low? To make an exception for the life and death of a mortal?"

Elder Li open his eyes and said with a cold voice, "Elder Ma, the patriarch told me to handle this matter. If it's not handled properly, and this piece of trash attempts suicide a second time and his parents spread that we forced their kid to suicide, isn't that more embarrassing? If you are willing to take responsibility on this matter, then I'll let you handle it."

The middle aged man quickly tried to make peace and said, "There is no need to argue. Why don't we let him become a disciple first, then after 8 or 10 years, when he fails to keep cultivating, we can send him back and there will be no problem."

The old man in robe responded, "If other youths follow suit, what will we do?"

The middle aged man chuckled and said, "This is an easy task. After this, we have learned our lesson. When we fail people in the future, we should instill in the idea of not suiciding and that would solve this problem. As for this Wang Lin, since the matter is already this big, let us just take him as a disciple. One extra disciple doesn't matter."

Aside from elder Li, two other elders looked thoughtfully at the middle aged man, not saying a word.

The middle aged man smiled and thought, "Oh Wang Lin, Wang Lin. I have helped all I can. I have repaid you for the piece of metal your fourth uncle has given me. I'm really curious how a mortal managed to get his type of material."

What the middle aged man didn't know was that Wang Lin's fourth uncle had bought it from a blacksmith. He had seen many things, and as soon as he saw it, he knew it wasn't normal. This time, to let Tie Zhu join the Heng Yue Sect, he brought it out. As for what the metal was used for,

he didn't know.

A piece of metal changed Wang Lin's fate. When the news reached Wang Lin, he couldn't believe it. He was somehow accepted as a disciple for no apparent reason.

Two days later, he saw his parents off from the Heng Yue sect. After seeing the joy on his parents faces, he decided to seriously cultivate here.

However, his way of thinking was changed after his parents left. He was secretly called to the place where disciples get their work assigned and saw a shifty looking youth. The youth's face was full of contempt. He looked at him and laughed. "So you are Wang Lin, the kid that got to be a disciple by suiciding?"

Wang Lin silently looked at the youth challenging him. The youth sneered, "Boy, starting tomorrow morning you come to me for work. Your job is to fetch water, no less than ten vats a day. If you can't finish the work, then no food for you, and if you continue for 7 days then I'll tell the elders to kick you out of the sect. These are your clothes. Remember, honorary disciples can only wear gray. Once you are a true disciple, you will be assigned other colors." After he finished talking, he tossed the clothes to Wang Lin and closed his eyes.

Wang Lin picked up his clothes and asked, "Where do I live?"

The youth didn't even open his eyes and casually said, "Go north until you see a row of houses. Give your badge to the disciple there and they will give you a room."

Wang Lin left and headed north to the houses. The youth opened his eyes and said, with disdain, "To rely on suicide to join, he really is a waste!"

While walking in the Heng Yue Sect, Wang Lin saw many disciples wearing gray uniforms in a hurry with pale and cold faces. Some had tools in their hands and they were all rushing about.

After going straight for a while, he saw a row of houses. There were a lot more disciples in gray here, but they hardly talked to each other.

After he gave his badge to the yellow-clothed disciple that was in charge, the youth impatiently pointed to a room.

Wang Lin had already gotten used to the cold expressions of all the people here. He got to his room and opened the door. It was a large room with two wooden beds, a table, and two chairs. They were all very clean and were about as new as the furniture at his house.

He picked the bed that looked vacant. He placed his luggage down and laid in his bed. Although he had gotten into the Heng Yue Sect, it wasn't what he was expecting. He thought that he was going to learn immortal techniques, but it seemed like his job was to fetch water.

Thinking about this, he sighed and touched the stone bead in front of his chest. This was the treasure he had acquired. Wang Lin had read many books and he knew the danger of exposing it, as many people would aim for this treasure.

A short while later, night fell and an extremely tired youth in gray opened the door and entered. He was stunned when he saw Wang Lin, then proceeded to pass out on his bed without saying a word.

Wang Lin didn't care. He knew that he had to wake up early. He touched his stomach, then took out some sweet potatoes. His parents brought them for him to eat when they went out searching for him, and since he was accepted, his parents gave all the remaining food to him.

The sweet potato was very sweet. As Wang Lin was eating, the youth woke up and eyed the sweet potato. While his mouth watered, he said in a low voice, "Can I have a piece?"

Wang Lin took out a few pieces and said, "I have a lot here. If you'd like, have some more."

The youth quickly picked up the food and scarfed it down, then went over to the table and poured himself a glass of water. He exclaimed, "Damn it! I haven't eaten anything in two days. So what's your name?"

Wang Lin said his name. The youth suddenly laughed and said, "So you are Wang Lin, the trash that entered the Heng Yue Sect by attempting

suicide..." He suddenly realized what he had done and said, "Brother, my name is Zhang Hu. To tell you the truth, there is no one in the sect that doesn't know about you, so please don't blame me for what I said before. In fact, I admire you for being able to enter the sect this way."

Wang Lin laughed bitterly. He didn't try to explain and passed over a few pieces of sweet potato.

Zhang Hu quickly accepted it and took a few bites, then said, "Wang Lin, you better leave some of it for yourself. You are new here. Who knows what evil things that yellow weasel will try to do. Damn it, he doesn't even treat us like humans."

# Chapter 11: Zhang Hu

“Weasel?” Wang Lin was stunned. The first person he thought of that might fit the description was the yellow cloth disciple that laughed at him, however, he wasn’t sure.

“Ah? Did you not see him? He’s the man responsible for organizing the work of the disciple. He is also an honorary disciple but has been given right to start his cultivation. Wearing yellow clothes, he doesn’t look like a good guy at all. We all call him weasel.” Zhang Hu explained as he drank water.

Wang Lin took a bite of a sweet potato, then said, “I know who it is, I saw him today. He told me to bring back 10 vats of water a day starting tomorrow or else I won’t get any food.”

Zhang Hu was stunned. After staring at Wang Lin for a bit, he asked, “Brother, did you offend him before?”

Wang Lin shook his head and asked, “Why?”

Zhang Hu showed Wang Lin a pitiful expression. “Wang Lin, are you thinking that the vats are like the ones you use at home? Like this big?” He gestured with his hands Wang Lin had a bad feeling and nodded.

Zhang Hu had a bitter smile. He said, “You must have offended the yellow weasel. The vats he is talking about is the size of this room, filling up ten vats... Wang Lin I won’t eat these sweet potatoes, you keep them. You’ll be lucky to get food every 4 to 5 days. You are new here, and all the foraging spots in the mountain are taken. Only the elder disciples can pick them. Tomorrow, I’ll just eat my wild fruits.” He placed the remaining sweet potatoes on the table, sighed, laid down on his bed, and fell asleep.

Wang Lin felt rage surge through him, but then he thought of his parents eyes filled with expectations and forced down his rage. He laid down on the bed asleep full of rage.

It was still dark on the second day when Wang Lin climbed out of bed.

Zhang Hu was still snoring. Wang Lin put on his gray outfit and quickly made his way to the place he had met the weasel. Soon after he arrived, the sun emerged from the east. Yellow-clad youths opened the doors and gave Wang Lin weird looks. “At least you are on time. Get a bucket and head out east. There is a spring in the mountain, carry water from there.”

He paid no more attention to Wang Lin. He sat cross-legged on the ground and breathed slowly while facing the sun rise. A barely visible white mist came from his nose, rolling like two dragons.

Wang Lin eyed him with envy. He then walked into the room and looked around. Finally, behind a door he saw the 10 vats and let out a bitter smile as he walked toward the east gate.

Wang Lin arrived at the location after a long walk. The scenery was quite beautiful and the sound of running water was soothing. It was a place that could sooth the heart.

He had no time to appreciate the beauty. When the bucket was full, he picked it up and quickly went back up the mountain.

Wang Lin kept doing this until dusk. He hadn’t even filled one vat yet. If it wasn’t for the sweet potatoes filling his stomach, he wouldn’t have the strength to continue. His arms and legs were sore and numb. They hurt whenever he moved.

Wang Lin pondered a while, then carried away half a bucket of water to a deserted area. He looked around to make sure no one was in the vicinity. He dropped the stone bead into the bucket and sloshed it around a bit. Then he took out the bead and drank the water. He immediately felt a warmth in his stomach, and the muscle pain disappeared.

Although the effect was inferior to the dew’s, Wang Lin was still excited. He touched his chest and adjusted the position of the bead. He decided to not let anyone know of this treasure.

After he finished drinking half a bucket of water, his muscles were no longer sore and he felt full of energy. He quickly continued his job of fetching water.

That night, he dipped the stone bead in another half bucket of water and drank it. To avoid suspicion, he came back with a weary look on his face.

A while later, Zhang Hu came back. He still wore that overworked expression on his face. The two talked for a bit and Zhang Hu hesitantly begged for two pieces of sweet potato. He ate them and fell asleep on his bed.

Time passed by quickly, and in the blink of an eye, a month had passed since Wang Lin became a Heng Yue Sect disciple.

Wang Lin found out that Zhang Hu's job was to collect firewood. He must collect enough firewood before he could eat. He had been collecting firewood the entire three years since he became an honorary disciple of the Heng Yue Sect. Three years ago, he would only eat once every three or four days, but now he has shortened it to where he could eat once every two days.

According to him, the honorary disciples are to do chores for ten years and be able to eat three meals a day before they can learn even the most basic cultivation.

The inner disciples are not like them. They have their own master, do not do any chores, and have their own rooms. Their only job is to cultivate.

In addition, there is a person in between the inner disciples and the honorary disciples, such as Wang Hao who became a help, but he's basically a servant.

These people do not need to do chores, and also practice some low-level techniques. They only need to complete the work their master assigns them. However, these people possessed very little talent and they would just spend their whole lives being helpers.

As for the so called talent, Wang Lin learned from Zhang Hu that it was simply spiritual energy. Everyone has it, but in varying amounts. If one has enough spiritual energy, they can learn an immortal technique in a year, but if lacking, it would take dozens or even hundreds of years.

A man's life is limited. Someone with mediocre talent will never get anywhere in his lifetime. That is why the sect put such large importance on spiritual energy.

This month, when Wang Lin was fetching water, he drank a lot of water that the stone bead had been soaked in, causing his body to become much stronger. Before, it would take him six days to fill the 10 vats, now it only took three.

However, in order to keep others from being suspicious, Wang Lin always got up before sunrise and leisurely walked toward the mountain with the bucket. While others were surprised he was able to finish within three days, they thought it was because he wake up extra early and went to sleep late.

# Chapter 12: Immortal Talisman

This month, almost all of the honorary disciples came to know Wang Lin. All of them carried arrogant looks on their faces and talked viciously to him.

Wang Lin ignored them. He knew that all these honorary disciples' minds were twisted. Before he came, all the honorary disciples were at the bottom. They had nowhere to vent their anger and frustration. However, now that he, who entered the sect by attempting suicide was here, they viewed him as someone even lower than them and vented by bullying him.

He laughed coldly to himself. He knew that this was not something he could do anything about. In the sect, the strong were always right. Some of the honorary disciples had been here for a long time, and their bodies were all very strong. Some had even learned some immortal technique. If he were to fight back, he was bound to lose.

However, Wang Lin wasn't a complete pushover. He remembered the faces of all those disciples that looked down upon him and planned to take revenge when he becomes strong enough.

With this mindset, he acted like he was blind and deaf, and continued to fetch water every day, while secretly studying the stone bead.

He experimented by soaking the beads in various liquids. He tried mixing the dew and dipping the bead in spring water, sweat, and even blood. In the end, he found that the dew was the best by far.

But there were different types of dew. The dew that appeared on the bead in the morning was the best, followed by the dew that appeared on the bead at night. If the dew was collected anywhere else, it was not as effective.

Next best was when it was mixed with spring water. Blood and sweat were the worst, they had almost no effect at all.

In order to not attract any attention, he found some small gourds in the

wild and hollowed them to hold some of the dew.

He did not carry these gourds with him. Instead, he would hide them separately in remote locations. He would only take them out when he was fetching water and never took them back to the sect.

He carried a gourd with him when he worked. Whenever he became tired, he would take a drink and instantly feel refreshed.

In addition, Wang Lin found out about a strange phenomenon. Whenever the night or early morning dew appeared on the stone bead, it would look like there were many drops of dew on the bead, but when collecting them, he could only get about one tenth of that amount. The rest disappeared.

As for this strange phenomenon, Wang Lin could only say that the dew was absorbed by the bead. Although his explanation was a bit absurd, he really couldn't think of anything else.

Today at dusk, Wang Lin filled the remaining three vats and said to the yellow clothed discipling while he was meditating, "Brother Liu, I'm going to take a trip home so I won't be coming tomorrow."

The youth Liu opened his eyes and looked at Wang Lin, then snorted.

Wang Lin didn't care. He learned from Zhang Hu that an honorary disciple can return home to visit relatives three times a year. All he had to do was ask elder Sun for permission.

Wang Lin remembered that his father's birthday was coming up. No matter what, he must go back. After finishing his chore, he walked toward the elder in charge of the honorary disciples.

Heng Yue Sect was split into six academies that were split into five subdivisions. They were metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, each with their own honorary disciples. The inner disciples and elders all lived in the main courtyard. He would often pass by them when he fetched water. He always looked at them with eyes filled with envy. After arriving there, he took a good look around, then yelled, "Honorary disciple Wang Lin requests for elder Sun."

A young man dressed in white casually walked forward. He looked at Wang Lin once and said proudly, “You are Wang Lin?”

Seeing the youth dressed in white, Wang Lin’s heart tightened as he nodded.

He already knew all the Heng Yue Sect disciples were ranked by the color they wore. Honorary disciples were divided into gray and yellow. The yellows were given the right to start cultivating immortal technique. Inner disciples were ranked based on their strength. From high to low are purple, black, white and red.

The youth in white’s mouth twitched and he gave Wang Lin a cold look before turning around and walking back into the courtyard. Wang Lin followed behind him with a deadpan face.

After walking through the courtyard for a while, he arrived at a house surrounded by flowers. The youth in white lazily said, “Teacher Sun, an honorary disciple is here to see you.”

After he finished speaking, he stood off to the side.

A hoarse voice came from the garden. “You may leave, honorary disciple come in.”

The youth in white chuckled and left.

Wang Lin was very nervous inside. He pushed open the gate to the garden. The moment he entered the garden, he was hit by the aroma of various medicines. He turned around and looked at the gate, wondering why he couldn’t smell it outside.

A voice with discontent came from a corner room in the garden saying, “What are you doing standing there? Hurry up and say your name.”

Wang Lin quickly said, “Disciple Wang Lin here to meet elder Sun. My dad’s birthday is tomorrow, this disciple wishes to return home for a visit.”

The voice scolded, “You are Wang Lin? So it was you. Hmph, a person training to be an immortal caring about worldly affairs? In your lifetime,

you will never become an immortal!"

Wang Lin frowned and couldn't help but say, "Disciple hasn't even cultivated any immortal technique, how could disciple be on the path to an immortal?"

The elder paused for a while and impatiently said, "You have three days, so return quickly. This is an thousand mile immortal talisman that can be used twice. It will increase your speed greatly." Then, an ordinary looking piece of dull yellow paper floated out from the window and landed next to Wang Lin.

Wang Lin picked up the immortal talisman. He knew from Zhang Hu that all the disciples that visit home receive this. The goal of the sect was very simple: show off the sect's immortal technique and treasures to attract more youths to apply.

This immortal talisman was in fact of very poor quality, however, the upside was that it was very easy to use. All you had to do was stick it on your leg. For normal people, it increased their speed.

However, there were many honorary disciple that collected them because they heard they could be traded for other things in the outside world. Many disciples used the excuse of going back home just to collect the talismans.

After walking out of the courtyard, Wang Lin headed back to his room. After saying goodbye to Zhang Hu, he started to descend from the mountain.

At this time, the stars were shining in the sky. Wang Lin wanted to head home tomorrow, but he didn't want to use the talisman and was afraid he'd miss his dad's birthday, so he headed out at night.

Shortly after Wang Lin left, elder Sun came out from his room to gather some herbs, but was abruptly stunned. He stared at the gate entrance. All the blue grass that had been growing there had withered.

# Chapter 13: The Elder

He walked closer. Under careful inspection, he noticed that even the purple flowers across from the blue grass had withered, but not as badly as the blue grass.

He clearly remembered that the herbs were still healthy and strong at noon. How could they become like this in just one afternoon? He picked up the blue grass and inspected it. From the look of the blue grass, it seemed to have lost all its moisture, causing it to wilt. He touched the ground, but the ground was at the correct moisture for growing herbs. He was very confused.

After a while, he suddenly thought, "This afternoon only one person visited me. However, he is only an honorary disciple, how could he cause the herbs to wither?"

Thinking about it, he decided to look into this matter. Without saying a word, he flicked his sleeves and his body started flying. Shortly after, he arrived at the place honorary disciples got their work assigned.

Elder Sun shouted in a deep voice, "Which disciple here is in charge?" The voice was like thunder. The yellow clothed disciple that was in charge quickly came over and kneeled on the ground, kowtowing non-stop.

Elder Sun impatiently said, "Do you have Wang Lin's registration?"

Disciple Liu's heart skipped a beat. He would never have thought that such a high ranking elder would ever come asking about that piece of trash, Wang Lin. He thought of the times he bullied Wang Lin and his face paled. "This disciple... has ... has brother Wang Lin's registration. Brother Wang loves to learn and is always serious with this work. This disciple ... this disciple has always looked to him as a role model."

The Elder Sun didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but in his heart he knew that this was good. The more nervous someone was when they talked to him meant the more they respected him. The title elder is in fact a really worthless title in the Heng Yue Sect. Almost all second generation

disciples are called elder by the honorary disciples, but all the inner disciples call him Uncle-Master.

Although he was respected in the eyes of the honorary disciples, he didn't have power in the second generation. Even the third generation didn't respect him much.

Else he wouldn't be assigned the pointless job of managing the requests of honorary disciples wishing to visit home.

Elder Sun asked, "Which yard does Wang Lin live in?"

"At...at the northern Earth Division's yard..."

Without waiting for him to finish, Elder Sun flew away on a rainbow toward the north and disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Disciple Liu became even more nervous. His intestine almost turned green. He vowed that when he saw Wang Lin again, he must not ridicule him, but instead praise him treat him like his own grandfather. After all, he was something an elder personally asked about.

Elder Sun arrived at the Earth Division's yard and didn't see Wang Lin. He went to the registry to find Wang Lin's room number, then arrived at Wang Lin's room. Zhang Hu was still sleeping. He was snoring loudly and didn't even realize Elder Sun was there.

Elder Sun carefully examined the room. He frowned and muttered, "He left very quickly. Hmm, I'll inspect him once he is back."

Wang Lin was walking in the mountain with the talisman on his leg. The talisman was really amazing. After putting it on his leg, he felt a stream of warmth fill his body. Gathered at his feet were dazzling white light, making him look like an immortal.

When all the creatures in the mountain saw the white light, they all stayed away. None dare to come close.

The fresh mountain air blew at Wang Lin's face. He was in a good mood as he quickly went home following the route from his memory.

One night had passed, and it was the dawn of the next day. He took a

mouthful of water from the gourd and was filled with energy again. He noticed he had already left the mountain. Once he reached the village, he would just have to follow the little road back home.

Without stopping, he rapidly went forward. He entered a town when the sun was bright and the crowd was hustling and bustling. Wang Lin went around for a bit, buying gifts for his parents, then quickly left.

When it was late, Wang Lin finally reached the village. He saw from afar a red flag with the word life on it in front of his house.

Outside, there were many wagons. There was a bustling crowd.

Wang Lin was stunned as he arrived at the front of his house. His arrival was too flashy. His relatives, who were here for his father's birthday, only saw a flash of white light as Wang Lin appeared.

Everyone had a look of envy as they started their praises.

"Second brother, Wang Lin came back. Just look at how handsome this kid is! He looks just like an immortal!"

"Isn't it just so? Even the Immortals messed up and ended up regretting their decision and took Wang Lin as their disciple. In the future, our Wang family will depend on these three children."

"It was due to my old eyes that I wasn't able to see this kid's good points, but looking at him now, what part of him can't compare to Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao? Clearly a dragon amongst men! Good, good, good!" Exclaimed Wang family's 3rd eldest uncle, as if he forgot all the vile things he had said before.

"This kid, Wang Lin, has always been smart since he was a kid. I have to say, even the immortals made a mistake last time, so how could us mortals not make a mistake? Wang Lin I hope you don't hate your fifth uncle, your fifth uncle apologizes to you."

All the relatives changed their expressions and revealed kind and smiling faces.

Wang Lin coldly snorted to himself. At that moment, his father

appeared and was surprised as he pulled Wang Lin's arm. "Tie Zhu, why did you come back? Didn't I tell you to stay at the Heng Yue Sect? Don't always worry about home."

Wang Lin looked at his dad and saw his dad's wrinkles had lessened a lot. He was obviously very happy these days. "Dad, don't you worry. All the disciples of the sect have three chances to visit home a year. Once your birthday is over, I'll quickly head back."

Wang Lin's dad proudly looked at the relatives around him and pulled Wang Lin to the door yelling, "Wife, look who is back!"

Wang Lin's mother was surround by a group of female relatives. When she heard her husband's voice, she looked toward him and was surprised to see Wang Lin. She rushed over and started asking about how he had been.

# Chapter 14: Unexpected Transformation

Wang Lin felt warmth in his heart. For the past month, he had to get used to people deriding him. Now that he was back home, he felt the warmth of his parents.

“Second brother, Wang Lin is really an immortal disciple. Your sixth brother is blind and said a few harsh words. I hope brother won’t take it too serious. You know me, I have a sharp tongue, but a soft heart. It was all for Wang Lin’s own good.”

“Second sister in law, when I told my daughter that I didn’t betroth her, she panicked and said that she absolutely must marry your family’s Tie Zhu. Let us settle this marriage.”

“Lao Er, your fifth uncle is old. In the future, the Wang Family will depend on you guys. Your fifth uncle has always had an eye for your son. In my eyes, he is even more promising than your older brother’s son.”

Wang Lin’s parents’ faces were glowing. After the birthday party started, all the relatives praised Wang Lin non-stop. Even a few who drank too much started causing a ruckus about banding together to get back the inheritance Wang Lin’s father deserved. Wang Lin’s father only smiled, not taking it seriously. He knew far too well how these relatives were.

Wang Lin’s father no longer cared about the things of the past. He just wanted Wang Lin to become better and better, nothing else.

After a lively day, when it was dusk, all of the relatives left. Wang Lin was looking at the gifts in the yard. His heart filled with emotion. He remembered reading from a book saying when one achieves success, those around him benefit as well. He finally understood those words.

That night, Wang Lin’s parents asked him how his life at the sect was. Seeing the anticipation in his parents’ eyes, he lied to them for the first time. He described to them how popular he was, and how he practiced immortal techniques. His parents listened in awe.

For his parents, no matter how harsh being an honorary disciple was, no matter how much people ridiculed him, he would endure it, because ever since he was little, he had never seen them this happy.

"It's only ten years, I'll endure!" Wang Lin secretly decided in his heart.

Wang Lin stayed at home and spent time with his parents for two days. On the third day, his parents and everyone in the village sent him off. He put the immortal talisman on his leg and left.

Even when he was far away, he could hear the voices of the villagers.

It was getting dark. The sky filled with dark clouds. There was thunder in the sky, and the high humidity caused mist to appear.

Wang Lin couldn't help but speed up. He arrived at the Heng Yue Sect at midnight, then went to lay in his bed. Zhang Hu was still snoring. Wang Lin tossed and turned, but couldn't fall asleep. In the middle of the night, thunder roared outside and a flash of lightning lit up the room. Wang Lin touched the bead next to his chest. When he went home, he had his mom make an inner pocket in his shirt.

Want Lin took out the stone bead and studied it in the light from the oil lamp. He rubbed his eyes as he took a close look at the cloud patterns on the bead.

"This isn't right. I remember that last time there were five clouds, but now there are six." Wang Lin was surprised, he sat up and counted. Indeed, there were six clouds.

He was very surprised and couldn't think of a reason. This increased his curiosity toward the stone bead. He put it back in his pocket, turned off the oil lamp, and went to sleep.

Outside, the wind was howling, thunder was roaring, lightning was striking, and rain was pouring from the sky. The rain slammed against the window. Wang Lin was suddenly awakened by a burst of cold air. He opened his eyes and was dumbfounded.

The continuous lightning lit up the room. The room was full of thick mist. The table, ground, and even the beds were wet. However, except for

a damp spot where he stored the bead, Wang Lin was completely dry. He looked at Zhang Hu and saw that his body was surrounded by a white mist. His clothes were wet, his body was covered in frost, and his teeth were clenched shut.

“Zhang Hu! Zhang Hu!” Wang Lin was surprised and quickly got up and shook Zhang Hu. However, Zhang Hu showed no sign of waking up, and his breath was weak.

Wang Lin was very anxious. He was about to head out to look for other disciples for help, when he suddenly stopped and touched his clothes. A doubt raised in his mind.

“Why is it that even though we are in the same room, and both beds are soaked, every part of my body, except for this damp spot, is dry?” Wang Lin pondered, then suddenly took out the stone bead from his breast pocket.

At that moment, all of the water droplets trembled and slowly began to float. Even the white mist on Zhang Hu started to form water droplets.

Lightning flashed again and Wang Lin noticed that all the water droplets looked like crystals and charged toward the stone bead in his hand.

Wang Lin quickly threw the stone bead and dropped to the floor to avoid the water droplets.

The mysterious bead fell in an arc and rolled to the corner after it hit the ground. All the water droplets quickly shot toward the bead and disappeared into it.

A moment later, all the water in the room disappeared. Even the beds were now dry. Zhang Hu’s breathing returned to normal.

After a long time, the thunderstorm still raged outside, but the sky was no longer pitch black, and rays of moonlight broke through. Wang Lin stood up and hesitantly picked up the stone bead. Upon closer inspection, he noticed that it had changed.

The number of clouds on it had increased to seven!

The scene before had caused his curiosity for the bead to increase, but also instilled a bit of fear into him. If he hadn't woken up in time, Zhang Hu would have been frozen to death.

As to why he himself wasn't affected, Wang Lin could only guess that it was because he drank a lot of water that had the dew from the bead mixed in.

However, Wang Lin was very curious about what the clouds on the stone bead do. But he eliminated the idea of going outside and letting the bead absorb more water. He was afraid the scene would cause everyone to notice.

After hesitating for a while, he carefully put the bead back into his pocket. Not long after, dawn came and as Wang Lin was about to leave to do his chore when Zhang Hu jumped out of bed screaming, "Water! Water! The thirst is killing me!"

# Chapter 15: Suspicion

Zhang Hu ran to the table in a daze. He tried to pour a cup of water from the container for a long time, but not a single drop came out. He rubbed his eyes and saw the bedding was crumpled into a ball, then he stared at Wang Lin and said, "Wang Lin, when did you come back? This... did a ghost do this?"

Wang Lin smiled, then he opened the door and said, "I don't know. When I got back, it was already like this. Why don't you try asking the other disciples? However, if this gets to the elders, you would have to go through the trouble of explaining this and possibly get interrogated by them."

Zhang Hu shook his head, and said, "Forget it, I won't ask. If I get questioned by the elders, it would be hard to avoid punishment."

Wang Lin didn't mind him and walked out the door. It was still raining outside, so he quickened his pace, afraid that the bead would cause some disturbance in the rain. He took a deserted path to the eastern gate. All the water that fell on him was absorbed by the bead, and he was afraid someone would notice. At first he wanted to hide it in his room, but then decided it was safer to hide it outside.

Wang Lin went to one of the places that he had previously hid a gourd containing dew. It was very early in the morning and not many people had awokened yet. He made sure no one followed him before burying the stone bead there.

After that, he let out a sigh. He intended to wait for the rain to stop, then come back to take his treasure back. Wang Lin left very cautiously, making sure no one else was around, and made his way to the chore house. When he got there, he was just about to pick up a bucket when the weasel faced yellow clothed disciple came out. Disciple Liu was a bit startled when he saw Wang Lin, but quickly changed his expression to one full of enthusiasm as he rushed forward to snatch the bucket from Wang Lin's grasp. He said, "If it isn't brother Wang! How was your trip

home? Are your parents doing well? Your senior has missed you on these days you were gone."

Wang Lin was stunned, he was very familiar with that face. It was exactly same face his relatives had at the party, but Wang Lin wasn't sure what Disciple Liu was trying to do.

"Brother Liu, my parents are doing well. You don't need to worry." Wang Lin carefully replied, as he wasn't sure what Liu was up to.

Disciple Liu warmly said, as he puffed his chest, "Brother, from now on you don't have to wake up so early. Your big brother was joking with you, telling you to fill ten vats a day, but you went and seriously believed me. From now on, you only need to fill one vat a day. Even if you don't finish in time, you can go eat when food is served. If anyone gives you any trouble, just tell your big brother!"

Wang Lin's face changed color. He hesitantly asked, "Big brother, is there some matter you wish for me to attend to?"

Disciple Liu's face was full of discontent, and pretended to be angry. "Little brother, how could you be so cold with your big brother? You are my little brother, naturally I should care for you. In the future, your issues are my issues. As for these chores, just do some work to say you worked. In the end, if you do good or bad is just my opinion. Since it's raining today you don't need to work. That's right Elder Sun came looking for you a few days ago. Now that your back, it's best to go check in with him." He finished speaking and watched Wang Lin's reaction carefully.

Wang Lin muttered to himself and kept from laughing out loud. In his heart, he had guessed more than half the story after listening to the Disciple Liu. Elder Sun must have come looking for him after he left, and Disciple Liu must be afraid of any grudge between them, that's why he is so friendly today. He didn't bother to point out the misunderstanding, and imitated what Disciple Liu did when they first met and snorted.

Disciple Liu's heart skipped when he saw Wang Lin's expression. This confirmed his own suspicion, this trash really was living the dream: to be able to get the attention of an elder. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so

arrogant. This kid looked like one that would hold a grudge. He thought to himself, "He will definitely take revenge on me later."

Disciple Liu had been an honorary disciple for 13 years, and had spent 6 years at the chore house. He had never before seen an elder seeking out an honorary disciple personally. It was already a rare event for an inner disciple to be sent by an elder.

It wasn't that he hadn't considered the fact that Wang Lin had offended the elder, but it was only his speculation. However, he wasn't sure. It wouldn't be an issue if he was right, but iwa scared of what would happen if he was wrong. He had been in the Heng Yue Sect for many years, and knew exactly how insignificant he was.

Thinking of this, he gritted his teeth and took out a piece of yellow paper, then handed it to Wang Lin. "Little brother, when senior brother saw you last month, I ignored you. This is just a little gift not worth anything. You have to accept it. If you don't ..."

Before Lie could finish, Wang Lin had already grabbed the yellow paper. When he saw it earlier he noticed it was the immortal talisman used when honorary disciples go home.

"Thank you senior brother. This little brother doesn't want to be arrogant, but elder is waiting for me. We will have to catch up next time." Wang Lin said while chuckling.

Brother Liu was a bit envious as he nodded. "The elder is more important, little brother should go quickly."

Wang Lin was calm on the surface, but on the inside, he had many doubts about Elder Sun. Why did he personally come looking for him? Wang Lin leisurely walked to the courtyard with these questions in his head. He had gone thoroughly analyzed the situation, but in the end, he couldn't come to a conclusion.

"Could he have found out about the stone bead?" Wang Lin thought. He pondered the question for a bit. He didn't have the ability to bribe the elder, and if he didn't go, he would offend the elder, so he might as well pretend he didn't know anything. Since the bead was not on him, he

stopped thinking about it and walked forward.

Not long after he arrived at the courtyard and announced his presence, the same youth in white appeared and was surprised. He quipped, "What, you have to visit home again?"

Wang Lin raised his brow, right before he was about speak, Elder Sun's voice came from within the courtyard.

"Quickly, bring him here! Without delay!"

The disciple in white's mouth twitched. He gave Wang Lin a thoughtful look, then headed back into the courtyard. Wang Lin followed silently.

After arriving at Elder Sun's residence, the youth in white left. Before leaving, he shot Wang Lin a questioning look.

Wang Lin was a bit nervous as he pushed open the gate and entered. The moment he entered, he saw an old man coming out from a room in the garden. The old man's face was full of wrinkles, his were eyes bright, and he scanned Wang Lin with a cool look.

# Chapter 16: Disciple

Under the elder's eyes, Wang Lin felt like he was transparent and the elder could see everything.

The elder frowned. He couldn't find anything abnormal about Wang Lin, then asked, "Wang Lin, when did you come back?"

Wang Lin's heart was still pounding from that one glance. He quickly replied, "This disciple came back late last night. This morning, when I went to do my daily chores, brother Liu told me Elder was looking for me."

Elder Sun's face was gloomy. Without a word, he grabbed Wang Lin. With a step, they disappeared in a rainbow colored cloud toward Wang Lin's room.

The speed was too fast. Wang Lin felt like he was suffocating, but luckily, the trip was very short. When they arrived at Wang Lin's room, Elder Sun tossed Wang Lin to the side and scanned the room with his Divine Sense.

"What's this?" Elder Sun moved next to Wang Lin's bed and found the gourd Wang Lin used to store spring water.

Wang Lin looked calm on the surface, but his heart skipped a beat and he quickly tried to find the right words to say.

Elder Sun studied it for a long time, then he turned to Wang Lin and asked, "Wang Lin, what did you store in this gourd?"

Wang Lin tried to play the fool and said, "Elder, this gourd is filled with spring water from the mountain. This spring water is really amazing. Every time I'm tired, all I have to do is drink some and I'll immediately feel refreshed. When I was little, I read a book telling me that everything the immortals use are good. I didn't expect even the spring water to be this amazing. Elder, if you want this spring water, there are ten vats full of it in the supply house. Each of those vats are the size of a house. That water was all fetched by me."

Elder Sun opened up the gourd and sniffed it. Suddenly, his expression

changed, and he eagerly said, “Who asked you about the spring water? Quickly, tell me where you found this gourd!”

Wang Lin was stunned. He innocently asked, “Elder, what’s wrong with the gourd? I saw it floating down the river when I went to fetch water. I thought it looked pretty good, so I fished it out of the water.”

Elder Sun narrowed his eyes and gave Wang Lin a deep look. He touched the gourd and thought, “There is a large amount of spiritual energy within this gourd. If a mortal drank the water stored in this gourd, while they won’t be able to absorb much of the spiritual energy, it would still refresh them. He doesn’t seem to be lying. This gourd is a complete waste on him. If this was used to make immortal pills, the effect should be good.”

There was a high chance that the death of the blue grass and the purple night flower had something to do with the gourd. Maybe they were natural enemies. This matter couldn’t be certain without further testing.

Stopping his thoughts there, his expression suddenly changed and carefully looked at the gourd. He frowned and coldly stared at Wang Lin. “Wang Lin, you sure are bold. You dare to lie to an Elder? Looks like you don’t want to stay in the Heng Yue Sect anymore!”

Wang Lin revealed a puzzled face. He quickly responded, “Elder, I’m not lying to you. There really are ten vats full of spring water in the supply house.”

Without letting Wang Lin finish speaking, Elder Sun let out an angry laugh and said. “You’re still acting innocent with me? I was asking you about the gourd. This gourd looks like it was just recently broken off its vine. Wang Lin, I’ll give you one last chance to tell me where you got this gourd, or I’ll kick you out of the Heng Yue Sect today!”

Wang Lin’s face revealed an angry expression. His expression showed a will to fight and cried, “So what if I’m kicked out? Here at the Heng Yue Sect, all I have done is fetch water to fill those ten vats. Many times I stayed more than a week before I could eat. If it wasn’t for the sweet potatoes my mom gave me, I would have starved to death already. This

isn't cultivation, it's just torture!"

"I spent a lot of effort to fish that gourd out of the river. If you want it, just take it. Why say I am lying to you? What does the gourd still having its vine have to do with me? Maybe someone broke it off the vine and tossed it in the water. You question me, but who am I going to ask about it?"

Elder Sun looked at the remaining sweet potatoes, then looked at the gourd. He pondered a little and thought, "While I want this gourd, to steal an honorary disciple's treasure and then drive him away would be too disgraceful. It would be bad if news of this were to spread. My reputation would be ruined, and if other people in the sect were to find out about this gourd, I wouldn't be able to prevent them from taking it. This kid is still lying to me. There has to be more gourds like this. If I can get them all, my pill creation skill will go up by another level."

Thinking of this, he suddenly changed into a surprised expression and exclaimed, "You sure had it rough, kid. I didn't know that you didn't get to eat for a whole week. Now that I know of this issue, I'll deal with it. Even honorary disciples are still disciples of the Heng Yue Sect!"

After he finished talking, he noticed that Wang Lin was still angry. He coldly laughed to himself, but kindly said, "Wang Lin, I want this gourd, but I want to treat you properly. Do you want to be my helper?"

Wang Lin muttered. "I don't want to. Helper is the same as a servant. If my dad found out I that became a servant, he would beat me to death."

Elder Sun almost lost his temper. He wanted to beat him to death before Wang Lin's dad could. Although he was at the bottom of the second generation, if he said he was looking for a helper in the sect, all the honorary disciples would rush for the position.

Swallowing his anger, he yelled, "Fine! I'll accept you as my disciple. I'm going to go tell the patriarch right now. You pack your things, then come wait for me at my garden." After he finished speaking, he walked out of Wang Lin's room. With a step, a cloud appeared as he headed straight toward the patriarch.

When he left, Wang Lin's expression darkened. He sneered inwardly, "This old man has ulterior motives. On the surface, he accepted me as a disciple, but in reality, he just wants more gourds."

Wang Lin pondered this for a while, then chuckled. He only wanted some gourds. There were plenty of gourds in the mountain. He just had to soak some in some water with the bead. Now that there was an opportunity to become an inner disciple, he had to take this opportunity to cultivate properly.

After thinking about it, he became very excited. He packed his things and left a lot of sweet potatoes for Zhang Hu. He then started to walk toward Elder Sun's yard.

This time, he didn't announce his arrival and walked straight into the courtyard. The white clothed youth, who was sitting on top of a tree, didn't stop him. He already received the news that Elder Sun had accepted Wang Lin as a disciple. The youth laughed, saying to himself, "A trash master accepted a trash disciple. This is very fitting."

# Chapter 17: Cultivation

After waiting a while in the garden, Elder Sun came back with a dark expression. His face was full of anger. Earlier, when he talked to the patriarch about the matter, some of his apprentice-brothers ridiculed him. He thought, “Wait until I get all the gourds and create an immortal pill that will greatly increase my cultivation. Let’s see who will be laughing then.”

After entering the garden, Elder Sun saw Wang Lin and huffed, “Wang Lin, from today on, you are my, Sun Dazhu’s, disciple. You must cultivate properly to not disgrace your master’s name.” He tossed out a small pouch and said, “This is the inner disciple’s identification. It also acts as a bag of holding. It can hold a lot of things. Your clothes and instructions to your cultivation method are stored inside. Check it out yourself.”

Wang Lin quickly picked it up. He was very excited, and his mind was filled with the thoughts of his parents’ expectations. This time, he wholeheartedly called Sun Dazhu master.

Sun Dazhu replied with a grunt. He shifted his gaze and said, “From now on, you will live in the room in the back. You can’t leave without my permission.”

With that statement, he picked up a pebble and threw it at the garden gate behind him. There was only a purple light when the pebble hit the gate and it disintegrated into a fine powder.

After this display, Sun Dazhu gave Wang Lin a cold look and walked into his room.

Wang Lin’s pupils contracted. He was terrified. He held his bag of holding and entered his room. The room was small and only contained a bed. Wang Lin didn’t mind. He sat on the bed examined the bag of holding.

The little gray bag didn’t look that special. Wang Lin turned the bag upside down on the ground and several things fell out. There was a set of red clothes and a little booklet.

Wang Lin's face lit up. He picked up the little booklet and excitedly opened it. On the first page it read: "Three Stages of Qi Condensation "

He read until midnight using the light of the oil lamp. He closed the book and felt he had a bit more understanding of cultivation. This booklet contained three stages of concentrating qi, which were considered the most basic stages. In the booklet, it was mentioned that there were total of 15 stages of Qi Condensation. Only after reaching the third stage could one gain access to the method for later stages.

The so called Qi Condensation was to absorb the spiritual energy from heaven and earth to change the body and build a foundation for the future.

This was also a test of how good one's natural talents was. The more talented one was, the faster they could absorb spiritual energy into their body. Naturally, their cultivation speed would be quick, however, if one's talent was average, then perhaps they would never reach the third layer in their lifetime. Some couldn't even reach the first layer.

The Three Stages of Qi Condensation booklet became Wang Lin's treasure. He immediately memorized the method for the first three layers in his mind. He sat cross legged with his eyes closed and began to breath with the one long three short method stated in the booklet. One long means to take a deep breath, while three short means to take three short breaths that were one third the length of a normal breath. Using this abnormal breathing method allows one to quickly absorb spiritual energy into their body.

The booklet indicated that the first time one practiced breathing technique, they would feel as if there are ants crawling inside their body. This was caused by spiritual energy entering the body. The booklet said not to be nervous. Just relax and imagine yourself becoming nothing, then become one with heaven and earth.

After a long time, Wang Lin helplessly found that not only did he not feel anything, but he was out of breath thanks to this abnormal breathing.

Wang Lin sighed. He knew that most of the disciples here had a lot of talent and that this booklet was written for them. His talent was only average. How could he compete with them?

But he wasn't discouraged. After taking a few breaths, he continued the breathing technique.

The night went by slowly. By the time morning came, Wang Lin still wasn't able to feel any spiritual energy enter this body. His head was dizzy from not sleeping at all that night as he got up and opened the door to go out.

Outside, there was a gentle breeze that carried the scent of medication. He took a few deep breaths, but wasn't able to get rid of his exhaustion. He missed the spring water filled gourd. If he could drink some of that spring water, he wouldn't be this tired.

But right now was not the time to act rashly. He was very confident in where he hid the stone bead and the gourds. He searched almost half the mountain to find a secluded location. Even if they happened upon the location, they wouldn't find his treasure.

He strolled into the herb garden until he found a rock. Wang Lin sat down on the rock and started to cultivate. After a while, he felt like ants were crawling in his body. He was stunned. Right as he was about to continue, his teacher shouted, "Wang Lin, what are you doing? Quickly come out of there. I'm telling you now; never cultivate in the herb garden."

Wang Lin opened his eyes and saw Sun Dazhu sullenly staring at him. He silently got up and left the herb garden.

Sun Dazhu coldly snorted, "You sure know how to find a good location. I'm growing my herbs here because it has the most spiritual energy in the garden, and you come and suck it away. If any of these herbs die because of this, even our lives couldn't compensate for them."

Wang Lin glared at Sun Dazhu and respectfully said, "Disciple didn't know any better. Disciple will never cultivate here again."

Sun Dazhu's expression returned to normal, then he added "However, if you can find me another gourd, while I can't let you cultivate in the herb garden, I can give you a low-grade spirit stone. With it, your Qi Condensation will be lot easier."

Wang Lin lowered his head. A look of ridicule flashed across his face, then he said, "Disciple can go check the spring in the mountains again. If my luck is good, I might be able to find another one."

Sun Dazhu pondered a little and said, "You go have a look. Remember, if you bring me back another gourd, I'll reward you with a low-grade spirit stone."

Wang Lin looked up at Sun Dazhu and asked, "Is what master is saying true? If I bring back a gourd, you will give me a spirit stone?"

Sun Dazhu had a happy look on his face as he said, "Yes. As long as I get a gourd, I'll give you a low-grade spirit stone."

Wang Lin secretly sneered, but on the surface he respectfully nodded in response.

Sun Dazhu's right hand formed a seal and he muttered a few words, then he threw his arm and the gate swung open. He rubbed his beard and said, "Go ahead. Leave now and come back quickly."

# Chapter 18: Gourd

Wang Lin left the garden without saying a word. His red uniform drew a lot of attention from the honorary disciples. Their faces were full of envy. However, when they took a closer look, and noticed who was wearing it, their expressions immediately turned weird and became even more envious.

“So it turns out that the person who became an inner disciple was him! He became an honorary disciple by trying to commit suicide. What method could he have used this time?”

“Is there a need to ask? I say he must have done some nasty things to gain the Elder’s favor. That type of person is completely shameless.”

“Yeah, just look at that stupid face. Even if he became an inner disciple, he’ll still be at the bottom. How could cultivation be so easy?”

“That piece of trash. It doesn’t matter if he becomes an inner disciple, we shouldn’t care. Trash is trash, and no matter where they go, they will be looked down upon.”

“Damn it. I’ve been an honorary disciple for four years and haven’t seen someone as shameless as him. Why did the elder pick him? I’m better than him in every way!”

“You’ve only been here for four years? I’ve been here for 12 years, but relied on my own skill. Look at how arrogant he is! Hmph, inner disciples constantly fight with each other, so let’s wait and watch the show.”

All those words were heard by Wang Lin. He scanned everyone with a cold look in his eyes. He wasn’t strong enough right now, but he vowed to definitely get revenge in the future.

After a while, he arrived at the east gate. He ran along the small road until he reached the spring. He washed his face with the cold water to refresh himself, then took a few drinks before sitting down and beginning to think.

Elder Sun sat on a nearby tree, cursing, “This little bastard. He said he

was going to find a gourd. I can't believe he's really waiting here for a gourd to float by."

After Wang Lin left, Elder Sun immediately started tailing him to see if he could see where Wang Lin had found that gourd. However, he didn't expect Wang Lin to sit down and start cultivating.

The spiritual energy here was denser than it was in his room, but not as dense as it was in the herb garden. Based on his understanding, this Qi Condensation was just how much spiritual energy was in one's body. While he could only absorb a little at a time right now, this was something that could be fixed with time.

What Wang Lin guessed was correct. Qi Condensation was just spiritual energy entering the body to build a good foundation for the future.

Wang Lin kept up the breathing technique until noon, then got up and stretched. He still hadn't felt the sensation of ants crawling all over his body. He stood next to the spring and thought Elder Sun must not have let him go out for no reason. The elder must be spying nearby,

He touched his stomach and casually walked back toward the sect. Elder Sun exploded with anger. He had been pointlessly waiting the whole morning for nothing. He muttered, "Bastard. This old man will play your game. If you won't succeed in one day, then I'll wait one month. If one month isn't enough, I'll just wait a year. I refuse to believe you don't have another gourd."

After he finished speaking, he arrived at the herb garden before Wang Lin.

After a while, Wang Lin casually walked back in. Sun Dazhu stroked his beard and asked, "Disciple, did you find a gourd this morning?"

Wang Lin sighed and shook his head. "Teacher, disciple waited the whole time at the spring, but didn't find any gourd. I'll go wait in the afternoon. I might get lucky then."

Sun Dazhu thought, "You kept your eyes closed in meditation this whole morning. Even if a gourd had floated by, you wouldn't have seen it." But

he instead said, "Very good. Wang Lin, you go eat first. Then, go check it out in the afternoon."

Wang Lin responded with a sound. He walked into his room and noticed there was a table with 4 dishes of meat and vegetables and even soup that would make anyone hungry. He didn't ask who brought the food in, but quickly ate some and even drank all the soup before laying on his bed to take a small nap.

Sun Dazhu's body appeared like a ghost. His face darkened as he thought, "This old man follows the sect rules, so I won't poison your food, but I can put in drugs that will hinder your spiritual energy absorption. With your average ability and my drugs, you will never get past the third layer of Qi Condensation. You will be forever under my control."

After one hour, Wang Lin woke up. He straightened his clothes and walked back to the spring, then started to cultivate again. He cultivated until it was dark before getting up, and without saying a word, walked into the jungle in the mountain.

Sun Dazhu, who was sitting in a nearby tree, silently followed Wang Lin.

Wang Lin slowly made right and left turns in the mountain and looked left and right along the way. Suddenly, his expression became happy when he arrived at a vine full of gourds. He picked a small gourd that looked nice, then quickly left.

After he left, Sun Dazhu was very confused. No matter how he looked, the gourd looked very normal. He took a few gourds with him and disappeared.

Wang Lin followed the mountain road and returned back to the sect in no time. He ignored the words of all the other disciples. After entering the herb garden, he saw Sun Dazhu's sullen face glaring at him.

Wang Lin immediately respectfully handed the gourd to the elder and said, "Teacher, my luck this afternoon was pretty good. Although I wasn't able to find any in the spring, I walked around the mountain and found a lot of gourds. This one looked the most like the one I had before. Teacher, how is it?"

Sun Dazhu nearly lost his temper, but swallowed it and managed to barely squeeze out a smile. He took the gourd and tossed it to the side without looking, then said to Wang Lin, word for word, “The gourd I want is the one that is filled with spiritual energy like before. Why would I want a random gourd?”

He couldn’t control his temper, so he ended up yelling the last few words. He wasted a whole day following this kid and was tricked by him to pick and test a few ordinary gourds.

# Chapter 19: Chased out

When he thought of those gourds, he just couldn't control his anger. No matter how he looked at the gourds on his way back, they looked normal. He even hollowed them out to fill with spring water. He was spotted by fellow apprentice-brother and was laughed at.

Wang Lin sneered in his heart, but on the surface he wore an innocent face as he said, "I don't know what spiritual energy is. I just heard you say that you'll give me a spirit stone if I bring you a gourd. How about you explain to me what spiritual energy is?"

Sun Dazhu felt dizzy. He seriously looked at Wang Lin for a long time. He began to suspect that the gourd was really the only one and was picked up in a stroke of luck by this dumb kid.

After pondering a little, he realized that what Wang Lin had said was reasonable. Only after reaching the first layer of Qi Condensation would one be able to detect spiritual energy in the surroundings. After thinking about it, he regretted putting drug in his food. This kid's talent was already bad, and now with the drug, it would take at least 30 to 50 years before he could reach the first layer of Qi Condensation.

Sun Dazhu sighed, but he isn't willing to give up. He hesitantly took out a low quality spirit stone and tossed it to Wang Lin. "This is the promised low quality spirit stone. Take this to cultivate and quickly cultivate to the first layer of Qi Condensation."

Wang Lin quickly took it and returned to his room after expressing his gratitude.

Sun Dazhu just stood there for a long time before sighing and muttered to himself, "This is the only way to see if he is lying."

Soul Search was a simple immortal technique. The worst possible outcome for the person it was used on would be death due to their soul being shattered. The best would be becoming a retard.

But this soul technique also had drawbacks. Before one reached the

Core Formation stage, if used on a mortal, the user would suffer the same damage as the target.

If one was in the Core Formation stage, then it was not an issue. However, it could only be used three times in one's lifetime, and every time it was used, the user would lose one level of cultivation.

Wang Lin sat crossed legged in his room. No matter how he observed the stone, it didn't seem special at all. However, when he was holding it, he felt his mind become very clear. He started cultivating.

The night passed by. Wang Ling sighed. He still didn't get the feeling of ants crawling in his body. No sign of spiritual energy in his body. He smiled bitterly. At that moment, someone pushed open the door. Sun Dazhu walked in with a dark expression, carrying a bowl of black liquid.

"Drink this!"

Wang Lin was stunned. He cautiously looked at it. Before taking it, he asked, "Teacher, what is this?"

Sun Dazhu saw Wang Lin's expression and became angry. He shouted, "Do you really think I would harm you? If it wasn't to help you reach the first layer of Qi Condensation, do you really think I would spend the whole night and waste precious herbs to make this drug?"

Wang Lin hesitated and saw Sun Dazhu's unkind gaze. He took the bowl and gulped the drug down.

After he finished drinking it, he felt a burning feeling coming from his stomach. It spread to his whole body, making him feel thirsty. It was as if he was being baked in a fire.

His vision turned black. He dropped the bowl and felt as if he was about to fall asleep.

"Quickly cultivate. I'll help you absorb." Sun Dazhu reluctantly put his hand on Wang Lin's chest.

A cool feeling entered Wang Lin's head, clearing his mind. He quickly started to cultivate. Sun Dazhu sadly looked at the bowl on the floor. He

muttered a few words, then took out a few low quality spirit stones and placed them around Wang Lin. He thought, "Boy, this time I'm investing a lot into you. In the future, you better repay me for all this."

After a little while, the feeling of ants crawling in his body came. Sun Dazhu could clearly feel Wang Lin's body condensing the spiritual energy from the drug. A joyous expression appeared on his face.

Just at that moment, a foul Qi appeared within Wang Lin's body and quickly destroyed the condensing Qi.

Sun Dazhu's face was bitter. He knew that the source of the foul Qi was the Qi shattering grass he had placed in Wang Lin's food yesterday. After all the spiritual energy from the drug was used up, there still wasn't any Qi condensed in Wang Lin's body.

Sun Dazhu sighed. He stared at Wang Lin with mixed feelings.

Wang Lin opened his eyes. His body felt light and very comfortable. He was about to thank Sun Dazhu when he noticed the elder's bitter face. Sun Dazhu left without saying a word.

Wang Lin was stunned. He didn't know what was going on with Sun Dazhu. He walked out and shouted, "Teacher, I'll go to the spring and see how my luck is today!"

Sun Dazhu didn't say a word, but the gate to the garden silently opened. As he walked out, Sun Dazhu still followed behind him, unwilling to give up.

One month quickly passed. In that month, Wang Lin went to the spring to cultivate every day, and Sun Dazhu followed him every day. He became more and more disappointed each day.

Throughout the month, he gave Wang Lin drugs everyday to help him condense his Qi, but they all failed. Sun Dazhu's temper became worse and worse.

The most important thing Sun Dazhu noticed was that the spiritual energy in the gourd slowly disappeared. After only a month, the spring water that filled the gourd came out as just spring water.

Finally, the gourd became the same as a normal gourd. Sun Dazhu was disappointed. After analyzing it, he guessed that this was a normal gourd, but was somehow charged with spiritual energy. This kid must have just stumbled upon it by pure luck. The chances of him having more gourds like this was very low.

He was more and more convinced that this was correct, causing his heart to ache. This month, he didn't do anything but spy on Wang Lin and made medication for him. Now, all that effort had been wasted. He angrily called Wang Lin over. He reprimanded him, and with a wave of his sleeve, threw him out of the yard.

Every time he saw Wang Lin, he would get angry. Now, he was out of sight and out of mind. After a while, he had completely forgotten about that disciple.

He thought again. Even though Wang Lin had been taking medication the whole month, it would still take eight to ten years for Wang Lin to reach the first layer of Qi Condensation, unless he kept taking the medicine.

# Chapter 20: Nine Clouds

Wang Lin was also very happy. Although he was kicked from the yard and many honorary disciples ridiculed him throughout the month, he had learned a lot about cultivation. He learned that there were 5 stages: Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation, Nascent Soul, and Spirit Forming.

In the entire Heng Yue Sect, there were only two Core Formation stage experts. They both lived in the mountain peak, the place with the highest quantity of spiritual energy. They were always behind closed doors, training, and never bothering with the matters of the sect. There were only ten people in the sect who had reached the Foundation Establishment stage. They held the second highest positions and got to enjoy special privileges, such as using any magic treasure they wish.

Aside from those people, everyone else was stuck at the Qi Condensation stage. Even Sun Dazhu was only in the 5th layer of Qi Condensation.

Cultivation was not only very hard, but also consumed a lot of time. If one possessed inadequate talent, they wouldn't have enough years in their lifetime to cultivate. Foundation Establishment was even harder than Qi Condensation, as one not only needed enough spiritual energy, but also luck and perception to succeed.

Wang Lin knew the importance of spiritual energy. He wanted to quickly recover the stone bead.

He may still not have had any spiritual energy in his body, but he believed that as long as he kept drinking the water enhanced by the bead, the process would speed up. The so called Qi Condensation was just collecting spiritual energy

From Sun Dazhu's reaction, the water the stone bead had been soaked in must contain a large amount of spiritual energy. Thinking about this, Wang Lin became very excited, and forgot about the spring water where he hid the stone bead. There were three gourds full of dew. Those must

contain even more spiritual energy.

If he drank them, it wouldn't be worse than the whole month of medication he was taking, most likely even better. That was why he didn't feel bad about being kicked out. In fact, he felt excitement.

He was an inner disciple, so he didn't have to live in the main courtyard. He could live in any of the five other court yards. He picked a remote house close to the east gate of the courtyard.

Inner disciples got different treatment depending on the color of their clothes. He learned from Sun Dazhu in the past month that on the 10th of every month, every inner disciple could go and pick up a fragment of low-grade spirit stone and a Qi Gathering Pill.

After saving up 10 spirit stone shards, one could go to any elder to exchange them for a whole low quality spirit stone

After Wang Lin cleaned up his house, he didn't immediately set out to find the stone bead. He was afraid that Sun Dazhu was still spying on him. He continued his normal routine of cultivating at the spring during the day, and continued to cultivate in his home at night.

In fact, Sun Dazhu was unwilling to give up. He spied on him for 10 more days before he finally gave up.

One month later, Wang Lin sneaked out in the middle of the night. After making many left and right turns in the mountain, he retrieved the stone bead and gourds without anyone noticing.

After being careful for a few days, he noticed that there were no abnormalities, and was finally able to relax. He no longer went to the spring, but stayed home to study the stone bead all day.

Wang Lin touched the bead and immediately noticed that the number of clouds had increased from seven to nine. It must have been because of the high humidity in the mountain, allowing the bead to absorb a lot of water.

As for the three gourds, as Wang Lin opened them, he found that the dew inside them had become sticky, especially the one that contained the

morning dew. It had almost become jelly-like.

Wang Lin looked at the stone bead, then at the three gourds. He started to become excited. If the stone bead needed to absorb water, what if the water from the three gourds was used? Would it cause the 10th cloud to appear?

His heart skipped a beat. The bead was already really small. Currently, the nine clouds covered almost the entire bead. There was only a fingernail sized space left on the bead. Wang Lin guessed that that's where the 10th cloud will be.

We pondered a little. In his heart, he really wanted to know what would happen once it had ten clouds. There was no more space for an 11th cloud, so the 10th must be the final one.

But today was the day to pick up the spirit stone fragment. Wang Lin noticed it was getting dark outside. He stored the stone bead and gourds in his bag of holding before leaving the room.

He now knew the sect very well. After a while, he arrived at the main courtyard. He quickly sprinted toward the pill house before it got dark.

Before he got there, he heard a familiar voice from the distance.

"Apprentice-sister Zhou, master allowed me to go into closed door training for three months to charge for the first layer of Qi Condensation, but I keep thinking of you. I wasn't able to calm my heart the whole time! I wanted to quickly reach the first layer of Qi Condensation just so I could see you. Last night, I finally reached the first layer of Qi Condensation, so I rushed out to gather this flower for you in the mountains. Look at how pretty the flower is. There was a huge snake guarding the flower, so I spend a lot of effort to obtain it. Look, even my elbow was injured because of it."

Wang Lin frowned and stopped. He sneered in his heart and kept going.

Then, came a crisp female voice. "Apprentice-brother Wang, my family is a family of doctors. This flower is clearly a very common flower called Asuka. I see many of them when I climb up the mountain. This is the first

time I heard a snake would guard it. If it's true, then our Heng Yue Sect would be filled with snakes. Apprentice-sister Zhou, don't believe him."

At that moment, Wang Lin walked into the pill house's courtyard. There were four others in there, two male and two female, all wearing red.

One of the males looked very handsome and well groomed. He was very embarrassed and was about to retort, but then he noticed Wang Lin. Suddenly, he stared at the door with an expression of disbelief and said, "Wang Lin! You... Why are you here, you should be at home doing carpenter work with your father!"

One of the girls on the side said, "Wang Lin? Ah, so you're the one that became an honorary disciple by trying to commit suicide, then became an inner disciple by sucking up to Elder Sun!" Her shiny black hair was in a ponytail. She had thick eyebrows and big black eyes. She was very pretty.

The other two's faces were full of shock, stares locked onto Wang Lin. One of the girls had large, child-like eyes, decorated by beautiful eyelashes. Her eyes were like two crystal balls, and they showed a look of interest.

Wang Lin's face was deadpan as he scanned the people in front of him. The moment he heard the girl's voice, he realized it was the girl who was ridiculing Wang Zhuo. But looking at her, she looked very familiar. Wang Lin thought carefully and remembered that she was the one that had been picked during the disciple selection a few months ago. After recognizing her, he deduced that the other one must've been Apprentice-sister Zhou, to whom Wang Zhuo was trying to give the flower.

# Chapter 21: Qi Gathering Pill

The last man was a youth about 20 years old. He had a long, horse-like face. He raised his chin and said, with a look of disdain, “Apprentice-brother Wang, you have been in closed door training for three months, so you don’t know. This Wang Lin is the biggest joke in the sect right now. Just as Apprentice-sister Xu said, he used those methods to become an inner disciple.”

After Wang Zhuo heard that, he laughed out loud. “You really scared me for a second there. So that’s how you entered the sect. Even if you enter here, you’ll probably never reach the first layer of Qi Condensation. Why even come here and tarnish the Wang Family’s name?”

“Apprentice-brother Wang, what you said is wrong. While talent is important, what’s more important is perseverance. Cultivation is already going against the heavens. If one doesn’t have perseverance, it doesn’t matter, no matter how talented they are.” The girl named Zhou said, with a voice that shook the heart.

As she took a few steps closer to Wang Zhuo, the girl named Xu said, “What Apprentice-brother Wang said isn’t wrong though. This Wang Lin looks so dumb. He doesn’t look like a cultivator at all.”

Wang Lin chuckled. He understood that the situation between them was complex. Wang Zhuo liked this girl named Zhou, but the girl named Xu liked Wang Zhuo, so she was trying to destroy their relationship earlier

Hearing Wang Lin’s laughter caused Wang Zhuo to be very dissatisfied. He snorted and said, “Wang Lin, I advise you to leave the Heng Yue Sect for your own good. If you don’t, if you don’t die, you’ll definitely be crippled at the disciple competition in the end of the year.”

Wang Lin heard from Sun Dazhu that there was a disciple competition at the end of the year where the winner could get a magical treasure. The competition was divided into two levels. In one of them, all the disciples in the sect fight for the top spot, and in the other, all of the new disciples fight to be the king of the newcomers.

Wang Lin casually retorted, “You don’t need to worry. Why are you worrying about the life and death of trash like me?”

Wang Zhuo coldly laughed. “I worry because we are relatives. Since you won’t accept my good intentions, don’t blame me for not going easy on you in the competition.” His eyes flashed cold after he finished talking.

Wang Zhuo had looked down upon Wang Lin’s family ever since he was little. Although he had never met Wang Lin, he had always heard from his dad that Wang Lin’s father always sucked up to grandfather in order to steal a large portion of the family inheritance, and even disgraced his father. It was only because all the other family members weren’t blind that they were able take his father’s inheritance back. In Wang Zhuo’s eyes, Wang Lin’s family was a disgrace to the Wang Family. Like father, like son.

Although, after growing up, he had realized that things weren’t exactly as his father had described, but he had been very arrogant since he was little. He sometimes even looked down on his own dad, not to mention everyone else.

The girl named Xu pondered a bit, then asked Wang Zhuo, “You are relatives?”

The other two were also surprised. This was the first time that they heard about this. It seems these two were relatives.

The girl named Xu saw that Wang Zhuo’s face was unfriendly, so she quickly said, “Brother Wang Zhuo, don’t be angry. He simply doesn’t understand your good intentions. You are a good person, and smarter than him. Don’t expect him to understand your good intentions. Once he’s suffered a bit, he’ll know how good you were to him. My family has relatives like him too. In fact, every family is like this. Not everyone can be as excellent as you. In fact, I understand how you feel. You really wish for him to be better.”

Wang Zhuo blushed from what the girl named Xu said. He stared at her, not sure if she was complimenting or ridiculing him.

After Wang Lin heard what the girl said, he burst out laughing. “Wang

Zhuo, looks like I misunderstood you. You are good to me. I, Wang Lin, will remember this. Thank you.”

As he was talking, the pill house’s door opened. A youth with a bright face walked out. It was Wang Hao.

After he walked out, he coughed to get everyone’s attention, and said, with a smiling face, “Today’s Qi Gathering Pills are still in the furnace. Once they are done, I’ll call you guys in one by one.”

Wang Zhuo stared at Wang Hao, gritting his teeth, but he really couldn’t offend him right now. Wang Hao was still the third Senior Apprentice-brother’s helper, in charge daily matters in the pill house. If Wang Hao complained to this master, then his own monthly supply would be reduced a lot.

After Wang Hao finished speaking, he scanned the area and was surprised to see Wang Lin. He pulled Wang Lin to the side and said, “Elder Brother Tie Zhu, congratulations on becoming an inner disciple. I heard all about your matter. I originally wanted to come and talk with you, but this place is too strict. I don’t like what the others say about you. Once you cultivate some techniques, you can get revenge on all those who looked down upon you.”

Wang Lin’s heart felt warm and he smiled. “Wang Hao, thank you.”

Wang Hao sighed. “Back then, I wanted to stay a few days with you, but my dad gave me a look to stop me. It looked like he didn’t want me to get mixed in. Elder Brother Tie Zhu, please forgive me.”

Wang Lin shook his head. He said, “There is no point in talking about the past. Right now, I just want to quickly cultivate to the first layer of Qi Condensation.

Wang Hao’s eyes spun. While no one was watching, he stuffed something into Wang Lin’s hand and winked at him. Then, a cold voice came from the room.

“Pill helper, still not coming back?”

Wang Hao replied and quickly rushed back into the pill house.

Wang Lin tightly held on to the thing in his hand. He looked at what was in his hand and saw three transparent pills. He secretly placed them in his bag of holding. Not afraid of getting dirty, he sat down cross legged and started to cultivate.

One of the four others that were there saw Wang Lin sit down, then also sat down and started to cultivate, while the other three stood to the side.

Wang Zhuo was trying to get on the girl named Zhou's good side, but the girl name Xu was disrupting him the entire time.

Time slowly passed, and the sky became dark. As the moon rose, the door to the pill house opened. Wang Hao looked worn out as he walked out with a tray in his hand.

5 low quality spirit stones and 5 transparent pills were on the tray.

People went out one by one after getting their portion. Wang Lin went last. He smiled and cusped his hands at Wang Hao, then left.

He remembered Wang Hao's kindness in his heart. The three pills Wang Hao gave him were Qi Gathering Pills.

# Chapter 22: Scattering Technique

After returning to his room, he immediately closed the door. He didn't use the Qi Gathering Pills, but put kept them in his bag of holding. He was about to start an experiment with the stone bead.

He cautiously took out the three gourds and the stone bead, then pondered a little and revealed an uncertain expression. He was weighing the pros and cons, because without the dew, his future cultivation speed will be very slow.

But the mysterious clouds on the stone bead made Wang Lin very curious. After thinking for a while, he made his decision. He could always collect more dew, it would just take some time. However, if the tenth cloud appeared, it could cause a change to the bead. Maybe then, the water the bead soaks in will contain even more spiritual energy.

After he thought about this, he immediately took out the gourd that contained the best morning dew. It took him a long time to get the jelly out of the gourd.

After a while, all the dew had been poured out. There was half a stone bowl of greenish liquid containing a very refreshing smell. After smelling it, Wang Lin's body relaxed.

He was afraid that the smell would attract the attention of the hidden experts in the sect, so he quickly threw the stone bead into it. After a while, it absorbed a bit of the liquid.

Wang Lin was a bit disappointed. He was hoping that there would be a sudden change. However, the stone bead was absorbing the smell from the liquid. Wang Lin pondered a bit, then put the stone bowl next to his bed. He sat down on his bed and started to cultivate.

The one long and three short breathing technique was now easy for Wang Lin. Although in the past two months he hadn't condensed any spiritual energy, he had become used to the breathing technique. He would breath like this even when he wasn't cultivating.

The night passed and Wang Lin opened his eyes to check on the stone bowl. He saw that half of the liquid had been absorbed by the stone bead.

He was not discouraged, and put the bowl back under his bed. After hesitating for a while, he took out a Qi Gathering Pill and put it in his mouth. He felt heat immediately come from within his body.

In the month with Sun Dazhu, he had experienced this process every day. He quickly started cultivating. He cultivated until night came. Wang Lin slowly let out a white breath and smiled wryly. "This Qi Gathering Pill is just like Sun Dazhu's drugs, also made from some herbs containing lot of spiritual energy. Every time I eat them, my body feels relaxed and full of energy. I also don't feel hunger, but I still can't condense any spiritual energy."

He sighed. Wang Zhuo could achieve the first layer of Qi Condensation in three months. His expression remained the same, but had mixed feelings in his heart. Talent; it's the most important part of cultivating.

But with Wang Lin's personality, he wouldn't give up so easily. He had the mysterious bead. He wasn't lacking any spiritual energy. Although he couldn't condense any spiritual energy now, he would definitely succeed with time.

"Time...." Wang Lin bit his lip and sighed. He took out the stone bowl from under his bed. There was only a little bit of liquid left, but the tenth cloud still hadn't appeared.

He immediately took out other gourd and poured the liquid into the bowl. There was some extra liquid left over, so Wang Lin drank it and continued to cultivate.

The heat that appeared in his body this time was stronger than all the previous times. He could feel the heat moving in his body. He quickly felt very thirsty, but continued to cultivate.

After a short while, Wang Lin felt that something was wrong. The heat didn't dissipate like before, but started to gather more and more as he breathed. He felt like his body was a balloon that had reached its limit.

Wan Lin was afraid, so he stopped cultivating, but the pain of swelling stayed. He opened his eyes and immediately found out in horror that all this blood vessels were swollen, like there were worms under his skin.

Wang Lin didn't know that the drugs he ate before didn't generate much spiritual energy, and even with the spiritual energy he gathered from nature using the breathing technique, he couldn't make up for how much spiritual energy was lost due to his talent.

Plus, at the most important moment, the Qi Scattering Grass would prevent him from successfully condensing the spiritual energy.

But now he drank the dew that contained much more spiritual energy than the drugs, much more than what he lost due to his talent. If he didn't cultivate, they would just dissipate after a while, but now, his spiritual energy would rise as if it were fire being fed by oil when he cultivated.

He knew he messed up, but he didn't know what to do. He could only watch as his blood vessels expanded. When his blood vessels were at their limit, an idea entered his head. Without much time to think, he gritted his teeth and started to cultivate with the one short and three long breathing technique.

He thought that since one long three short was gathering spiritual energy, then the reverse must be scattering spiritual energy.

Wang Lin's guess was more or less correct. Most cultivators knew this breathing technique because this was the step before Foundation Establishment.

With his breathing, streams of spiritual energy exited from every part of his body. It was all sucked in by the stone bead under his bed.

As time passed, the swollen feeling gradually lessened. His blood vessels also returned to normal. What was releasing from his body now was no longer spiritual energy, but some dark Qi that the stone bead didn't absorb that dissipated in the air.

This lucky coincidence allowed Wang Lin to remove the Qi Scattering

Grass from his body.

If one wanted to force out the Qi Scattering Grass, one method was to use a lot of spiritual energy to force out it all out. This was the method Sun Dazhu was using, but he had a change of heart about Wang Lin and didn't want to lose any more of his herbs, so he gave up.

The second method was to use the scattering technique, which was to remove all the spiritual energy from one's body, then start cultivating from the start. The reason Sun Dazhu didn't use this method was because Wang Lin already had almost no spiritual energy, therefore, he couldn't even use the technique.

The scattering technique lasted a whole day and night. Wang Lin was so tired, he collapsed on his bed. He knew that he was able to save himself this time, but in the future, he mustn't carelessly drink the dew.

He was extremely tired, so he fell asleep.

# Chapter 23: Tenth Cloud

After an unknown amount of time, Wang Lin opened his eyes and saw that it was dark outside. He got off his bed and stretched for a while. His body didn't feel very different. He took out the stone bowl from under his bed and was surprised to see that the tenth cloud had finally appeared on the bead.

Wang Lin was thrilled. He looked at the bead and quickly ran out of the house. He went and gathered spring water before quickly returning. He placed the stone bead in the water and mixed it around.

After he did all this, he drank the spring water and tasted it for a while, but there wasn't any change like there was before. He looked at the bead with some disappointment on his face, then tried to bite it, but it was still hard as a rock.

He even squeezed a drop of blood onto the bead, but there was still no change.

He hesitated and gritted his teeth for a while, then took the stone bowl and slammed it on the stone bead. He believed that once it had ten clouds, there would be some sort of change.

After a bang, the stone bowl broke. Even Wang Lin's hand was numb, but there was no sign of damage to the stone bead at all.

He used everything he could think of, but the stone bead didn't seem to have any change after obtaining the tenth cloud. Feeling heartbroken, he threw the stone bead to the side.

After a while, he unwillingly walked over to pick it up. After staring at it for a while, he started to feel sleepy. He was stunned. He had just woke up, why would he feel sleepy? He rubbed his eyes and continued to stare at the bead.

Slowly, he became even more drowsy. The bead became more and more blurry before he finally fell to the ground, asleep with the bead still in his hand.

He had a dream. In his dream, he arrived at a space without boundary. There were no stars, but there were glowing objects all around him. Although he was dreaming, his mind was very clear. He wondered why he would be dreaming of this.

Wang Lin didn't feel like there was anything wrong with his body here. However, he didn't know how to wake up to escape this place. In his helplessness, he walked around aimlessly in this boundaryless area for a long time.

After an unknown amount of time, when he was really tired, the surroundings started to shake. It felt like his body was being torn apart. With a scream, he opened his eyes.

He looked around and noticed that he was still in the room. Wang Lin took a deep breath and wiped the sweat off his forehead. He was happy that the strange dream finally ended. Suddenly, his expression became really odd. He looked at the bead and noticed that all the clouds had disappeared. Instead, there were little words inscribed on the bead.

"This..." Wang Lin was stunned and quickly took a closer look. The words looked really strange, an uncommon font. He had always loved reading, and thought for a long time, trying to patch the words with words he had read. He was able to guess a few words.

Wang Lin held the bead and muttered to himself, "This seems to be a number in written form. It doesn't hold any meaning." Suddenly, a thought flashed through his head and he remembered the strange dream.

"Was that related to the bead?" Wang Lin pondered a little and immediately lied down on his bed, trying to force himself to fall asleep. But he was still full of energy, so he couldn't do it.

He remembered that the last time he fell asleep was from staring the bead. So he started to stare at the bead without blinking once. Soon, he became drowsy and fell asleep.

The boundaryless space appeared again. Wang Lin revealed a thoughtful look. This time, he didn't wander around, but started to jump up and down repetitively.

As time passed, he managed to jump higher and higher. At the start, he was only able to jump about half a meter, but now he was able to jump over 1 meter. After his entire body was worn out, the feeling of being torn apart appeared again.

Then he woke up.

The moment he woke up, he got off the bed and jumped. He jumped up really high, exactly like how he had jumped in his dream.

Wang Lin was astonished. Soon, an excited expression appeared on his face. He took a few deep breaths to contain his excitement and began to pace around the room. His expression constantly changed. Sometimes a puzzled expression, sometimes a deep in thought expression, and sometimes a troubled expression. Sweat dripped from his forehead.

Wang Lin muttered, "If it's just exercising in my dream, then it is useless, I can exercise in reality. It doesn't need to be in my dream."

"That's not right. This bead absorbed so much liquid filled with spiritual energy before the tenth cloud appeared, it can't be useless. There must be some other use, there must be. But what could it be?" Wang Lin forgot about everything around him and wholeheartedly devoted himself to the bead.

"Could it be..." He stopped. It seemed like he had grasped an idea. He asked himself, "Could it be time?"

After thinking about it, he couldn't control his emotions anymore. He wanted to excitedly scream a few words. He clenched his fists. His body trembled as he looked at the bead.

"If if it really related to time then I ... I, Tie Zhu, will become an immortal no matter how bad my talent is!" Wang Lin took a few deep breaths before he returned to normal. Without saying a word, he took out the oil lamp and filled it with oil. He sat on his bed holding the stone bead and started to calculate time.

After 5 hours, the lamp went out.

Wang Lin quickly refilled the lamp with oil. He stared at the bead and

went back into the dream.

This time, he didn't practice jumping, but he sat cross legged on the ground, counting time.

One hour, five hours, ten hours, twenty hours, thirty-five hours, fifty hours!

The feeling of his body being torn apart appeared again. When Wang Lin opened his eyes, the oil lamp was about to go out.

"Ten times the time. Ten times the time passed in the dream." Wang Lin excitedly stood up, holding the bead tightly.

For the first time, he was confident in his cultivation.

It was already really late. Wang Lin contained his excited heart and didn't immediately start to use the bead to start cultivating. He was afraid that if he started using the bead in the morning, he would be found out by someone. When that happened, he would not be able to keep it, so he put the bead back into his bag of holding and left the room.

# Chapter 24: Cultivation

After gathering a lot of spring water from the mountain, Wang Lin began to make spiritual energy-filled spring water. When it was ten at night, he locked his door. As a precaution, he tied one end of a rope to the door and the other end to his arm so he would know right away if someone opened it.

After drinking few large gulps of spring water, he felt his body heat up. He then stared at the bead to enter the dream.

In the endless dream space, Wang Lin sat crossed legged as he started to cultivate. When he was cultivating, the lights all around him became more gentle. Wang Lin wasn't aware of this, but the lights entered his body.

After staying there for a day, all the spiritual energy from the water was gone. But this time, he could clearly feel the difference in his body. Before, when he would finish Sun Dazhu's medication, he felt heat. However, in the most critical moment, all the spiritual energy would scatter.

But this time was different. Even though they still scattered, there was still a sliver left in his body. Although it was not a lot, Wang Lin gained a lot of confidence from those results. After considering it for a while, he couldn't figure out why it was different. So in the end, he could only speculate that it was because of the mysterious stone bead.

Because he couldn't leave the dream of his own will to get more spring water, he could only continue to cultivate for a long time. In the end, he realized that there was a difference between the dream space and outside. Outside, even though he had been cultivating for more than a month, he would feel refreshed and very comfortable after cultivation.

But here, after the spiritual energy from the spring water had all dissipated, he didn't have the refreshed and comfortable feeling. Instead, when he kept cultivating, he felt short of breath.

After hesitating for a while, Wang Lin guessed that it was related to the

existence of spiritual energy. There was no natural spiritual energy in the dream space.

The more he thought, the more he felt he was correct. He frowned, thinking, "If there was only a way to bring in the spring water from outside, it would be all good." Thinking about it, his heart suddenly skipped a beat as he looked at his own body and revealed a puzzled expression.

Wang Lin was very puzzled by the red disciple uniform he had on. He quickly checked the pocket where his bag of holding was and found that it missing.

"Clothes can appear in the dream space, but the bag of holding couldn't appear." He bitterly thought about it and decided to experiment on what items could or couldn't be brought into the dream space once he leaves.

Time passed by quickly. After 50 hours had passed, the feeling of being torn apart appeared and woke Wang Lin up.

He still had a question in his heart. Why could he only stay in the dream for 5 hours? With that question in mind, he filled a gourd with spring water and carried it on his shoulder, ready to enter the dream again.

But this time, no matter how he stared at the bead, he didn't feel the usual drowsiness. Wang Lin was frightened. After thinking for a long time, he contained the fear in his heart and sat down to cultivate.

Gradually, as his breathing steadied, the natural spiritual energy was absorbed by his body. As it dissipated, some remained in this body. However, this was still far from the first layer of Qi Condensation.

He spent the whole day cultivating. He kept drinking the spring water to keep his body filled with spiritual energy.

In addition, he always held the stone bead, hoping to enter the dream space again, but failed to do so every time.

Night came. He opened both his eyes and could feel that the spiritual energy in his body had increased by a little. If it was normal, he would be

very excited, but he was restless. He looked at the bead again and suddenly felt drowsy. Wang Lin revealed a happy expression as he looked away to expel the drowsiness.

He stood up and rubbed his chin while pacing around the room, pondering over what had happened before and after he entered the dream. He finally found the problem.

The first two times, he entered with almost no time in between. The third time was 5 hours after the second, and the fourth time was a whole day after the third.

Following this logic, there were some restrictions on entering this dream space. To be safe, one should wait 5 hours after a use to guarantee entrance.

After resolving that issue, Wang Lin began to prepare to test what he could bring into the dream space. He ended up gathering a lot of things, including three gourds. One was a gourd with some remaining dew, one was empty, and one was filled with spring water.

He even put a piece of the broken stone bowl into his pocket. In addition, he took out a sweet potato and a cloth from his bag of holding and bound them to his body before entering the dream again.

In the dream space, Wang Lin quickly checked his body. The sweet potato, broken stone bowl, and cloth were all there, but the three gourds and his bag of holding weren't.

He concluded that, without a doubt, there was no spiritual energy within this dream realm, so any normal item, in other words, any item without any spiritual energy, could be brought in.

The three gourds and the bag of holding all contained some spiritual energy, therefore, they couldn't be brought in.

Letting out a sigh, Wang Lin began to think bitterly. He couldn't bring the gourd in there, and the few gulps he took from the gourd before going into the dream space weren't enough to last him the full duration of his stay.

After thinking about this, an idea flashed through his mind. He felt like he had an idea, but couldn't grasp it. The feeling of an idea just outside of his reach made him go deep into his thoughts, organizing his ideas one by one.

After a long time, his expression turned happy as he grasped one key point; the spiritual energy filled water couldn't be brought in, but the spiritual energy that entered his body didn't disappear.

It was that you couldn't bring objects with spiritual energy in there, but if he thought carefully, he might find a way.

After 50 hours had passed, he quickly left his room and searched the mountain until he found a few wild gourds and took them home.

He believed that the three gourds from earlier couldn't be brought into the dream space because they had been soaked in the spiritual energy water for so long, that the spiritual energy had fused with the gourds

Now, he was filling the freshly picked gourds with spiritual energy water. He might be able to trick the bead to bring them into the dream space.

After five hours, Wang Lin entered the dream space with four gourds on his shoulder. After entering the dream, Wang Lin was surprised to find that all the gourds were still with him.

He opened them and saw that the water was still inside. He took a drink and found them to still be filled with spiritual energy. Without a word, Wang Lin drank a few mouthfuls and started to cultivate.

Every time the spiritual energy in his body dissipated, he drank more spring water. Soon, slivers of spiritual energy started to gather in his body, moving his body toward the first layer of Qi Condensation.

The lights in the surrounding area started to silently enter his body again.

With Wang Lin's talent, without the mysterious bead and the spiritual energy water, it would've been many years before he could achieve the first layer of Qi Condensation. Adding the Qi Scattering Grass to the

equation, it would take thirty to fifty years before he would succeed.

Taking Sun Dazhu's medication every day for a month sped up the process. Wang Lin also unknowingly used the Qi Scatter Technique, which got rid of the Qi Scattering Grass. But even then, it would still have taken him ten years. But now, Wang Lin wasn't lacking any spiritual energy. He had this stone bead that allowed him to train 10x more. The first layer of Qi Condensation was now in sight.

# Chapter 25: Qi Condensation

Time had flown by while he was in the Heng Yue Sect. Wang Lin had been cultivating in the dream space for the past two months. He had thoroughly studied the capabilities of the stone bead.

The dream space could be entered three times a day. Each time was about fifty hours, adding up to about six days.

Two months had passed in the real world, but he had cultivated for a whole year.

Wang Lin couldn't feel it before, but cultivating was a very boring and dry process. With the help of the spiritual energy spring water, he didn't need to eat all. All he did every day was cultivate.

He repeated the one long three short breathing technique as the spiritual energy entered his body. If it wasn't for his parents' looks of hope that kept popping up in his mind, he believed that he wouldn't be able to stand this tedious cultivation.

Especially when he thought about how Wang Zhuo was able to reach the first layer of Qi Condensation in three months. Wang Lin would always feel dissatisfaction in his heart. He almost never left his house. He was completely devoted to his cultivation.

Wang Lin was the joke of the Heng Yue Sect. Although there were many people who made fun of him, only a few paid any attention to him.

Sun Dazhu had almost forgotten about Wang Lin. Every time he thought of Wang Lin, he would become furious and do his best to filter those thoughts out of his mind.

Thanks to all these factors and with Wang Lin hiding his precious stone bead in his clothes before he fell asleep, these last two months had passed by peacefully, without anyone finding out about his stone bead.

In those two months, the amount of times Wang Ling had consumed the spring water couldn't be counted anymore. Basically, any time he felt he was lacking spiritual energy in his body, he would drink a few big gulps.

If Sun Dazhu knew of this, his heart would be filled with pain. He would likely kill this disciple with one slap. In the entire cultivation community in the country of Zhao, who else could cultivate like Wang Lin, drinking spiritual energy filled spring water every day? Only a few old monsters of sects in the mainland could possibly have similar privileges. They would have to take over a mountain with an abundance of spiritual energy to achieve results similar to what the spiritual energy water brought Wang Lin.

Spiritual energy held an important place in all cultivators' hearts. Although in the country of Zhao there wasn't an overabundance of spiritual energy, it was enough for the few sects that existed. If other cultivators knew of how Wang Lin was using spiritual energy, their hearts would ache to death.

If Wang Lin's spiritual energy spring water would be used to make immortal pills, it would increase the success rate. Although making immortal pills was all about the ingredients, a bit of extra spiritual energy could work wonders.

With the help of the endless reservoir of spiritual energy contained within the bead, the quantity of spiritual energy in Wang Lin's body had increased more and more.

Today, when Wang Lin was cultivating in the dream space, he could clearly feel the spiritual energy move within his body. With his breath, two long white dragons came from his nose.

A feeling of ants crawling in his body arose. It felt as if water was washing every part of his body. Black liquid that smelled very bad excreted from his pores.

Soon, the black liquid soaked his clothes. Wang Lin didn't care about it at all. He was currently in a wonderful state, as if he could see the spring water rushing inside him while the spiritual energy slowly changed his body.

After an unknown amount of time, Wang Lin opened his eyes. There was a light in his eyes that was never there before.

His mind was clear and his heart was as calm as water without a single ripple. His childhood flooded through his mind. His father's loving look when he was learning to talk, his mother's supporting words when he was studying all night, his parents' looks of expectation when he entered the Heng Yue Sect, his relatives' ridiculing faces, and the villagers' admiring looks. He saw all of these things calmly, as if he was a stranger.

Much later, he took a deep breath. His heart felt bitter. When he had stepped into the first layer of Qi Condensation, he gained a hint of understanding.

According to the Three Stages of Qi Condensation, the first layer of Qi Condensation was like a gate. Once one opened the gate, they could enter the ranks of cultivators and would cut themselves off from the world, giving up worldly affairs.

Everyone would experience this when they entered the first layer of Qi Condensation. He didn't know how others handled it, but he could cut off all worldly affairs except for his parents' love.

With a sigh, Wang Lin dusted his shirt and stood up.

With bright eyes, he looked around and could already feel that there was a difference in the dream space. Like before, he couldn't tell if there was anything weird with the glowing lights around him. but now he could feel spiritual energy moving within them. Even though he couldn't see the exact movement, compared to before, he was like a blind man who had become able to see.

While watching, the feeling of being torn apart appeared again. Although there was still pain, it was a lot less and wouldn't result in cold sweat anymore.

Wang Lin opened his eyes. He sat on his bed, thinking for a while, and immediately opened the gourd. When he looked inside, he could now see the spiritual energy that filled the spring water.

He let out a smile. After reaching the first layer of Qi Condensation, he could feel the spiritual energy of heaven and earth. He took a deep breath. Wang Lin suddenly found that his body was sticky and let out a laugh. It

was mentioned in the Three Stages of Qi Condensation that after reaching the first layer of Qi Condensation, the filth in the body would be expelled. It was a necessary stage for the body's transformation.

Wang Lin opened his door. It was now afternoon outside. His steps were quick as he left through the east gate and arrived at a downstream location. He took off his clothes and jumped into the river to wash his body. The dark filth was very greasy and took a long time to scrub off.

After he finished washing, he lied down on a rock. He remembered a technique in the Three Stages of Qi Condensation.

It introduced an immortal technique called Attractive Force Technique. This was considered one of the most basic immortal techniques and could be used as long as one had reached the first layer of Qi Condensation.

The Heng Yue Sect unified the country of Zhao 500 years ago. Although it had declined, it still contained many immortal techniques. Every disciple would be sent to the Scripture Library to choose one of many techniques, but most elders recommended sword cultivation technique.

Sword cultivation technique was to focus the entire cultivation on the sword. Although cultivation would be difficult in the future, it was very powerful early on, and easy to control. The Attractive Force Technique was the basis for controlling flying swords.

Besides the Attractive Force Technique, there were two more techniques recorded in the Three Stage of Qi Condensation. They were Fireball and Earth Splitting Technique.

# Chapter 26: Malicious Thoughts

While thinking about the three techniques, Wang Lin became excited. In an attempt to produce the Fireball technique, he formed the seal with his hand. However, forget about fire, not even a spark appeared. After a long time, he frowned and tried again.

Time and time again, he was ultimately met with failure. He only managed to produce a spark one time.

Wang Lin laughed bitterly. “Talent...it’s always talent!” He then practiced the Earth Splitting technique on a nearby rock. Although the results were better than what he achieved while attempting the Fireball technique, the crack was only the size of his pinky finger. This kind of technique was good for tricking mortals, but in a real battle, they were useless.

Finally, he practiced the Attraction Force Technique. He was still not satisfied with the result.

But considering that the success rate of the Attraction Force Technique was the highest, Wang Lin put all his effort into practicing Attraction Force. To put it simply, Attraction Force was really just controlling objects from a distance.

If one could control Attraction Force well, and has reached the second layer of Qi Condensation, they could practice the Repelling Technique. After one broke through the third layer and went into the fourth layer, they could go to the Sword Spirit House to select a flying sword.

After practicing for a long time, Wang Lin started to head home before it got dark. Now that he had reached the first layer of Qi Condensation, his eyesight and hearing had improved greatly. After entering through the east gate, he heard some familiar voices as he passed by the chore house.

“Brother Liu, when you first arranged for me to gather firewood, you said 100 pounds was enough to finish the task. Why is it 1000 pounds now? I, Zhang Hu, am not new, and over these past few years I have done

much to please you. Do you really want to force me out of the sect?"

"Zhang Hu, don't say that I'm making this hard on you. It is almost the end of the year, and even your brother here hasn't had a good time. But you, instead of working, have come here to give me a sob story. When I brought the firewood that you gathered to the pill house, I was scolded. I took them back and checked them. You little bastard, you really are smart. In the 100 pounds of wood, there was at least 30 pounds of water."

Zhang Hu was furious. He loudly said, "Not possible. You're falsely accusing me. Wasn't it because a few days ago, I saw Zhao FuGui give you an immortal talisman so you could pick an easier task for him? What's the big deal? Among the honorary disciples, who doesn't know how you act? As for trying to force me off the Heng Yue Sect, you really f\*cked up, you bastard. I'm not doing this anymore. I'm going to tell the elders."

"Zhang Hu, you forced me to do this. If you want to blame someone, you can only blame yourself for being unlucky to have seen something you shouldn't have. Zhang Hu, stay here. If the elders know of this, your entire family could die with you."

Disciple Liu's cold voice came out of the room and Zhang Hu let out a scream. After hearing it, Wang Lin was surprised and kicked open the door.

Wang Lin first saw the youth named Liu's hideous face. He was in the middle of thrusting a dagger toward Zhang Hu, who had a frightened expression and whose body was against the wall.

Wang Lin saw that he didn't have enough time to help Zhang Hu. He quickly started to use the Attraction Force Technique. Luckily, it was successful this time. An invisible hand held down the attacker. However, the dagger had already cut Zhang Hu's chest. Blood poured out from the wound.

The youth named Liu was extremely frightened. His whole body felt powerless as an invisible force held his body, preventing the dagger from being pushed down anymore.

Zhang Hu's face was pale. Sweat filled his forehead. He looked at Wang Lin and quickly crawled to the side.

The youth named Liu was shocked, and immediately started to struggle. Wang Lin's forehead started to sweat hard, as if he was starting to lose control.

This was the first time Wang Lin used the technique on a person. Obviously, he couldn't control it well. Adding on to that, the person was struggling, so he had difficulty maintaining control. Wang Lin's body trembled. Seeing that Zhang Hu wasn't in danger anymore, he relaxed a bit and the Attraction Force Technique also loosened up.

Seeing that Liu was about to struggle free, Zhang Hu revealed a strange expression. He looked at Wang Lin, then at brother Liu. His expression turned ruthless. He picked up a wood-cutting axe and walked toward brother Liu.

Brother Liu's face filled with fear and he struggled harder. Zhang Hu gritted his teeth and muttered to himself, "Not a man without poison. Brother Liu, you forced me to do this. You wanted to kill my whole family?"

"Zhang Hu what are you going to do?" Wang Lin was surprised, and the Attraction Force Technique lost its effect.

The moment the youth named Liu regained control of his body, Zhang Hu slammed down the axe toward brother Liu's head. Brother Liu was too late to dodge. A sound like that of a watermelon being broken momentarily filled the room. Brother Liu's body twitched on the ground before it stopped moving.

The axe in Zhang Hu's hand fell to the ground. He looked at the bloody corpse with a complex expression.

Wang Lin was stunned. That was the first time he had seen such a bloody scene. After a long time, he bitterly started to ask, "Zhang Hu, you..."

Zhang Hu looked up at Wang Lin. His face looked distorted, revealing a

grim look. He said, word for word, “Wang Lin, you saw as well. I didn’t want to kill him. If it wasn’t for you, I would have been killed by him. He forced me to do all that, he forced me!”

Wang Lin remained silent. He hadn’t expected his to happen.

Zhang Hu took a deep breath. His face revealed a determined expression. He walked next to the corpse and searched it for a while. He took out a bag of holding containing hundreds of the talismans that honorary disciples used to visit their families. In addition to those, there was a thread-bound booklet. Zhang Hu glanced through the book and put it away in his clothes.

Afterward he searched the room. He eventually found a secret compartment under the bed. Inside it was a piece of yellow paper.

Pondering a little, he turned toward Wang Lin and said, “Wang Lin, today you saved me. I, Zhang Hu, will always remember this. As for the Heng Yue Sect, I won’t be able to stay any longer. When the sect finds disciple Liu’s body, they will investigate and find me in the end. I’m going to take these things. As for this disaster-causing immortal talisman, it must be a treasure, or else this youth named Liu wouldn’t have tried to kill me.” With that, he handed the yellow paper to Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn’t take it. He let out a sigh and bitterly smiled. “You...why must you do this. If you hadn’t killed him...”

Zhang Hu frowned. He said, “Wang Lin, don’t talk about this anymore. I have suffered enough in these past few years. If you still consider me a friend, take this immortal talisman.”

Wang Lin bitterly took the talisman. He didn’t say any more.

“Wang Lin, I’m going to leave. This has nothing to do with you. If the sect investigates, they will only find me. By then, I will have already left the Heng Yue Sect. Hmph, the country of Zhao is very large. I don’t believe I’ll be an honorary disciple my whole life.” Zhang Hu’s expression was complex. After a long time, he slowly turned and left the room.

# Chapter 27: Visit

Wang Lin stared at the spot Zhang Hu had just been standing in. After a long time, he let out a sigh while holding the yellow paper in his hand. After coming to the Heng Yue Sect, Zhang Hu was his first friend, but now this happened.

"This immortal talisman is the cause of this disaster!" Wang Lin stared at the talisman. His eyes suddenly changed as he noticed what was different about it. Although this yellow talisman looked just like the talismans disciples get when they go to visit their families, the amount of spiritual energy in it was much higher than the other ones. In addition, there was a sense of danger coming from the talisman. Wang Lin was surprised. Although he didn't know what it was, he knew that it was a treasure.

Hesitating slightly, Wang Lin put away the yellow paper. Looking at the corpse on the ground, he let out a sigh. If this corpse wasn't taken care of, with Zhang Hu's speed, he wouldn't be able to escape the Sect.

Luckily, there was enough room in the bag of holding to hold the corpse. Wang Lin then organized the room and wiped away the blood. He quietly went into the mountain and disposed of the body, then carefully made his way back to his room.

After lamenting about what happened, he decided to not think about Zhang Hu anymore. He took out the immortal talisman and began to study it.

On the first look, the talisman looked exactly like the ones disciples used when visiting home, but upon closer inspection, one could tell from the material and the ink that it was vastly superior than the talismans disciples used to go home.

Wang Lin squeezed the immortal talisman. He pondered a little. He wasn't sure of the exact usage of this talisman. Since the day that he had almost died from drinking the dew, he had been very careful about things belonging to immortals. He didn't dare to carelessly use them.

Plus, the characters on the talisman revealed a hint of danger, causing him to be even more cautious. After hesitating for a bit, he put away the talisman. He decided to study it later.

After doing all of this, he took out the mysterious bead and entered the dream space.

This time, he didn't focus all his time on cultivation, but spent some learning the Attraction Force Technique.

He felt that the Attraction Force Technique was very useful after using it on brother Liu. That was why he was so determined to practice it.

He first used the gourd as a target. He tried using the Attraction Force to grab the gourd. After numerous tries, he finally succeeded. He immediately stopped using the Attraction Force and started from the beginning.

Wang Lin's thought process was very simple. He felt that he must be able to freely use the Attraction Force. If he tried to use it 10 times, it must succeed 10 times, or else, no matter how strong it was, it couldn't be used in key moments.

He calculated a bit. Given his current condition, he could succeed 3 out of 10 times. With only 4 successes so far, it was far from measuring up to his own standards.

The time spent in the dream flew by. Without Wang Lin realizing, the feeling of being torn apart came. After coming back to reality, he wasted no time at all. As he opened his eyes, he drank more spring water and started to cultivate. When there was sufficient spiritual energy in his body, he took a deep breath as the contents of the Three Stages of Qi Condensation appeared in his head.

Aside from the laws for each of the three stages of Qi Condensation, there were also two very important chants.

These chants were the real core of Qi Condensation. There were 15 layers of Qi Condensation. Aside from the first layer, which one could obtain by themselves, all the other 14 layers required a chant to enter the

next layer.

For example, if he had already completed the first layer, and even mastered the second layer's cultivation method, he could only stay in the first layer if he didn't succeed the second layer's chant.

Wang Lin muttered the chant in his mind. The spiritual energy in his body started to change. At first, the change was small, but soon, it felt like boiling water was flowing through his body.

It seemed that there wasn't enough spiritual energy as it intermittently spread throughout his body, causing soreness, numbness, itchiness, pain, and the like all over his body. He also had an illusion that his body was full of holes. All of this was caused by the spiritual energy.

There was a very prominent line in Three Stages of Qi Condensation; the opening chant for each layer won't always succeed.

Talent, spiritual energy, and chance all played key roles. Some people would be able succeed in one try, while some people would need ten or hundreds of tries.

After a long time, the feeling in his body slowly dissipated. Wang Lin was covered in sweat, and the spiritual energy in his body was all gone. But Wang Ling knew from the book that the lack of spiritual energy was only temporary and would recover after meditating for a while. He failed to open the second layer, but Wang Lin was not discouraged. This time, he was just testing it out. It just showed that he didn't have enough spiritual energy at that moment to enter the second layer.

After all, he had just achieved the first layer. There was no rush. He still had the spring water with him, so he could just cultivate until he reached the limit of the first layer before attempting to reach the second layer again. That would increase his chances greatly.

With this plan, Wang Lin started to cultivate night and day. The spiritual energy in his body started to slowly accumulate, and his mastery of the Attraction Force Technique also increased.

He tried the chant for the second layer many times, but all of them

ended in failure.

In reality, half a month had passed, but three months had passed in the dream space. Today, Wang Lin was cultivating, waiting for the time to enter the dream space again. He saw that it was still early. He hesitated for a bit, then started the chant for the second layer to experience it again.

He couldn't even remember how many times he had experienced it. Every time, it ended with him being worn out and all the spiritual energy in his body gone without success.

Two hours later, Wang Lin raised his head. He was worn out again, and all the spiritual energy was gone from his body. He muttered to himself with a wry smile, "Failed again. Entering the second layer is too hard!" Suddenly, his eyes darted toward the door.

A cold voice came through the door. "Apprentice-brother Wang, come out to see me."

The voice sounded familiar. Wang Lin got up and opened the door to see a 27 or 28 year old youth in black standing outside with a cold air about him.

"Black clothes!" Wang Lin's heart tightened. He recognized that he was the same person that brought him, Wang Zhuo, and Wang Hao to the Heng Yue Sect, and also the person who brought his father to find him near the cliff.

But Wang Lin remembered that he was wearing white clothes back then. Now, after a few short months, he had risen up to black clothes! He suddenly remembered the day when they were testing at the foot of the mountain. The person who took Wang Hao as a helper said that the man in front of Wang Lin now had reached a critical point in their cultivation, and took over as the examiner to avoid distracting him.

# Chapter 28: Chores

Among purple, black, white, and red, black represented a really high cultivation. Wang Lin couldn't see through his cultivation, so he respectfully said, "Wang Lin greets brother Zhang. Congratulations to senior on reaching black clothes."

The black clad youth looked at Wang Lin and slowly said, "Me successfully breaking into the fifth layer of Qi Condensation does relate a bit to you. If I hadn't found that cave while looking for you, I wouldn't have broken through so quickly."

Wang Lin was stunned and asked, "Brother Zhang, that hole with the suction force in the cave could help cultivation?"

The black clad youth nodded and said, "When you reach the peak of the fourth layer and need to use the chant to enter the fifth layer, go there yourself and you will see the effect." He glanced at Wang Lin and said, "Brother Wang, it can't be helped since your talent is mediocre, but since you are a disciple now, you must cultivate diligently. I see that you have no spiritual energy in you at all. You haven't even reached the first layer of Qi Condensation. I'm afraid that out of all the inner disciples, you are the only one."

Wang Lin was stunned but wryly smiled, "I'll take Apprentice-brother's advice to heart. I will double my effort in cultivation." He suddenly changed the subject and asked, "Brother Zhang, what is the reason you're here today?"

The black clad youth chuckled and said, "It's nothing serious. The honorary disciple in charge of the chore house disappeared. Someone saw you go there that day, so I came here to ask you about it."

Wang Lin's expression remained normal and laughed, "I have an inkling of what happened. Normally, I don't go near the chore house, but half a month ago, I passed by it and an honorary disciple was talking behind my back, so I taught him a lesson. Maybe he got scared of me and left the sect."

Brother Zhang nodded his head, half laughing. He looked at Wang Lin and said, “A disgusting honorary disciple is not important. Today, I came to you because the elders have decided that an honorary disciple shouldn’t be in charge of the chore house, so they wanted an inner disciple to take over. But no inner disciple wants to go, they are all busy cultivating.”

Wang Lin wryly smiled, “I understand. It seems the task has been assigned to me.”

Brother Zhang smiled slightly and said, “Pack your things and head there today. Right now, the chore house is really messy. You have to get it back in order.”

He cusped his hands at Wang Lin, took a step, and a sword appeared under his feet. The sword emitted rainbow colors as he rode it away.

Wang Lin revealed a frustrated expression. He didn’t want to go to the chore house. The people there were too nosy; it would be too easy for his secret to be exposed. Also, there would be a lot of work that would disrupt his cultivation. But now, he couldn’t not go. With a belly filled with anger, he packed his things and arrived at the chore house.

After arriving there, he reached a decision in his heart. He couldn’t stay in the chore house for too long. He had to mess up everything in the chore house so that every honorary disciple would go to the elders to ask for a replacement.

With this idea in mind, Wang Lin cleaned up disciple Liu’s room. Besides the bed and the table, everything that was useless was thrown outside.

While he was doing this, a few disciples arrived at the chore house. They had learned that Wang Lin was now in charge of assigning chores, so many of them were nervous. The faces of the few that ridiculed Wang Lin the most were pale and their hearts pounded.

Some had intentions of helping Wang Lin clean up, but after being glared at, they all obediently stood in the yard.

After he finished cleaning, Wang Lin casually sat down on a chair. He coldly looked at the 100 plus honorary disciples before him. He knew that the Heng Yue Sect had a lot of honorary disciples. This was only a fraction of them. In the next few days, there would be more honorary disciples coming back to report on their work.

"You will now chop 500 pounds of firewood!" Wang Lin casually pointed at a person. He remembered that that person had secretly ridiculed him.

That person was stunned. He immediately cried, "Brother Wang I ... I used to work in the kitchen. I don't know how to chop wood."

Wang Lin rolled his eyes. He snorted, "Now it's 1000 pounds a day!"

The boy suddenly kneeled to the ground and started crying. "Brother Wang, you are a good person. I shouldn't have ridiculed you back then. But please, don't be so vindictive I ... I ... I can't possibly do 1000 pounds, how about 500 pounds?"

The surrounding people all looked at each other. They all knew Wang Lin would make things difficult, but this was clearly revenge.

There were a few honorary disciples in the crowd that shouted in discontent. "Everyone, don't listen to him. Let's go find an elder and have them carry out justice. Wang Lin is too overbearing."

"Correct. Let us go find the elders to get another inner disciple to be in charge of this place. If they don't listen to us, we will kneel and never get up."

"True. Let's go, everyone. Don't stay here. This Wang Lin has a villainous look. He doesn't even remember that he entered the Sect by trying to commit suicide. Such a disgrace."

The sound the dissatisfied voices grew louder and louder. Soon, everyone left the yard while shouting insults. They all had looks of grievance as they went toward the courtyard, all shouting things like, "Wang Lin doesn't want us to live anymore."

Wang Lin was relaxed in his heart. He didn't stop them and hoped that

they would succeed. This way, the elders would get mad and make someone else take over so he can concentrate on cultivation.

The remaining ten or so people were hesitating. They wanted to leave, but if this thing failed, wouldn't it mean that they had completely disrespected Wang Lin?

Wang Lin wasn't in a rush. He waited for the result from the main courtyard. A moment later, all the honorary disciples gloomily came back, one by one. This time, they were no longer shouting, but had eyes filled with despair and silence.

Wang Lin saw their expressions and knew that they had failed. He was very disappointed in his heart. It seemed he had to make an even bigger commotion. Thinking about it, he scanned the people here and said, "All of you who secretly mocked me, listen to me. I am here today to get revenge. If you're dissatisfied, go to the elders. If you can get me removed from this position, I will have to thank you."

One of the disciples begged, "Brother Wang, you are a great person. Please forgive us."

"Yes, Brother Wang, we were blind back then. Please give us a break. I ... I'll kowtow to you."

"Brother Wang, they all mocked you back then, but I never did. I even defended you. I ..."

# Chapter 29: Locked Door

Without waiting for that person to finish, someone on the side angrily said, “Zhao Xiao Er, back then, you mocked him the loudest. Brother Wang, don’t listen to him.”

Zhao Xiao Er’s expression changed. He angrily said, “Zhao Xiao San, I am your older brother, you backstabbing bastard. Go back to your room and see how I’m going to beat you up.”

“I’m loyal, Brother Wang. You’re a kind person, please give me some easier work.”

“Brother Wang, don’t listen to those two brothers. They are known for this two man act. Who knows how many honorary disciples they cheated? Apprentice-brother, I’m the person who has never said a bad thing about you.”

A very pretty female honorary disciple delicately said, “Brother Wang, this apprentice-sister has always had a weak body and can’t do any hard labor. How about I come and give you a massage every night? Is that ok?”

Among the honorary disciples of the Heng Yue Sect, there weren’t many female disciples. Only about ten percent were female. After all, in the test of perseverance, males had a better chance.

The few female honorary disciples were, of course, well received by everyone. Based on their looks, some even got favored by inner disciples.

Then, another female honorary disciple threw a pretty look at Wang Lin and flirtatiously said, “Apprentice-brother, brother Liu never gave me any hard work, I only ever came to serve him at night. I know a few other apprentice-sisters. I’ll take them to see you tonight, ok?”

Everyone was desperately trying to tell Wang Lin that they had never said anything bad about him. After listening for a very long time, Wang Lin ran out of patience and shouted, “All of you, shut up. What a mess this is.”

After he finished speaking, he pointed at a person and said, “You, 20

vats of water. If you're unhappy, go to the elders."

That person's body quivered. He opened his mouth to talk, but saw the impatience in Wang Lin's eyes. He immediately smiled and nodded his head.

"You, wash 500 kg of clothes every day. Remember, if you're dissatisfied, go find the elders." The person who was pointed at swallowed hard and almost passed out. He muttered, "500 kg, that's like all the clothes in the sect added together..."

"You, clean the whole sect! Same thing, if you're dissatisfied go find the elders!"

"You, clear the outhouses. If I see one fly in there, you can live in there."

"You, go gather 500 pounds of herbs a day. If you mix weeds in there to trick me, I'll kick you out of the sect! All of you listen, if you're dissatisfied go find the elders!" For some, while the workload was hard, it was still bearable. However, for the last few he pointed at, their legs grew soft and immediately collapsed on the ground.

All the honorary disciples wore pitiful expressions. The entire Heng Yue Sect might not even have 500 kg of herbs in the mountains.

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Based on Wang Lin's memories of the people that had mocked him, he pointed at them one by one and carefully thought about what jobs to give them. He wasn't tired at all and finally finished assigning all the work. He lounged around for a while and thought that the chores that he assigned were impossible to finish. What could the honorary disciples do other than go complain to the elders? But just in case the elders decided not to do anything, it'd be better to make this mess even bigger, to let them know that it was a big mistake to make me, Wang Lin, in charge of the chore house.

Thinking about it, he pointed at a person he didn't know and said, "You're in luck. Your job is to keep track of everything. Make a list of all

the gifts given to me. Record their names and time of gift. If you try to be greedy, I'll kick you out of the sect!"

That person was so surprised he immediately fell to the ground and kowtowed to Wang Lin. He repeatedly said that he would remember to do it correctly and not make a mistake.

All the honorary disciples were dumbfounded. Before, disciple Liu was secretive about it, but this Wang Lin was boldly asking for bribes.

A moment later, an honorary disciple stepped forward and took out three talismans used for visiting home. He presented them to Wang Lin and said, "Brother Wang, this is me paying my respects to you."

Wang Lin replied with a sound. He put the talismans away and asked, "What job were you assigned earlier?"

"Gather 20 vats of water a day!" The person nervously replied.

Wang Lin slowly said, "Then, do 5 vats a day instead"

That person was surprised and immediately expressed his thanks.

Following that person's lead, everyone else got up and were about to step forward when Wang Lin slowly stood up and said, "All of you leave. You all need to follow the proper process of giving gifts. Write down your current job and your desired job on a piece of paper, then send it to the person I appointed to manage this. You can only do it only once in 10 days."

After he finished, he went back into his room and closed the door.

The people in the yard were sighing. Some even had anger in their eyes. Their stomachs were full of curses directed at Wang Lin, but none of them said them out loud. They all dispersed with long faces.

After they left, Wang Lin came out of the room and explored the entire chore house. He found a remote door to a storage room.

The storage room was not large. After Wang Lin cleaned it up, although he was disappointed, this was the most secluded place here. He cleaned up to make some space, then locked the door and entered the dream

space.

Time flew by. Wang Lin had already been in charge of the chore house for two months. In those two months, besides assigning jobs to the honorary disciples for the first few days, the rest of the time he focused on his cultivation. As for the chores of the honorary disciples, he didn't care at all. If they didn't do their jobs, all he had to do was snort coldly and they would offer him gifts.

Wang Lin was very annoyed during those two months. His cultivation was constantly getting interrupted by the honorary disciples. He didn't know what the other inner disciples and elders were thinking. He messed things up this much, but they still hadn't sent a replacement.

# Chapter 30: Wang Hao

“Do I need to be even more unreasonable?” To leave the chore house, Wang Lin was ready to go all out. He really wanted to see what the limits of the elders were.

Privately, among the honorary disciples, besides the two words trash and shameless, he gained another title; the Black Hearted King.

Compared to disciple Liu’s nickname, weasel, it was on a whole different level.

After Wang Lin had practiced for a year in the dream space, the spiritual energy in his body had increased many folds. He had reached the limit of the first layer. No matter how much he cultivated, his spiritual energy no longer increased. Thus, one night, he started to try the chant to enter the second layer.

After failing so many times, his hard work wasn’t a waste as he finally broke into the second layer.

The pores on his body were oozing black grease. After washing himself, Wang Lin looked at himself and saw that his eyes were like lightning. He looked very different from before.

He rubbed his chin and thought, “There is only the chant for the third layer left. If I go back to Sun Dazhu to ask for the chants for the later layers and he finds out I reached the second layer, he will definitely question me about how it happened. If I can’t properly explain it, then it will bring me a lot of trouble.”

After thinking for a while, Wang Lin still couldn’t think of a good idea. He couldn’t help but frown.

With a sigh, Wang Lin began to practice the Attraction Force Technique. After this year’s time of practice, Wang Lin could now succeed 10 out of 10 times. Since he reached his current degree, he decided to try it on something harder. He found a large rock in the chore house and began to practice.

Another month had passed. What Wang Lin had done at the chore house caused all the honorary disciples to complain non-stop. It was winter time and the sect started to prepare for the yearly inner disciple competition.

This year was the Heng Yue Sect's honorary disciple competition that happens every 10 years. If one ranked in the top three, they would become an inner disciple. All the honorary disciples were polishing their fighting skills and secretly plotting.

Therefore, things related to the chore house were delayed as everyone was too busy.

Wang Lin was very disappointed that he was still in charge of the chore house. As for the inner disciple competition, he didn't plan to participate. If he had the time, why not spend it cultivating in the dream space instead?

Today, it started to snow on the Heng Yue mountain. From a distance, it seemed like a land of snow.

Wang Lin wasn't cultivating, but stood quietly in the yard. The Attraction Force technique activated as if there was a giant hand moving around, pushing away all the snow so none would land on him.

Looking toward where his home was, he remembered that his parents would have the stove burning to keep the house warm around this time of year.

He would sit next to the stove reading. Dad would be on the side carving, and mom would be storing pickled vegetables.

Sometimes, he'd be tired from reading and sit next to his dad, watching him carve. When he was in high spirits, he would go and help his dad. There was a lot of joy between them.

Wang Lin remembered that under his bed were some wooden tops. He would sometimes take them out and play with them on the ice with the neighborhood kids.

Thinking about all this, Wang Lin took a deep breath. A cultivator needs

to sever all mortal ties, and all of these were thoughts that would disrupt cultivation. Wang Lin closed his eyes. When he opened them again, his mind was clear. He couldn't sever all his mortal connections, so he hid them deep in his heart.

While he was reminiscing, his expression suddenly changed. He was now in the second layer of Qi Condensation and had wakened his ability of divine sense. All of this was described in the Three Layers of Qi Condensation book.

With a scan of his divine sense, he noticed that Wang Hao was coming in his direction. A moment later, the door opened. Wang Hao walked in, wearing a leather cap and leather coat. He looked at Wang Lin, surprised, and said, "Brother Tie Zhu, aren't you cold? Wearing this little and still standing outside."

Wang Lin chuckled, "I calculated that you would come and see me so I came out to welcome you, you little rascal." He didn't feel cold at all. After reaching the second layer of Qi Condensation, he noticed that his body was a lot stronger than before.

Wang Hao chuckled. He walked in and carefully looked at Wang Lin and said, "Brother Tie Zhu, how come I feel you're a bit different from a few months ago?"

Wang Lin said, "That's natural. I have reached the second layer of Qi Condensation and can be considered an immortal!"

Wang Hao's mouth twitched. He went into the room and said, "Don't boast. Our talents are at about the same level. I have received help from immortal pills and still haven't reached the first layer. But for you to reach the second layer? Impossible."

Wang Lin didn't try to clarify. Sometimes, when he told the truth, people wouldn't even believe him, and if he lied, then he might end up causing others to be suspicious. In the end, his relationship with Wang Hao wasn't deep. Better to be on guard.

To trust someone at first sight was not something that Wang Lin was capable of.

“Wang Hao, how come you have time to visit me today? Is the pill house not busy?” Wang Lin returned to the room and poured Wang Hao a cup of hot water.

Wang Hao took the hot water and blew it a few times before taking a sip. He smiled. “You haven’t gone to the pill house to pick up your things in the past few months. I’ve been saving your portion, and came to deliver it to you today.” As he was talking, he took out a small package and put it on the table.

Wang Lin revealed a faint smile. He didn’t even look at the package, but looked at Wang Hao. He didn’t believe Wang Hao only came to deliver a package.

Wang Hao was embarrassed after being stared at and said, “Tie Zhu, I heard you’ve been doing pretty well at the chore house these past few months.”

Wang Lin poured himself some water. He took a sip and said, “Wang Hao, just say what you need to say. If I can help, I definitely will!”

Wang Hao’s expression was awkward. He moved closer and mysteriously said, “Brother Tie Zhu, I always knew you were a smart person. Speaking honestly, I know you have a lot of the talisman the honorary disciples use to visit home. Can you lend me some?”

# Chapter 31: Snow Water

Wang Lin's expression remained normal. He asked, "How much do you need?"

Wang Hao hesitated and said, "At least 200."

"That much? What do you need it for?" Wang Lin was stunned. He did have 200 talismans. He had received almost 500 from bribes.

Wang Hao sighed and said, with a bitter face, "Brother Tie Zhu, in two months it will be the inner disciple competition. While I can participate, I don't have any chance of winning. But I refuse to give up. That bastard Wang Zhuo has already reached the first layer of Qi Condensation and I heard that he is attempting to reach the second layer."

"How does he cultivate so quickly?" Wang Lin hadn't seen Wang Zhuo in a while and was quite surprised. It seemed that talent really mattered.

Wang Hao revealed an angry expression and said, "It's only because he has a good master. His master didn't care about the price and begged my master for a batch of Foundation Establishment pills. Those are very precious pills within the sect. After eating the pill, cultivation speed increases drastically."

Wang Lin nodded and asked, "What does this have to do with you borrowing talismans?"

Wang Hao muttered, "Of course there is a connection. You don't interact with others much, but a month before the competition, all the inner disciples will hold a small exchange. There, everyone takes out their treasures to exchange for the final preparation. I heard from some seniors that attended it before. They said that during the exchange, anything can be used, like flying swords, magical treasures, pills, etc."

After Wang Lin heard this, his heart started pounding. He didn't have much interest in flying swords or magical treasures, but the chants for the Qi Condensation stages were important to him. Thinking that he might be able to obtain them at the exchange, he pondered for a while

and said, “The inner disciples trust each other that much, to just do these exchanges?”

Wang Hao laughed and said, “Brother Tie Zhu, you have asked an important question. There is one rule during this exchange, and that’s also the requirement to enter the exchange. That is, have a disguise pill. After taking the disguise pill, unless someone is at the foundation stage, no one can recognize you.”

A thought flashed through Wang Lin’s head. “You are borrowing all these talismans for that pill?”

Wang Hao was stunned. He nodded and said, “Brother Tie Zhu is really smart. That is true. This pill is controlled by my master, and around this time of year, he starts to privately sell them. The price is 200 talismans.”

Wang Lin considered a bit and said, “This exchange seems quite interesting. I want to go check it out as well.”

Wang Hao quickly said, “Sure, as long as you have a disguise pill, you can attend. My goal this time is a Foundation Establishment pill. I heard that this time, there is a disciple selling them.”

Wang Lin waved his right hand and took out 400 talismans from his bag of holding. He made them into 4 bundles of 100 talismans each.

Wang Hao’s eyes lit up, then stored them in his bag of holding. “Brother Tie Zhu, there is still about half a month of time. I’ll come and find you then. We can go together.”

Wang Lin nodded. They talked for a while and Wang Hao left.

After Wang Hao left, he contemplated it for a while. Wang Lin attached great importance to this exchange, as this was a chance for him to get the chants for the later Qi Condensation stages.

But he didn’t have anything valuable, and all the talismans were used on buying the disguise pill. After pondering for a long time, he decided to bring some spiritual energy filled Spring Water. That should be able to attract some people.

With the help of the pill, no one would know his identity.

After making up his mind, Wang Lin no longer thought about this matter. Right now, he couldn't enter the dream space, so he started to practice the Attraction Force Technique on the large rocks in the chore house.

He had already practiced the Attraction Force over ten thousand times in the dream space. He had become more and more skilled at it. If it was used on a gourd, then the success rate was 10 out of 10. Now, in everyday life, as long as he moved his hand, he could grab small objects.

If the size was too big, the success rate would lower, but with his spiritual energy still growing, and after he entered the second layer, the Attraction Force Technique was starting to show its true power.

After practicing on the large rocks for a few hours, it was dark and snowing outside, but Wang Lin didn't immediately enter the dream space. He stood at the doorway and stared at the snowflakes as he started to ponder.

Throughout the month, while cultivating at the second layer, Wang Lin noticed a problem. The effects of the spiritual energy filled Spring Water had decreased. Although the decrease was very small and could be made up, it brought him endless worry.

He was afraid that, as his Qi Condensation stage got higher and higher, one day, the spiritual energy filled Spring Water would lose its effect.

While soaking the mysterious bead in liquid dew was the best, followed by spring water, dew collection was far too slow. There was not enough to use, and there was none in the winter. The spring water was the easiest and most practical to get and he had an endless supply, however, if one day, the spring water is no longer effective, Wang Lin needed to have something to replace it.

He slightly moved his hand and activated the Attraction Force Technique. Chunks of snow formed into a dragon and charged into a large pot in the room.

After a short while, Wang Lin had filled half the pot. He stopped the Attraction Force Technique and came next to the pot. He formed a seal with his right hand. After more than ten tries, he finally formed a baby-sized fireball. The fireball emitted a lot of heat and quickly melted the snow.

After all of the snow had melted, he wiped the sweat off his forehead. Continuously using two techniques had made him very tired.

There wasn't much snow water in the pot. He threw the mysterious bead into pot and took it out ten minutes later.

He now had a very good understanding of the mysterious bead. Soaking it in spring water for 10 minutes was the limit. He had tested soaking it for longer, but found that as long as it was in for at least ten minutes, the effect remained the same.

He took a drink of the water, then closed his eyes and carefully examined the change in the spiritual energy in his body. A moment later, he opened his eyes and muttered, "The effect is a lot better than spring water, but still below dew. It can be used!"

He immediately took out countless gourds. They were all the gourds that he had gathered in the mountains. After working for the entire night, all the snow in his yard was gone. That snow filled up a small portion of the gourds with spiritual energy water.

# Chapter 32: Exchange

In the next few days, besides training in the dream space, Wang Lin had been busy collecting snow to melt for water. If not for the fear of the spiritual energy escaping, he would have used vats, so he used gourds instead. It was good that he had enough gourds. After only a few days, he had accumulated a few hundred gourds filled with snow water. He calculated that the snow water that he had collected in those gourds was enough for him to use in the dream space for a long time.

After storing the snow water, Wang Lin went back to cultivating. Although the spring water's effect had dropped, it was still useful.

In the blink of an eye, ten days had passed. Over those ten days, Wang Lin had drunk more spring water than he ever had before. Good thing the spring water dissolved into spiritual energy in his body, otherwise, there was no way his stomach could handle that much water.

The amount of spiritual energy needed for the second layer was much greater than the first layer. In fact, Wang Lin had already cultivated for more than 9 months in his dream space.

If it was the first layer, after cultivating for 9 months with this much spiritual energy, he would have achieved some good results, but now, even though he felt that his body contained much more spiritual energy, he still wasn't able to reach the results he desired.

The day that Wang Lin agreed with to meet with Wang Hao had come, so Wang Lin didn't enter the dream space. Around midnight, it started to snow, and Wang Hao entered Wang Lin's divine sense.

Shortly after, Wang Hao opened the door, but didn't come in. He quickly said, "Master took a long time to refine pills and delayed me. Come quickly, the exchange is about to start."

Wang Hao hurried toward the exchange and Wang Lin hastily followed.

The two walked in the snow and wandered out of the sect's courtyards and into the mountains.

The current road was very slippery, so Wang Hao walked very slowly. His body was shaking. He whispered, "What's with his damn weather? If I fell down the mountain here and died, even if I was a ghost, I would want some justice!"

Wang Lin's body was now very light. He didn't share Wang Hao's discomfort at all. In fact, he felt that the weather was pretty good. He thought that, after the exchange was over, he could collect a lot more snow water.

After walking for a while, Wang Hao stopped. He secretly handed Wang Lin a green pill and whispered, "We are almost there. I came here a few days ago. It's only a few turns away. Let us take the pill now, so no one will know our identities."

Wang Hao took out a similar pill swallowed it. A thick black fog appeared and covered Wang Hao's body. A gruff voice came out from the fog and said, "How is it? Can you tell who I am?"

Wang Lin scanned Wang Hao with his divine sense and found that he felt as if there was a barrier of mud blocking him. That made him feel like the pill was safe to take. He laughed and said, "This pill is really amazing!" Then he took the pill and a similar thing happened to him as well.

The two quickly walked forward. After making a few turns, they arrived at an open area.

The open space was very large. Dozens of people stood there, covered in black fog like them, in silence.

After Wang Lin and Wang Hao arrived, they found an empty space and stood there without moving.

Not long after, seeing that no one else was coming, one person stepped forward, coughed once, then hoarsely said, "Time is up. This time, I will host the exchange again. Just as before, I'll go first." After he finished talking, he pulled out a little silver sword and said, "This flying sword doesn't belong to the sect. It's one that I obtained myself and it's very powerful. I want only 500 talismans."

Everyone started to talk about the sword amongst themselves for a while, then someone walked forward and, without a word, handed over 500 talismans and finished the trade.

Another began to say, "I have this piece of magical jade that could release a skill similar to earth split three times. I only want 10 Qi Gathering Pills." He took out a piece of jade, waved it and put it away.

Someone not far from Wang Lin immediately said, "I'll exchange with you!" As he was coming out, another person quickly said, "I'll trade 12 pills for that piece of jade!"

The first person hesitated and stared hard at the second person without a word. He felt that 10 pills was the limit.

Soon after, people came up one by one, showing off their stuff, and the scene became lively, especially when people fought over a certain item. Whoever had the highest bid won.

"I have a technique here that, as long as you're above the second layer of Qi Condensation, you can use it to hide your cultivation for a short period of time, unless the person is already at the Foundation Establishment stage. I know that this thing is pretty useless. I only want 10 ... 5 Qi Gathering Pills for it." The person who said it was very hesitant.

Everyone laughed. This technique really was useless. All of the disciples wanted to show off their cultivation, because the higher the cultivation, the better their treatment. Who was that bored, to want to hide their cultivation? If it lasted longer, then it would at least have some use, but it only lasted for a short period and cost so much; 5 Qi Gathering Pills.

Seeing that no one wanted it the person sighed. Just as he was about to put it away, Wang Lin called out, "I'll trade 5 Qi Gathering Pills for it."

The person in the middle was stunned. They quickly became excited and came up to exchange.

Holding the thing containing the technique, Wang Lin was stunned. He had never seen this type of thing before. He quickly scanned it with his divine sense and the method for the technique quickly appeared in his

mind.

This thing might be useless for others, but it was very useful to him, even though it could only hide cultivation for a short period of time.

A voice suddenly rang out. Despite it being hoarse, it was still filled with pride. “One Foundation Establishment pill. State your offer!”

Wang Hao immediately became excited and quickly said, “20 Qi Gathering Pills!”

“1000 talismans plus a flying sword!”

“2000 talismans!”

“30 Qi Gathering Pills plus 500 talismans!”

“A piece of skill jade, a flying sword, 10 Qi Gathering Pills and 500 talismans!”

The crowd loudly shouted their offers. They clearly viewed the Foundation Establishment pill as an item of great importance. Wang Lin had heard about this Foundation Establishment pill from Wang Hao. After taking the pill, its effect would stay in the body for two months. In those two months, the rate in which one absorbed spiritual energy would be increased by several times. It was something every disciple under the 7th layer of Qi Condensation desired.

That pill was very precious, even in the sect. Every disciple normally only had two chances of obtaining it; when a disciple was promoted to black cloth rank, they could receive one, and when they get promoted to purple cloth they would receive two.

# Chapter 33: Main Text

Wang Lin had no interest in this Foundation Establishment Pill at all. Seeing the price already so high, he sighed for Wang Hao. It seemed that Wang Hao wouldn't be able to get this Foundation Establishment Pill.

While thinking this, he heard Wang Hao shout, "230 Qi Gathering Pills! This is my limit. Any more and I'm not trading!"

The scene quickly became silent. 230 Qi Gathering Pills was already a very high price. Not many could beat it. But the Foundation Establishment pill was simply too rare, and few were willing to give theirs up.

The person selling the Foundation Establishment pill smiled. He arrogantly said, "With just 230 Qi Gathering Pills, you want to trade for my Foundation Establishment pill? If the price is under 2000 Qi Gathering Pills, I'm not trading!"

Wang Lin quickly listened to his voice. After pondering for a while, he secretly guessed that this person was Wang Zhuo, but he was not sure, because he was completely hidden by the black fog.

Wang Hao shrugged and didn't say a word. Everyone present was stunned by that person's arrogance.

The person in charge coughed and said, "Ok everyone, since that person doesn't want to trade his Foundation Establishment Pill, let us move on and continue the exchange."

Before long, another person came out and presented their goods. Soon, it was Wang Lin's turn. He stepped forward, took out a small bottle, and said, "A mysterious liquid that could match 1 drop to 1 qi gathering pill. There are about 100 drops in here. I only want the chants for the 4th layer or later." After he finished talking, he opened the bottle. Everyone could sense the spiritual energy within it.

Many people became mesmerized. Although Qi Gathering Pills were filled with spiritual energy, it was still a finished product. This liquid had

many more uses, like refining more pills.

Even when refining treasures, like a flying swords it would help increase its spiritual power.

Someone immediately said, “I’ll trade the chant for the 4th layer with you!”

Wang Lin raised his brow and said, “Only the 4th layer?”

Another person shouted, “How about the chants for the 4th, 5th, and 6th layers to trade for that mysterious liquid?”

Wang Lin pondered a little. He shook his head and said, “I want the chants for the 4th through 15th layer.”

“Brother, aren’t you making this too difficult for us? Even second elder apprentice-brother Can Jie, who won last year’s competition, is only at the 6th layer, and they only have the chant for 7th, 8th, and 9th layer. From the 10th to 15th layer, only a few elder apprentice-brothers have them!”

Wang Lin was stunned. He hesitated for a while. Suddenly, a voice from not far away said, “If you have 200 drops of that liquid, I can give you the chant for layers 4 through 9!”

Everyone looked toward the voice and saw a man wearing purple walking toward the disguised Wang Lin. He was only about 20 years old, but had a cold expression. When he arrived, he looked at the surroundings and everyone was shocked. They respectfully said, “Second elder apprentice-brother Can Jie!”

The purple clothed man didn’t pay any attention to them, but said to Wang Lin, “Do you have 200 drops?”

Wang Lin’s face hardened and his pupils shrank. He was getting an extremely dangerous feeling from this person, far exceeding anyone else that he had met in the Heng Yue Sect.

Even master Sun Dazhu and brother Zhang couldn’t compare to him.

Wang Lin respectfully replied, “This liquid is something I found by

accident. Besides these 100 drops, I have a few dozen left to use for myself. I don't have that much."

The purple clothed man pondered a little. He tossed out a piece of jade and said, "Fine. Give me the rest of the liquid and these chants are yours!"

Wang Lin took the piece of jade and scanned it to make sure it contained what he needed. He took out another bottle and placed the two bottles on the ground. He didn't get closer to the purple clothed man.

The purple clothed man looked at Wang Lin, then waved his hand. The two bottles flew towards him. After scanning them with his divine sense, he said, "If you get more of this liquid, come look for me in the back mountains. It doesn't matter if its Foundation Establishment pills, flying swords, skill jade, or even the chant for the 10th layer or later. I can get them all!" After he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Wang Lin's eye became narrow and his gaze became cold. The last thing that purple clothed man said was simply too vicious. If it was the people in the crowd, they might not have immediately realized, but Wang Lin had always been smart, so he could always see the deeper meaning in things.

The words the guy said meant that anyone could take the mysterious liquid to him to trade. That placed Wang Lin in a very dangerous position.

Although he couldn't see other people's eyes, he could feel that there were people secretly watching him.

But after Wang Lin decided to bring out the spring water, he had already prepared for this possibility, so he didn't panic and calmly checked his surrounding.

The crowd quickly continued the exchange until it was over. As people left, there were people who were filled with joy, as well as many filled with disappointment.

Wang Lin did not leave with Wang Hao, but placed a dozen or so talismans on his legs and rushed out. He disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Wang Hao was a smart person and understood why Wang Lin did this. He quickly used a talisman and left the exchange ground.

The disciples that revealed some good treasures all did the same and quickly left.

The several disciples that had malicious thoughts toward Wang Lin after seeing the mysterious liquid were all taken by surprise. They wanted to chase, but only saw a shadow. They cursed a few times and left.

Some of the higher cultivation level disciples didn't go and blatantly try steal things. This was, after all, an exchange between disciples of the same sect. If killing and stealing really occurred and was found out by the other's master, then there would be dire consequences.

As Wang Lin was running, he kept placing more talismans on his legs. The speed the talismans gave stacked, so, with a few dozen talismans on his legs, he quickly returned to the sect courtyard.

The person he was the most afraid of was the purple clothed man. He didn't immediately return to the chore house, but hid in an empty room.

Only when daylight appeared and the disguise disappeared did Wang Lin carefully leave the room. Luckily, along the way back, there was nothing.

# Chapter 34: Training

With the chants all the way up to the 9th layer, Wang Lin could continue his cultivation. He returned to his reclusive lifestyle, while heavy tension loomed over the Heng Yue Sect.

All of the inner sect disciples were preparing for the competition. If they could reach the top, then magic treasures, pills, talismans, spirit stones, and more will be rewarded to them.

What made their eyes green with envy was that this time, the sect took out one of its big treasures, the Two Moon Ring, as the reward for first place.

This Two Moon Ring belonged to a senior of the sect from 300 years ago. It contained great defensive power.

Therefore, all of the inner disciples were secretly preparing their strength.

As for the newcomer competition, since there were only a handful of new inner disciples, everyone predicted that the winner of the newcomer competition will be Wang Zhuo.

As for the honorary disciples, they became even more hostile toward each other. The competition to become an inner disciple was a chance to turn their lives around. Everyone was secretly preparing for it.

This tense atmosphere had nothing to do with Wang Lin at all. In addition to cultivation, he also practiced the attraction technique. The day before the end of the month, he left the chore house and headed straight for the main courtyard.

The technique to hide his cultivation level was activated. The spiritual energy in his body quickly disguised itself to the level of the first layer of Qi Condensation.

He found that the people at the chore house were too annoying and kept him from cultivating properly, so he wanted an excuse to go to a quiet place to cultivate.

After arriving at the main courtyard, he walked in. A while later, he stepped in front of Sun Dazhu's herb garden and respectfully said, "Disciple Wang Lin requests to meet master."

"Why are you here?" The herb garden's gate didn't open. It seemed Sun Dazhu really didn't like this disciple.

Wang Lin's expression remained normal. He respectfully said, "Disciple's cultivation is too low, and I'm afraid I won't be able to win in the competition and lose master face, so I would like to refrain from participating."

Sun Dazhu sneered, "Hmmm, it seems you are still a bit self aware, you little brat. Look at elder Xu's disciple, Wang Zhuo. So young, yet already at the peak of the first layer, and could enter the second layer at any time. Even if you went, it would be useless. The others could kill you with their finger. I even heard you guys are relatives. How could there be such a big difference?"

Wang Lin didn't care and said, "Wang Zhuo has been smart since he was young, and he's naturally talented. He's not someone this disciple could compete with."

Sun Dazhu pondered for a while and asked, "Did you find any more gourds in the past half year?"

Wang Lin shook his head, revealing a look of helplessness, and said, "This has really been strange. I have been to the mountain multiple times, but haven't seen any gourds."

Sun Dazhu coldly said, "Do you have anything else to say? If not, then scram. Every time I see you, I get angry!" Every time he laid eyes on Wang Lin, he couldn't contain his anger. He wished he could just kill Wang Lin with one hand so the others wouldn't laugh at him.

Wang Lin bowed and respectfully said, "Master, disciple is really bored from staying up here in the mountains and would like to leave until after the new year. What do you think?"

Sun Dazhu refused and said, "Leave the mountain? You can't. I almost

forgot until you mentioned it, but in four years is the competition between the other sects. This time, the head already ordered that after the new year, most of the inner disciples will go into intense closed door training. You should go so you don't ruin my name in the intersect competition."

"Intense training?" Wang Lin was stunned.

"Every 20 years, there must be a competition between the sects. That has been the rule for hundreds of years. Although Xuan Dao Zong is friendly with our Heng Yue sect on the surface, we secretly have a lot of disagreements. For the past 100 years, we have always lost to them, which is very disgraceful. That's why there will be this intense training. You listen to me well. If after four years you haven't made any advancement and make me lose face during the competition, I'll kick you out of the Heng Yue Sect no matter what!" After saying that, Sun Dazhu didn't explain anymore.

Wang Lin secretly let out a sigh. It seemed that training outside the sect won't be possible. Seeing that Sun Dazhu's tone wasn't friendly, he nodded and took his leave.

After returning to the chore house, Wang Lin pondered a little. Since he couldn't train outside the sect, let's use this intense training to properly cultivate.

The next day, the competition began. The scene was very lively. Wang Lin didn't go. He used this time to cultivate and solidify his foundation in the second layer.

In the next few days, Wang Lin found out from the gossip of the honorary disciples that among the inner disciples, apprentice-brother Zhang got first place, but only because no purple ranked disciple participated.

As for Wang Zhuo, he unsurprisingly became the king of the new disciples. He became even more arrogant and no longer viewed disciples his age as people on his level.

A week later, in the morning, a bell rang throughout the sect. It rang five times. That meant that all inner disciples must quickly gather

outside the main hall.

Wang Lin couldn't hear the bell from inside the dream space. It wasn't until the furious Sun Dazhu kicked open the chore house's door and woke him. He quickly put away the bead and opened up the door to the secret training room, only to see Sun Dazhu's furious face, shouting, "Wang Lin are you deaf? Did you not hear the bell? You bastard! All of the inner disciples participating in the intense training are there but you! You made me lose face before elder apprentice-brother! You... you make me so mad!"

Wang Lin raised his brow and remained silent.

Sun Dazhu gave Wang Lin a hard look. He knew that this was not the time to scold his disciple, because the head and apprentice-brothers were all waiting. Without a word, he grabbed Wang Lin and stepped onto the seven colored cloud and flew into the sky.

At top speed, they arrived in front of the main hall. Sun Dazhu mercilessly threw Wang Lin to the ground. Sun Dazhu said, in a low whisper, "Wang Lin, follow me in. If you make me lose face again, I'll go against the sect rules and kill you!" Those last words by Sun Dazhu were filled with killing intent. He was already at his wit's end with this disciple. He later decided that he must find a reason to kick his disciple out of the sect.

Wang Lin rubbed his shoulder. If he hadn't already reached the second layer of Qi Condensation, then that fall would have broken his arm. He lowered his head and whispered, "Disciple obeys."

Sun Dazhu snorted. He tidied his clothes and walked into the main hall. Wang Lin took a deep breath and suppressed his anger as he walked into the hall as well.

The Heng Yue Sect main hall was the most grand place within the sect. It was a wide hall with dozens of status of sages of the sect. The entire hall was filled with a sense of awe.

After Wang Lin followed Sun Dazhu into the hall, dozens of gazes suddenly gathered on him. He had difficulty breathing and quickly

lowered his head.

# Chapter 35: Back Mountain

More than 40 inner disciples stood inside the hall. There were disciples of black, white, and red rank, but no purple. All of these disciples had serious expressions. Among them, Wang Lin could see many faces that he knew, like Wang Zhuo, the girl named Xu, the girl name Zhou, apprentice-brother Zhang, and such.

Right in front of them sat two rows of more than 10 elders, all with cold expressions. Right in the middle sat a person, about 40 years old, wearing a blue gown, with eyes like lightning. He said, “Junior brother Sun, this is your disciple?”

Sun Dazhu quickly put up a smiling face and said, “Elder apprentice-brother, this is my disciple, Wang Lin. He entered the sect late, so he doesn’t know the meaning behind the bell ringing 5 times.”

A red faced man sitting on the right sneered, “The disciple is really like his master. He’s kinda dumb, just like you were back then.”

A man on his side laughed. “Apprentice-brother isn’t correct. Junior brother Sun at least had some talent, so he was much stronger than his disciple.”

Sun Dazhu’s face changed between red and white for a while. He gave Wang Lin a hard look. He snorted and ignored Wang Lin and went to sit down.

The man in the blue gown frowned. He looked at Wang Lin one more time before forgetting about him and said, “As said before, these 4 years of intense training must provide results. We must win in the competition against Xuan Dao Zong. Starting today, you will be entering the back mountain. Everyone will be provided with their own cultivation place. This time, the sect will provide 10,000 qi gathering pills for you all to use. None of you may leave the mountain during this time.”

All of the inner disciples replied in unison.

The man in the blue gown nodded and continued to say, “I hope that in

four years, one of you will become a purple clothed disciple. Purple clothed disciple means a core disciple far more important than inner disciples. Forget it, experience it for yourself. Now, all of you, go to the back mountain and someone will lead to you the cultivation ground."

After he finished speaking, he waved his sleeves and a white light shot out from them. After circling the hall once, he growled, "Open!"

The white light suddenly expanded and soon engulfed all of the inner disciples.

"Go!" Following the growl from the man in the blue gown, the white light sparkled and disappeared from the main hall.

Wang Lin felt a warm sensation in his body. After the blink of an eye, he found himself inside a valley. This place had much more spiritual energy than the other places. Sounds of water could be heard from all sides. He scanned the area and found the other inner disciples chatting with each other.

This valley had no plants. It was a cliff with many holes carved into it, like a bee hive. Some of the holes were sealed with giant rocks.

Suddenly Wang Lin noticed that someone was watching him. He turned around and saw Wang Zhuo smiling at him coldly.

At that moment, a youth came out from one of the holes in the cliff. He was wearing purple clothes and coldly looked at everyone. He said, "Fellow apprentice-brothers and sisters, this is the back mountains of the Heng Yue Sect. As for back mountain, it's not really the back of the Heng Yue Sect, but a cultivation ground for inner disciples built by several Soul Transformation stage experts 500 years ago. This place has much thicker spiritual energy than normal. Since you are here, you must concentrate on cultivating, or else don't blame us seniors for kicking you out of the back mountain."

Wang Lin recognized this purple clothed youth. He was the person that bought Wang Lin's spiritual energy liquid . It was rumored that he was already at the 6th layer of Qi Condensation and that he was very unpredictable.

Wang Lin lowered his head. This kind of scheming he understood well because he put him into a dangerous situation before.

"I have the chants for the 7th layer and below. If you reach that level, but don't have the chant, come to me. Once I check you, I'll give it to you. As for where you will be practicing, any one of these caves that isn't sealed can be chosen. Here are bottles of Qi Gathering pills. Each bottle contains 50 pills and will be refilled once a year." After he finished speaking, he waved his hand and 50 white bottles appeared on the ground.

Some of the inner disciples stepped forward and took a bottle, then started to look for the entrance to the cultivation area.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. Because he took a disguise pill back then, that person didn't know his identity, so he went up and took a bottle. Zhang Kuang stood at the side, looking at the inner disciples take the bottles one by one, when he suddenly saw Wang Lin. He had a strange look on his face and said, "What's your name? How come you haven't even reached the first layer of Qi Condensation? Who is your master?" [E/N: Apparently, his name changed from Can Jie to Zhang Kuang. Whatever.]

Wang Lin stopped and turned around. He respectfully said, "Senior brother, my name is Wang Lin. My master is Sun Dazhu. My talent is lacking, that's why I haven't reached the first layer yet."

Zhang Kuang was stunned. He smiled. "You are Wang Lin? I heard about you before. Although talent is important, perseverance is also key. Since your talent is lacking, you must work even harder!"

Wang Lin quickly promised.

"This cliff is too high for you since you're not even at the first layer. I'll give you a lift." Zhang Kuang waved his sleeves. An invisible force appeared under Wang Lin's feet and pushed him until he was in front of a cave.

Wang Lin respectfully thanked Zhang Kuang. After he turned around and entered the cave, his face quickly darkened. If he hadn't met this apprentice-brother before, he would have been thankful, but after seeing

his true nature, he would, of course, not take this small favor to heart.

The cave wasn't large. There was only a stone bed and a lever on the wall. Wang Lin walked over and pulled the lever. Suddenly, a roaring sound could be heard as a giant rock fell down and completely sealed the cave.

After carefully examining the cave again and finding nothing wrong, Wang Lin was very satisfied with the place. When he looked for Sun Dazhu, he wanted to look for a place to cultivate outside of the sect. Although he was rejected, the current situation lead him to a place that was pretty close to his original plans.

The only downside was that there was no source of water inside the cave. Wang Lin's cultivation mainly relied on the spiritual energy liquid. But in his bag of holding, he had collected a lot of snow water, so it should be enough for him to use for a while.

He also heard sounds of water inside the valley. As long as he was a bit cautious, water shouldn't be an issue.

# Chapter 36: Quarrel

After thinking about it, he took out the mysterious bead and started his first closed door training.

Time flew by, and in the blink of an eye, 2 years had passed. During those two years, Wang Lin was either cultivating or practicing his attraction technique, but he didn't feel lonely at all.

Even though it had been two years in the real world, in reality, he had been in closed door training for 13 years.

The spiritual energy here was very rich. He was very impressed. Although it couldn't compare to the spiritual energy liquid, whenever he was waiting in the real world, he found the spiritual energy to be at least twice as dense as it was outside of the back mountains.

Starting from the second layer, his cultivation became very slow. After cultivating in the dream space for more than 6 years, he reached the limit of the second layer. He then started to tackle breaking into the third layer. After countless tries, he finally broke through.

But what was causing him confusion and distress was that in the 7 years after, even though he had already reached the peak of the 3rd layer, he couldn't enter the 4th layer, no matter how hard he tried. It was not that he lacked spiritual energy. He felt a mysterious force stopping him every time he reached the critical point.

And this 3rd layer of Qi Condensation was also weird. It was unlike the 1st or 2nd layer, where once he reached the peak, he couldn't condense any more spiritual energy.

Although Wang Lin felt that he had reached the limit, the 3rd layer didn't seem to have a limit. If he continued to cultivate, his spiritual energy would continue to increase and keep transforming his body.

This caused Wang Lin to be very surprised, but no matter how hard he thought about it, he couldn't find an answer.

Today, all of the snow water had been used up. He only had one gourd of

spiritual energy liquid left. That gourd had been with him for a long time. It was one of the three that Wang Lin buried in the mountains. He used two of them to make the 10th cloud appear on the bead, and considering that he almost died the last time he took a gulp of it, he had been very wary of it and kept it in his bag of holding.

After a bit of hesitation, Wang Lin didn't take out that gourd. Based on his calculations, the amount of spiritual energy in that gourd had already reached a terrifying state. He could always use it once he reached a higher level of Qi Condensation.

He stood up and stretched his body. He walked to the lever and pulled. With a roar, the stone door opened. Sunlight poured into the cave and blinded Wang Lin. After he got used to the light, he came out of the cave and took a deep breath.

Looking down, there were a lot of people chatting in the valley. It seemed that a lot of these people found cultivation dull and came to socialize.

After pondering a little, he activated the technique to hide his cultivation level to the first layer of Qi Condensation. He waved his sleeves and jumped forward. His body slowly floated down to the ground.

In the 13 years that he had spent in the dream space, he had completely mastered the attraction technique. He didn't even need to say the chant anymore, he only needed to will it to use it.

Like now, he was using the attraction technique on his body. Although it could be said that once the attraction technique reached a certain level, it was doable, that was only when one moved slowly. The moment it speeds up, it becomes difficult.

But Wang Lin felt so confident now, that even if he needed to fly quickly, he wouldn't lose control. Without more than 10 years of practicing the attraction technique, this would be impossible.

But who had the time to waste on practicing for 10 years on this low level technique? All of cultivators were racing against time. If they had the time, why not practice some higher level techniques?

In order to not attract attention, Wang Lin slowly landed in the valley. Right as he landed, he could hear the sound of ridicule. “The sun really came out from the west side. Even the trash, Wang Lin, has reached the first layer of Qi Condensation and can finally come down from the cliff without help.”

Wang Lin turned his head. He indifferently looked at Wang Zhuo. There were also a few people sitting next to him. They were all inner disciples.

A 24 to 25 year old white clothed youth laughed. “Wang Lin, you shouldn’t be here. You should be mixed with those honorary disciples back in the chore house. At least there, you can feel high and mighty, but here, you are the worst of all of us.”

Wang Lin scanned with his divine sense. Wang Zhuo was the same as him, reaching the peak of the third layer, and the white clothed youth had reached the peak of the 4th layer. He could break through it at any time.

Wang Zhuo proudly said, “Wang Lin, you sure were smart 2 years ago. You knew you weren’t my match, so you just gave up. But let me tell you, trash will always be trash. You will never match up to me. I was the top newcomer two years ago, what are you?”

The white clothed youth beside him laughed. “Junior brother, go fetch me some water from the river there. Your senior brother is feeling good, so I might give you some pointers.” As he was speaking, he threw a bottle. It landed at Wang Lin’s feet.

Wang Lin remained silent and looked at the white clothed youth.

The white clothed youth said, with a dismissive look, “What does this mean? You want to fight? Let me tell you, second apprentice-brother already said that inner disciples can’t fight with each other. If you don’t act properly, don’t blame me for teaching you a lesson.”

“That’s enough. All of you shut up!” A shout came from the cliff. Soon, a shadow appeared like lightning, revealing apprentice-brother Zhang’s shadow. He frowned and looked at everyone and growled, “Wang Zhuo, Sun Hao, the two of you aren’t cultivating, but are here bullying a junior

who is only at the first layer of Qi Condensation. Is this really that interesting?"

The two's expression quickly changed. They quickly shot Wang Lin ugly looks and lightly snorted. Afterwards, they didn't say any more. They clearly feared marital brother Zhang.

Apprentice-brother Zhang's gaze turned to Wang Lin and equally harshly said, "Wang Lin, you really shouldn't have come, but since you're here, you should properly cultivate. In the world of cultivation, power is everything."

Wang Lin nodded. He hesitated a bit and asked, "Apprentice-brother Zhang, I have a question. After reaching the peak of the first layer of Qi Condensation, why, no matter what I do, can't I break into the second layer?"

Wang Zhuo snorted and said, "With your talent, don't even think about reaching the second layer in your lifetime!"

# Chapter 37: Four Years

Apprentice-brother Zhang gave Wang Zhuo a cold look and said, “The key to breaking through really does have a lot to do with your talent. Some people only need a few attempts to succeed, while others need hundreds or thousands of years or never even break through in their life.”

Wang Lin revealed a melancholy expression and suddenly asked, “Apprentice-brother Zhang, is breaking through every layer this difficult? Is breaking from the 2nd to 3rd and 3rd to 4th as hard?”

Apprentice-brother Zhang nodded, “Yes. The later the stage, the harder it is especially, the 3rd to 4th and 5th to 6th layer.”

Apprentice-brother Zhang’s answer also attracted a few other disciples. A female disciple suddenly asked, “Apprentice-brother, what is so difficult about going from the 3rd to 4th layer? I’m currently in the 3rd layer.”

Wang Lin knew the person that talked. It was the girl named Zhou that Wang Huo was pursuing.

Apprentice-brother Zhang pondered a while and said, “Fine. Just today, I’ll tell you guys about the two bottlenecks you will face below the 6th layer of Qi Condensation. The first bottleneck is from the 3rd to 4th layer. For some people, it’s very easy, but for others, it’s something they might never get past in their entire life. The key has nothing to do with talent, but in one’s ability to understand the meaning behind the phrase “the road is merciless”.”

He gave everyone a thoughtful look and continued, “Immortals need to cut away their mortal ties. If you can do it, then the 3rd to 4th layer is easy, if not, then it becomes hard. As for the bottleneck at the 5th to 6th layer, that is a change in the quality of spiritual energy in your body. spiritual energy slowly changes your body, and at that point, it starts making deeper changes. This requires a large amount of spiritual energy, so it became a bottleneck that blocks a lot of people.

After Wang Lin finished listening, he was stunned and silently pondered.

The other inner disciples all had different expressions and continued to ask questions. It wasn't until it became dark that everyone dispersed.

Wang Lin wandered into the valley, following the sound of water, frowning. Soon, a lake appeared before him.

A faint scent of spiritual energy was emitted from the water. Wang Lin went and drank some of the water. Although it couldn't match the spiritual energy liquid, it still contained enough to help increase his spiritual energy.

So he took out gourds and filled them with water, one by one. After a long time, he finally filled all of the gourds and turned around. His pupils immediately shrank as he saw second apprentice-brother standing a distance away, behind him, like a ghost. When he was filling the water he was constantly scanning the area with this divine sense, but didn't find anything. However, it seemed that Apprentice-brother Zhang had been there for a long time. Wang Lin's heart sank.

Zhang Kuang's eyes lit up and said, "Brother Wang, the river does contain a lot of spiritual energy, and is good for your cultivation, but I see you have a lot of gourds prepared already. Did you already know you would need them before you came here?"

Wang Lin put away his things without any change in his expression and said, "Master had previously informed me that the river would help my cultivation, so disciple has prepared a lot."

Zhang Kuang stared at Wang Lin for a while and said, "It's normal for Sun Dazhu to know this. You should go back and practice. To be able to reach the first layer in only two short years, it seems junior brother is really determined. That's good. I hope that when I seen you again, you will be at the second layer."

Wang Lin clasped his hands and left. Only after he returned to his cave did he finally relax a bit. His clothes were soaked in sweat. Good thing he trained himself to constantly use the technique to hide his cultivation level, otherwise, if Zhang knew that he had already reached the 3rd layer, he would definitely become suspicious. If Zhang tried to kill him, he

wouldn't have the power to fight back.

Wang Lin quietly reminded himself, "Immortals are the same as mortals. There are many different types. In fact, the immortals are much more cruel than mortals, so I must not let anyone know I have this mysterious bead."

After pulling the lever to seal the cave again, Wang Lin sat down crossed legged and started to cultivate again.

The principle of cutting off all mortal desires and ties was to prevent these things from distracting them from their cultivation, but after entering the Heng Yue Sect, Wang Lin found that most of the immortals not only do not cut themselves off from their desires, but become even worse.

As a result, the term "cut off mortal desires" was a very vague expression, but according to Brother Zhang, it was the key to go from the 3rd to 4th layer, which seemed to be a contradiction.

After being puzzled for a long time and still not finding any clues, Wang Lin knew that he could never cut the ties with his family. The lucky part was that the 3rd layer wasn't like the first two layers. Even though he couldn't break through, his spiritual energy still increased. In the end, he gave up trying to break through the to the 4th layer quickly and just kept building his spiritual energy up.

Time quickly passed. One year, two years. Without knowing, two more years had passed. Wang Lin had been in closed door training for 4 years now. He only left the cave once more to refill with water to make into spiritual energy water for this cultivation.

Four years in the real world resulted in 25 years in the dream space. Including the time from before the closed door training, Wang Lin had been cultivating for 27 or 28 years already.

His Qi Condensation level was still stuck at the 3rd layer, but the amount of spiritual energy in his body was still increasing.

It was the last day of the 4 years of intense training. Outside, an

arrogant voice shouted, “Fellow apprentice-brothers and sisters, the 4 years are up. Come out quickly. The head is here, preparing to send you all back.”

All of the caves on the cliff opened up. The inner disciples made their way out from them one by one.

Wang Lin felt, with this divine sense, that these 40 plus people all had great harvests while training here in the past 4 years.

Wang Zhuo had already reached the peak of the 5th layer and was ready to break into the 6th layer. There were many others in the same situation. Everyone’s cultivation had increased a lot.

The girl named Xu was at the 3rd layer, and as for brother Zhang, he was already at the 6th layer!

He vaguely felt that his cultivation was different from everyone else’s. Just now, when he used his divine sense to scan everyone, it seemed as if no one else noticed.

The girl named Zhou had already said that she reached the 3rd layer two years ago, but under Wang Lin’s scan, he observed that she was still at the 3rd layer, with no growth at all.

Wang Lin had a guess. It seemed others’ 3rd layer weren’t like his, without a limit.

# Chapter 38: Light Speck

After analysing the situation in great detail, he felt that this had something to do with him cultivating in the dream space. He had experienced many of the bead's mysteries in these past 4 years.

When cultivating in the dream space, he could feel that those glowing orbs released a light that got absorbed by his body.

As for those glowing orbs, he had analysed them for a while, but still hadn't found their exact use.

Wang Lin no longer used the technique to conceal his cultivation level, as 4 years of cultivation in a place like the back mountains was a good enough reason to explain it all.

No one else knew that 20 years ago, in dream space time, he had already reached the 3rd layer.

Also, for the past 20 plus years, he had been constantly practicing his attraction technique and it had reached a terrifying level.

In fact, no one in the country of Zhao would spend 20 years practicing such a basic technique.

Suddenly, a white light appeared silently from the sky and covered everyone. The warm feeling came again, but this time, Wang Lin noticed a difference.

There were faint flashes of strange symbols in the light. The symbols came together to form a whirlpool that quickly pulled everyone in, and they disappeared from the valley.

When they reappeared, they were in the main hall. The sect head sat there, still wearing the blue gown. Next to him sat several elders.

In the moment, several powerful divine senses scanned them. The sect head smiled. He nodded and said, "For years have passed and I'm very pleased that all of you have made considerable progress. Very good. Now, all disciples that reached 5th layer or higher, stay. The rest of you, go and tell your masters of your harvest in these 4 years. In three days, Xuan Dao

Zong will be here. This time, we must win. As for the changes in clothes, it will all be done after the competition with them.”

The people all replied in unison. All of the disciples below the 5th layer left. Wang Lin looked around and didn’t see Sun Dazhu.

After leaving the hall, Wang Lin made his way to Sun Dazhu’s herb garden. He sent out his divine sense and found that the seal on the gate didn’t stop him at all, so his divine sense went into the garden and he found Sun Dazhu there, cultivating. Sun Dazhu didn’t notice his divine sense at all.

This seal that terrified him before now seemed to be filled with flaws. He now felt that if he wanted to break this seal, he could easily do so.

Wang Lin withdrew his divine sense and respectfully called out, “Disciple Wang Lin is here to greet the master.”

After Sun Dazhu heard this, he hesitated for a while. After thinking for a long time, he somewhat remembered that he had accepted a disciple called Wang Lin 4 years ago. Then, he sent Wang Lin to the intense training. He was not sure if that trash had made any improvements.

Due to his curiosity, he opened the gate to the garden and arrogantly said, “Come in then.”

Wang Lin walked in. Sun Dazhu examined Wang Lin and exclaimed, “You managed to get to the 3rd layer?!”

Wang Lin nodded and respectfully said, “Disciple has trained hard in these 4 years and barely made it into the 3rd layer.”

Sun Dazhu blinked a few times. He seemed to remember why he had accepted Wang Lin as his disciple. He remembered that he was going to wait until this disciple reached the first layer and use the soul searching technique, but after hesitating for a while, he decided to give up. After all, it had been so many years, and the backlash of lowering his own cultivation didn’t seem to be worth it.

Sun Dazhu glanced at Wang Lin and said, “Fine. Since you reached the 3rd layer now, you are a true disciple of Sun Dazhu, and since you are my

only disciple, starting today, you can come back and live here again. In a few days, there will be the competition with Xuan Dao Zong. You can follow me there and broaden your horizons. Also, since you reached the 3rd layer, did you practice the attraction technique?"

Wang Lin's expression remained normal as he replied, "Disciple has practiced the attraction technique, but still feels very unfamiliar with it."

Sun Dazhu nodded and said, "That's natural. To be frank, these basic techniques are all about practice. The more you practice, the better you will be at it. Your master practiced it for a whole year and that could be considered the longest in the sect, see." As he was speaking, he moved his hand and a small colorful sword appeared and circled around the room before landing back in Sun Dazhu's hand.

"After practicing the attraction technique and reaching the second layer, one can start practicing the drive technique. The drive technique is what moves this sword. Of course, to reach this level, you must have at least have reached the 4th layer, but with the competition so close, we can't have you making a joke out of the sect. Your cultivation is low, so the chance of you going up is low, but you can't lose the sect any face. A flying sword can still be controlled with the attraction technique. I'll give you a token, so go to the sword shrine and pick out a good flying sword to wear and to show off at the competition." Sun Dazhu finished talking and tossed a token toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression became strange. He opened his mouth for a long time, but didn't know what to say.

Seeing Wang Lin's expression becoming strange, Sun Dazhu snorted and said, "Don't think of this as a small matter. You must look good, because if you make me lose face, I won't forgive you. Back then, your master did the same thing. Just holding a flying sword earned my master a lot of face."

Wang Lin wryly smiled and said, "Disciple will definitely look fierce, master. Don't worry."

# Chapter 39: Wealth

Sun Dazhu nodded his head in satisfaction and said, "You can keep this token. It will allow you to freely enter and exit this garden. But remember, you aren't allowed to touch any of the herbs without my permission."

Wang Lin nodded. He knew that Sun Dazhu didn't like him, but seeing how he had already reached the 3rd layer, Sun Dazhu at least recognized him as a disciple. Wang Lin respectfully left.

Not long after, he arrived at the sword pavilion in the main courtyard. He was here many years ago, and being here again made him remember the scene from back then.

Outside the sword pavilion sat a disciple in white. He looked like he was 30 years old and kinda chubby. Wang Lin didn't recognize him, so it seemed he didn't participate in the intense training.

He looked at Wang Lin and exclaimed, "Junior brother, you are only at the 3rd layer. What are you doing here? This is a place only disciples of the 4th layer or higher can enter."

Wang Lin remained silent. He took out the token Sun Dazhu gave him and tossed it over.

After the fat disciple received the token, his face became strange, as if he was trying to hold back a smile. Soon, he couldn't hold it back any longer and burst out laughing. "It seems to be Elder Brother Sun's tradition. I had forgotten about this. Elder Brother Sun has this tradition that at everyone competition with another sect, he likes to show off a flying sword."

Wang Lin became embarrassed, especially thinking about Sun Dazhu's serious expression before. He warily smiled.

The fat man laughed for a long time. He forced down his laughter and waved his hand saying, "Junior brother, you can go. I recommend the sword 3 from the right. That flying sword is really amazing. The first time I saw it, I thought it was the most amazing flying sword in the country of

Zhao."

Wang Lin quickly thanked the man and made his way toward the pavilion. When he was 5 meters away, he suddenly detected waves of energy from the pavilion, seemingly to try to prevent him from entering.

Seeing this, the fat man realized that he forgot to turn off the formation set around the pavilion. He wanted to tell Wang Lin, but right when he was about to speak, he suddenly stopped as if there was a fishbone stuck in his throat. His eyes grew large and stared at Wang Lin with a look of disbelief.

Wang Lin felt the resistance and remembered the shame from back then. He snorted and kept moving forward, 5 meters, 4 meters, 3 meters, 2 meters, 1 meter!

Despite the resistance increasing, it wasn't able to stop Wang Lin at all and he easily stepped into the sword pavilion. After entering the room, he used his divine sense and found that the room he was currently in was very strange. It seemed his divine sense was restricted to only 3 meters in range.

The fat man immediately jumped up with a shocked expression on his face. He was the disciple in charge of managing the sword pavilion, so he knew the power of the formations very well. Not to mention inner disciples, but lot of the elders couldn't force their way in like Wang Lin just had.

Only when recruiting disciples was the power of the formation weakened hundreds of folds, so that the swords' energy could be released to see if there were any matches.

"Is the formation broken?" The fat man couldn't believe what had just happened. He think the formation had to be broken, so he moved up to test it himself.

Just when he entered the 5 meter range, he felt a very strong pressure that made him feel like he was a leaf in the turbulent sea. He was mercilessly thrown out. His body flew black and made an arc as he fell. He coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood after he landed on the ground.

After a long time, he recovered his senses. His face was filled with fear. He exclaimed, "Not... not broken!"

Wang Lin easily entered the room. Once inside, he saw that there were many flying swords of various lengths, all releasing powerful sword intent.

Wang Lin scanned each sword one by one without stopping, until he finally saw the sword that the fat man said was the most amazing looking sword in the country of Zhao.

After seeing it, Wang Lin was speechless. It could really be considered the most amazing looking flying sword. It shouldn't really even have been regarded as a flying sword, but more like a rectangular sign.

It was two palms wide, 1 meter long, and the whole body shined with a golden light. The reason for the golden light was not because this was some sword with a magical spell, the golden light was there because the entire sword was coated with gold.

Also don't think that the coat of gold was there just to hide some amazing sword under, it was just regular iron.

On the handle were two large diamonds, and even the sword tassel was made from thin strips of gold.

In short, taking this sword out to show people would really amaze them, and maybe even make them think it was an amazing sword.

Wang Lin stroked his chin. He is really optimistic about the sword. If anything else, at least if he ever needed money in the future, he can sell it for a lot of money.

On the flying sword there was a sign that read, "This sword's name is Wealth. It was made by a sect elder 500 years ago and said to have unimaginable power. But in reality, this sword has been broken and rebuilt many times. However, because the elder had done much for the sect, his last will was to leave the sword here in hopes that it finds someone fitting in the future."

"Whoever chooses this sword must treat it well. If it breaks, it must be immediately repaired. If it's sold, then the person who sold it will be kicked from the sect!"

Wang Lin couldn't hold in his laughter. He picked up the sword and said, "I'll chose you then, but I, Wang Lin, am a poor man, so if you break, don't expect me to put you back together!"

After putting the flying sword away in his bag of holding, he left the room. The fat man outside looked nervous. Instead of the mocking laughter from before, he respectfully sent Wang Lin off.

Wang Lin's divine sense was restricted inside the pavilion, so he didn't see what happened to the fat man, so he was surprised at why the fat man suddenly became so respectful.

After returning to Sun Dazhu's garden, Wang Lin took out the sword. Sun Dazhu was stunned, and after mumbling to himself for a while, he glanced thoughtfully at Wang Lin and said, "When I saw this sword before, I didn't have the guts to take it, but it seems you have guts. Good. Take this sword with you to the competition in three days and show it off to the elders."

Three days later, the bell in the Heng Yue Sect rang nine times. It echoed for a very long time through the mountain. The head, all the elders, and many disciples all stood outside the main hall.

They saw a black dot appear in the sky. The black dot got closer and closer to them, until they saw it was a thousand foot long centipede. The centipede was completely black. It seemed to step on black clouds as it thunderously roared towards them.

All of the Heng Yue Sect inner disciples took a deep breath their eyes filled with fear. Some of the female disciples' faces became pale and their legs became weak.

"What's the big deal about it? Although this thousand foot long centipede looks scary, if everyone here struck it with a sword, it will still die!" The red faced man next to the sect head shouted. His voice was very loud. It seemed he wanted the people on the centipede to hear.



# Chapter 40: Guest

Another elder stared at the centipede and whispered, “Hmph, the Xuan Dao Sect is always like this, trying to bully my Heng Yue Sect because we don’t have a spirit beast. If there is a chance, we must kill that spirit beast, then we’ll see how they will show off.”

The sect head coldly snorted. A purple sword suddenly appeared before him. The sword flew into the sky and became a giant purple dragon. It coiled above the Heng Yue Sect and roared at the centipede.

The thousand foot centipede suddenly stopped and didn’t dare to continue. Suddenly, a loud laugh could be heard from the top of the centipede.

“Huang Long, it is rumored that this purple sword contains the soul of a dragon. It seems that that rumor is not fake. Friend, I’m here now, and if we win again, the Heng Yue Sect must keep their promise and return the 137 treasures that were stolen from us, as well as give us 200 flying swords as compensation.”

The sect head’s expression remained normal. There was no trace of anger. He indifferently said, “Friend Ouyang, if the Xuan Dao Sect wins this time, the Heng Yue Sect will naturally do as promised, but if you guys lose, then you must hold back on your technique to control spirit beasts.”

While he was speaking, the purple dragon slowly dissipated and turned back into a purple sword. It returned to sect head Huang Long’s hand.

The thousand foot centipede started to move forward again. It circled above the Heng Yue Sect as it slowly descended. The inner disciples all pulled back to make room.

All of the elders had frowns on their faces from seeing the disciples recoiling.

After the centipede landed, it remained motionless. Dozens of people jumped down from the centipede’s back. Besides three elders, everyone else was very young.

The Xuan Dao Sect had both male and female disciples. It seemed like they were making fun of the Heng Yue Sect because they knew that the Heng Yue Sect didn't have many purple clothed disciples, so every one of them was wearing purple. Another thing that surprised the Heng Yue Sect disciples was that every single Xuan Dao Sect disciple was good looking. The males were very handsome and the females were all very beautiful.

Especially the male and females disciple in the front. The male was extraordinarily handsome and full of masculinity. His long sleeves and hair fluttered in the wind, with a flying sword on his back that made him look even cooler. His appearance completely enchanted a few of the female inner disciples.

The female disciple wore full purple with hair long like a waterfall, bright red lips, and with beautiful eyes could move anyone's heart. Even Wang Lin couldn't stop his heart from beating faster when he saw her. He became very surprised as he carefully looked at her and quickly became more cautious.

Seeing all the disciples with memorized looks in their faces, one of the elders finally couldn't stand it anymore and shouted, "When did the Xuan Dao Sect started practicing charm arts? It is simply too despicable."

This shout quickly awakened many of the inner disciples. All of them had a surprised expressions.

One of the three elders of the Xuan Dao Sect laughed and said, "This must be elder Dao Xu. My name is Qin Gu Lei. You should take a closer look. My two disciples here didn't practice any charm arts, but were born with water spirit roots. I can see that among all of the Heng Yue Sect disciples, none of them are of such a pure spirit root. All of them are a mixture of all 5 elements. No wonder you can't tell the difference."

All of the Heng Yue Sect's elder's expressions became unsettled. After a long time, sect head Huang Long's expression remained the same as he changed the subject and said, "Friends of the Xuan Dao Sect, first, rest at our sect. The competition will begin in three days."

Elder Ouyang nodded. Smiling, he said, "Very good, our Xuan Dao Sect

has had these competitions with the Heng Yue Sect for many years, but although there are some disputes, there is no need to hurt our relationship.”

Among the many elders of the Heng Yue Sect, a very old man walked out. His face was full of wrinkles and he somewhat looked like he had no energy. He lightly chuckled and said to Ouyang, “Good friend Ouyang. It’s been 20 years, do you still remember me?”

Elder Ouyang laughed out loud and said, “I’ve already seen you, old friend Song Dao You. This time, you must let me have some more of your homemade wine. I didn’t have enough because you were too stingy last time. You only brought out one jar!”

Elder Song smiled. “It’s not that I’m stingy, it’s that when you start drinking wine, it’s too scary. No matter how many jars I bring out, it’s not enough.”

As the two started talking, the other two elders of the Xuan Dao Sect found familiar faces and started chatting as if the unfriendly words before were never said.

As they talked about things that were happening in cultivation world of the country of Zhao, the eyes of the disciples of both sects were really opened.

Things like: the Wu Feng Sect had a male disciple that seduced the Misty Sect’s head female disciple and made her pregnant. The Misty Sect’s head went to the Wu Feng Sect for justice, but came back with a baby.

Or like the Heaven Sect, where some disciples abandoned the sect and joined the He Huan Sect. After some of them started to spread the benefits of joining the He Huan Sect, more and more disciples abandoned the Heaven Sect. This made the Heaven Sect’s head so mad, that he sent out a kill order for any disciple that abandoned the sect.

Or about some genius baby being born, and finally about the Misty Sect’s Core Formation expert’s birthday being in a few months, so all the friendly sects would send people to attend and such.

Wang Lin listened for a long time and started to have a very blurred impression of the cultivation world in the country of Zhao. At one point, he suddenly felt someone looking at him. He turned his head and saw that female disciple from the Xuan Dao Sect looking at him a faint smile on her face.

Wang Lin nodded his head and secretly put up his guard. He didn't believe that he had the charm to attract someone's attention among all the disciples present.

Liu Mei was the leader of the inner disciples at the Xuan Dao Sect and was very confident in her innate charm ability. Within the Xuan Dao Sect, almost no one her age could resist. But that ordinary looking youth was the first to recover, which surprised her. She couldn't help but take a few more looks, but no matter how she looked at Wang Lin, he was only at the 3rd layer and was nothing out of the ordinary.

As the elders talked, the disciples of the two sects also started to chat with each other to prepare for the competition that was to come. All of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples seemed to have a mysterious fog that hid their cultivation level.

Wang Lin was also surprised that he became interested in the Xuan Dao Sect. This technique seemed similar to the disguise pill, but on a higher level.

The Heng Yue Sect disciples seemed to focus all their attention on that male and female, all of them with their own ideas, but Wang Lin noticed a strange phenomenon; all of the disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect, from the looks in their eyes, all seemed to shown signs of respect to a middle aged man in the back.

After giving that person a thoughtful look, Wang Lin withdrew his gaze, lowered his head, and remained silent.

# Chapter 41: Centipede

The Xuan Dao Sect's disciples were also all secretly evaluating the Heng Yue Sect disciples, especially the ones who were at the 6th layer and higher. Wang Zhuo's looks and his peak 5th layer cultivation also made the Xuan Dao Sect disciples keep him in mind.

As for Wang Lin, he was only at the 3rd layer, so they completely ignored him.

Everyone aside from Liu Mei that is. She paid a little attention to him.

As the two sect's elders talked to each other, they were also secretly looking at each other's disciples. The Xuan Dao Sect's three elders became more and more happy as they saw the Heng Yue Sect's disciples. They thought that if these were all the disciples the Heng Yue Sect had, they would win this exchange for sure.

But they had secretly been in conflict with the Heng Yue Sect for many years and knew that they were very cunning. They would save the killing blow until the most crucial moment. Even though there were quite a few disciples of the 6th layer present, all of them were new faces, and all the ones that participated last time weren't in sight.

Those were the people who they needed to focus on during this exchange.

The sect head, Huang Long, scanned the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples. His gaze paused on the male and female with the pure water spirit roots. He secretly sighed in his heart. In the past 500 years, the Heng Yue Sect had really fallen without a successor. Even the Xuan Dao Sect, which was an unknown, small sect only 500 years ago could constantly beat the Heng Yue Sect. He originally thought that they would win this time, but two single element spirit root disciples had appeared this time, which made him very worried.

"Do we really need the purple clothed disciples to come out? They are currently in training..." Suddenly, Huang Long's gaze fell on the disciple all the way in the back and he finally made a decision.

"Fine. Since they sent this disciple, then it's time for our core disciples to come out as well."

Thinking about this, he laughed and said, "Friend Ouyang, the disciples must be tired from the trip. Let them go rest first. Us few old guys should have a good time. Come into the main hall." He waved his hand to welcome them into the main hall with a smile on his face.

Xuan Dao Sect's three elders nodded and followed him into the main hall.

The Heng Yue Sect's elders followed in behind them. Elder Xu was the last one. He turned to the disciples and said, "Wang Zhuo, you're in charge of taking care of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples. If there are any issues, teacher won't forgive you!"

Wang Zhuo seemed to be prepared for this. He respectfully said, "Teacher doesn't have to worry. I will properly take care of Xuan Dao Sect's fellow apprentice-brothers and sisters."

Elder Xu smiled at the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples and said, "Disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect, if you have any needs, you can ask Wang Zhuo. This old man is old, so I won't bother you young ones. You all should get to know each other more. The future of the cultivation world belongs to you all." After he finished speaking, he walked into the main hall with a faint smile.

The moment the elders left, the disciples immediately became more relaxed. Some of the Heng Yue Sect's female disciples went up to the male with the water spirit root and started to make small talk. Their eyes were filled with admiration.

Besides the Heng Yue Sect's 6th layer disciples appeared some Xuan Dao Sect's disciples. They made small talk about their experiences.

As for the other disciples, they all started to talk with each other. There were also many disciples who looked up to the unmoving centipede in amazement.

Wang Lin looked at the scene and didn't want to join in. He went off to

the side and sat down on some steps. Looking at the blue sky and white clouds while bathing in the sunlight felt very comfortable.

There were many other disciples like Wang Lin that didn't like the crowds, like the female named Zhou. She saw Wang Lin and casually walked over.

"Junior brother Wang, I want to congratulate you on reaching the 3rd layer. There aren't many inner disciples as hardworking as you." The female named Zhou said with a smile. She sat down on the steps without a caring if it was dirty or not.

Wang Lin chuckled. He shook his head and said, "It's not like what you said at all. I see that most of these people are painstakingly cultivating as well."

The female named Zhou looked at the clouds. She sighed and said, "Junior brother Wang, don't sell yourself short. During the 4 year of intense training, almost all the inner disciples came out very often, but I rarely saw you. Cultivation is a very boring thing to do. Junior brother Wang, to be honest, I admire you. To reach the 3rd layer in 4 years takes a lot of perseverance!"

Wang Lin rubbed his nose and smiled, "Senior Sister Zhou, didn't you also reach the 3rd layer?"

The female named Zhou sighed and gloomily said, "I reached the 3rd layer three years ago, but now, all the disciples who were weaker than me back then have surpassed me. Maybe it's because I can't cut off my mortal ties."

Wang Lin pondered for a while and said, "The road is ruthless. If senior sister Zhou wants to advance, you must understand this phrase."

The female named Zhou looked at Wang Lin with her beautiful eyes. Revealing her beautiful teeth, she said, "Junior brother Wang, I can see that you have already reached the peak of the 3rd layer and can break through at any time. I think that you will soon surpass me too."

Wang Lin stared at the breathtaking beauty. He wryly smiled and said,

“I won’t be able to break through any time soon. These mortal ties aren’t something I can cut easily.”

The female named Zhou was stunned. She hesitated and asked, “Junior brother Wang, it’s rude of me to ask, but what mortal ties can you not cut?”

Wang Lin shook his head and didn’t answer. His mind was filled with thoughts about his parents.

The female named Zhou saw that Wang Lin was reluctant to answer. She sighed and said, “I can’t cut the ties with my family. Cultivation is too ruthless. Maybe I’m not fit for this.”

Wang Lin was about to speak, but he suddenly turned his head and saw Wang Zhuo staring at him and the female name Zhou with an evil gaze.

At that moment, they heard Wang Zhuo’s voice. “Brothers and sisters of the Xuan Dao Sect, you all said this centipede likes to eat live animals. Let us, the Heng Yue Sect, take care of it for you during your stay. I have a junior brother, you see. Cultivation is just a waste of time for him, so making him catch live animals to feed this centipede is a much more fitting job for him.”

The male disciple with the water spirit root hesitated and said, “Brother Wang Zhuo, this is a bit improper. The centipede’s nature is wild. If a stranger were feed it, that person might be in danger.”

Wang Zhuo said, with a gentle expression, “Don’t worry, brother Liu. How could a cultivator back down because of danger? You are our guests. These chores should be left to us, the Heng Yue Sect.”

# Chapter 42: Centipede's Poison

Some of Wang Zhuo's companions agreed and one of them said, "This is true. Friends of the Xuan Dao Sect, leave it to us."

All of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples hesitated. The disciple named Liu wanted to use the elders as an excuse, but at that moment, the middle aged man in the back lightly coughed. The disciple named Liu's face twitched. He nodded and said, "If that's the case, then we will trouble the Heng Yue Sect."

Wang Zhuo smiled. He turned toward Wang Lin and loudly yelled, "Junior brother Wang Lin, the job of feeding the centipede will be left to you. You need to be careful."

Hearing Wang Zhuo's words, all of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples turned their heads to look at Wang Lin. They all had strange expressions on their faces. How could they still not understand the meaning behind it all? This Wang Lin must have offended Wang Zhuo.

Among the Heng Yue Sect disciples, one person laughed and said, "I was wondering who brother Wang Zhuo was talking about. As I expected, it's junior brother Wang Lin."

Someone else continued, "This job is really fitting for him. With his lack of talent, it's really a waste of time for him to cultivate. There is no chance for him to compete in the exchange."

"There really is no one else more fitting for these chores than him. Junior brother Wang Lin, you must do your job properly and not lose the Heng Yue Sect any face."

Hearing the laughter, the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples understood that not only had Wang Lin offended Wang Zhuo, but, because of his lack of talent, had also became the target of mockery among the other disciples.

This kind of thing happened in every sect, so it was not a big deal. As a result, all of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples categorized Wang Lin as trash.

The female named Zhou that was sitting next to Wang Lin frowned. She

shot Wang Zhuo a disgusted look. She whispered to Wang Lin, “Junior brother Wang Lin, if I hadn’t come, he wouldn’t have targeted you. I...”

Wang Lin shook his head. Wang Zhuo hadn’t just been targeting him for a few days. Ever since the first day they met and onwards, Wang Zhuo had always made an effort to ridicule him. The rest of the sect had looked down on him due to the fact that he got accepted by trying to commit suicide and then became an inner disciple due to Elder Sun.

Most importantly, he was only at the 3rd layer, making him the weakest among these disciples.

Power was everything. Wang Lin eyed the thousand foot centipede that was lying on the ground. He didn’t care and pretended like he hadn’t heard any of it. Not long after, Wang Zhuo assigned a few disciples to lead the Xuan Dao Sect’s disciples to their rooms to rest.

The Xuan Dao Sect’s disciple with the water spirit roots named Liu glanced at Wang Lin before he left and gently said, “You must be brother Wang Lin. Our Xuan Dao Sect’s centipede has a wild nature. When you feed it, you mustn’t get too close, or you will be injured.”

Wang Zhuo looked at Wang Lin with a cold smile. He didn’t bother him anymore after that. Soon, everyone dispersed from outside the main hall.

The female named Zhou frowned. She talked with Wang Lin for a bit more, then left.

Looking at the deserted area, Wang Lin stood up and walked toward the centipede. He stopped 10 feet away from it and carefully examined the spirit beast.

Upon a closer look, this thousand foot centipede was an enormous beast. The body was formed by many sections, and between each section were rings with thorns pointing out like countless swords. There were also faint black spots all over its body, and its head had two massive pincers sticking out.

In addition, what attracted the most attention were the two long red whiskers that moved without wind, as if they were two very long snakes.

As if it knew Wang Lin was looking at him, it opened and closed its eyes, giving Wang Lin a cold glance. Wang Lin immediately felt a cold sensation sweep by.

Wang Lin's body felt cold, but the movement of spirit power in his body immediately dispersed the coldness.

The thousand foot centipede revealed a surprised expression. It gave Wang Lin a deep and thoughtful look, then closed its eyes and ignored Wang Lin. Wang Lin revealed an interested expression. No wonder this was a spirit beast, it even had human-like expressions.

While musing this, he left at a brisk pace for the mountains. Using his divine sense, he easily captured some small animals and came back.

Along the way, Wang Lin saw some of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples being lead by some senior disciples. When they saw Wang Lin with the small animals in his hands, they laughed, which drew the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples' attention.

One of the Xuan Dao Sect's female disciples, who looked very pretty, with a face that looked so delicate, it felt as if it could be broken by a drop of water, laughed. "Junior brother, all of those small animals you caught won't be enough to feed the thousand foot centipede. You should go catch a large worm. Those are the centipede's favorite."

One of the inner sect disciples immediately tried to suck up and said "Junior sister Ouyang, this dumb kid is like a mute. There is no need to talk to him. You didn't know this, but he isn't qualified to cultivate. He failed all of the entrance tests and then tried to commit suicide, which forced the elders to accept him as an honorary disciple."

Wang Lin was familiar with the person who talked. He was the one that ridiculed him back during the training period, Sun Hao.

Someone from the Xuan Dao Sect quickly asked, "Honorary disciple? But I see him wearing red. He should be the Heng Yue Sect's inner disciple."

Sun Hao loudly laughed. "I'm not done yet. This kid used some lowly method to gain the favor of one of the elders and was quickly raised to an

inner disciple. But even so, with his talent, he will only be laughed at for the rest of his life."

Wang Lin glanced at them and left. He arrived back near the centipede and threw the small animals next to it.

The moment the small beasts saw the centipede, they immediately fell to the ground, trembling in fear.

The centipede opened its eyes and didn't even look at the small animals. He spat out a black gas. The moment the black gas touched the small animals, there was a sizzling sound.

In a blink of an eye, the small animals turned into a pool of blood. The centipede sucked the blood into its mouth.

Wang Lin took a few steps back. His eyes lit up. Centipedes typically contain poison, and these poisons were their greatest weapon.

As a child, he read a book that mentioned that the poison of a centipede was related to its size. Simply said, the larger the centipede, the stronger the poison.

# Chapter 43: Old Friend

The centipede before him was one hundred feet long. The poison it contained must have reached an unimaginable level. Wang Lin wasn't unfamiliar with centipedes. Many of the children caught centipedes to play with, and many used them to feed their chickens.

Sometimes, they would accidentally be bitten by the centipede, but all they needed to do was wash the wound with a lot of water, then at most lay in bed for a few days and they would be fine.

There was even a time where he collected centipedes for their poison. The doctor at the village said that if the centipedes' poison was used properly, it could be used to cure illnesses. In the early days, his father couldn't afford to buy wood for his work, so he went up to the mountains to chop wood and let the cold air enter his body. This caused him to almost lose his life.

At that time, the prescription made by the doctor contained centipede poison.

Although his father's illness was cured, the illness left its roots in his father's body. Every time it rained, his father would be in a lot of pain. The prescription the doctor gave to help with the pain contained centipede poison as well, so Wang Lin had caught a lot of centipedes for his father.

Until now, Wang Lin still remembered what happened back then.

Looking at the hundred foot centipede, Wang Lin stroke his chin. If the small centipedes' poison could help his dad's illness, then the poison from this centipede might just remove the root of the problem once and for all.

But the centipede before him was simply too large, and Wang Lin was just too small compared to it. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to get any poison and hurt himself in the process.

Suddenly, Wang Lin remembered a method for obtaining centipede

poison. This method was passed down through the generations. It was to make a pill to feed to the centipede. Once the centipede consumed said pill, it would spit out poison.

Thinking about it, he stared at the centipede and walked toward the pill house. The pill house contained the most materials in the sect. He also hadn't seen Wang Hao in 4 years, so it would be good to check up on him.

It was already getting dark when Wang Lin arrived at the pill house and saw Wang Hao carefully exiting from the side door. Wang Hao saw Wang Lin and gestured him to be silent. He motioned him to go outside.

Wang Lin was stunned. He sent out his divine sense and found the 3rd elder staring at the pill furnace with a serious expression on his face.

After walking away for a while, Wang Hao saw that Wang Lin had silently followed him out. He grabbed Wang Lin and quickly ran. After running away for a while, he finally let out a breath.

Wang Hao was short of breath. He warily looked toward the pill house and quickly asked, with a glint of hope, "Wang Lin, I heard you went to the intense training four years ago. What layer are you at now?"

"The 3rd layer...what is this?" Wang Lin scanned Wang Hao with his divine sense and found that Wang Hao was already at the first layer, but the spiritual energy in his body was very strange. The spiritual energy wasn't flowing properly, but moving in an odd path.

Every time the flow circulated through Wang Hao's body, it would take away a bit of Wang Hao's life essence from his organs and absorb it.

In this state, Wang Lin was afraid that it wouldn't be long before Wang Hao ran out of life essence and died.

Wang Hao bitterly smiled and said, "You saw through it?"

Wang Lin nodded and said, "Wang Hao, tell me what this is about."

Wang Hao tightened his fist and said, while grinding his teeth, "Back when we went to the exchange, I always regretted not being able to get the Foundation Establishment pill. Later, master, bah, Lu Yunie gave me a

Foundation Establishment pill to repay me for being his helper. I was very surprised at the time. He also gave me a cultivation method and told me that it was better than the one the sect gives. I didn't think too much about it and cultivated with it."

Wang Lin took a deep breath and asked, "What? Let me see!"

Wang Hao took out a thread bound book and threw it to Wang Lin. He continued, "But after I practiced it for 2 years, my body became weaker. Although I can manage to condense spirit power in my body, I can't use it. Later, I secretly bribed a disciple to look it up for me and found that the cultivation method Lu Yunjie gave me is called Fire Furnace Trial."

Wang Lin opened the book and looked through it. The more he read, the more shocked he became. What was in the book was completely different from what was inside The Three Layers of Qi Condensation. Instead of using the spiritual energy to refine the body, it gathered spiritual energy into a swirl. This swirl would expand as one gathered spirit power, and it would soon be able to absorb the spiritual energy of the heavens and earth to refine the body from the outside, achieving something similar to Qi Condensation.

In simple terms, Qi Condensation was to slowly refine the body from the inside.

And the latter was a high handed method. If one was lucky, the swirl would expand outside the body before the body collapsed and achieve Qi Condensation, and if not, then the body would be destroyed before the swirl expanded to outside the body.

Wang Hao said, with his teeth grinding, "This Fire Furnace Trail cultivation method, the archives in the sect held some copies of this. It is said to have been obtained from the extinct country of Lu. Only 2 out of 10 cultivators would survive using this method. It's all based on luck."

Wang Lin asked the important question, "What benefit would Lu Yunjie gain from all this?"

Wang Hao's eyes grew cold. He darkly said, "He wants to use me as a pill furnace. When the disciple of the archives gave me the information,

it was recorded that the moment someone dies from cultivating the Fire Furnace Trial, if a certain method is used, a pill that extends one's life for 3 years can be created."

Wang Lin took in a cold breath and thought that this 3rd elder Lu Yunjie was too cruel.

Wang Hao's expression was bitter. He harshly said, "I don't dare to talk about this with the other elders and the sect head, after all, I'm Lu Yunjie's helper. Under the sect rules, my life is no longer mine, but Lu Yunjie's. If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have agreed to be his helper. Ah, it is too late to regret it now. Lu Yunjie found out that I know the secret and threatened me with my parents. Now, I have no control over my life. Every day I must take several Qi Gathering pills and the swirl in my body grows larger by the day. Based on my calculations, I only have about a year left to live."

# Chapter 44: Li Shan

Wang Lin pondered for a while and said, “What plans do you have? Do you need my help for anything?”

Wang Hao sighed and said, “You are only at the 3rd layer. You can’t help me because Lu Yunjie is already at the 6th layer. Also, because he can produce pills, he is loved by the elders. I have already given up hope. Wang Lin, in these few years at the Heng Yue Sect, you are my only friend and my big brother. If you become stronger in the future, you have to avenge me!” Wang Hao tightened his fists after he finished speaking.

Wang Lin stared at Wang Hao and nodded.

Wang Hao bitterly smiled and said, “Brother Tie Zhu, did you need me for something? While I’m still alive, I’ll help you as much as I can. Do you want some Qi Gathering pills? I have a lot of them.”

Wang Lin looked at Wang Hao. He gave up on asking Wang Hao for the materials he needed and shook his head. He wanted to help Wang Hao, but the enemy was at the 6th layer. Wang Lin was not confident at all.

Although his divine sense was different from others’ and he had practiced the attraction technique for more than 20 years, he had never fought with any other human, so he couldn’t say for sure how strong he was.

Wang Hao saw that Wang Lin stayed silent. He bitterly patted his clothes and said, “Brother Tie Zhu, you have more talent than I do. Thinking back to when we were taking the test, it feels like a dream. Time passes by too quickly....” Wang Hao sighed and turned to leave with a gloomy expression. He slowly disappeared from Wang Lin’s view.

“In this cultivation world, the strong prey on the weak....” Wang Lin pondered this deeply in his heart as he stared at the sky.

At that moment, Wang Lin had an epiphany.

The so called epiphany wasn’t one where he suddenly gained understanding and his cultivation suddenly increased, but more like

knowledge being poured into one's brain. What was increased here wasn't one's cultivation or soul, but one's understanding of heaven and earth.

Realizing the cruel nature of the cultivation world was his epiphany. To be a cultivator, one must have the attitude of a cultivator.

Wang Lin mumbled as he let out a sigh, "Is the strong preying on the weak really the mentality a cultivator must have?"

His body moved and he disappeared from where he was.

When he was on his way back to the herb garden, Wang Lin's expression suddenly changed as he looked at the guest rooms that the Xuan Dao Sect disciples were staying at and thoughtfully walked toward it.

Before he even entered, he heard an exaggerated voice from inside.

"I have to say, brothers of the Heng Yue Sect, this flying sword I have is one of the peerless treasures of the Xuan Dao Sect. It is called the Noon Money Sword. You guys ask around yourselves to know how much trouble I spent stealing this sword. If any of you wants to buy this, then you have to make a vow to not use this in the exchange in 3 days, or I'm not selling it."

Someone immediately asked, with doubt, "Is this treasure really as amazing as you say it is?"

"I, Li Shan, would never lie. If you guys don't believe me, then forget it. I can sell this flying sword anywhere."

Wang Lin already found this place to be unusual, as a lot of disciples from both sects were gathered here. When he walked closer, he saw a 20 something year old disciple of the Xuan Dao Sect holding a sword made of coins that was glowing blue, talking bombastically about the sword.

The Xuan Dao Sect disciples in the surroundings all had weird expressions on their faces. One of them couldn't stand it anymore. He coughed and said, "What Junior Brother Li Shan said is correct. This Noon Money Sword is indeed a treasure of our Xuan Dao Sect, but I have to say that the one in Junior Brother Li Shan's hand is a fake. However, it still

has some uses.”

The Heng Yue Sect disciples talked among themselves. Then, a 5th layer disciple walked forward. Wang Lin remembered that this disciple was named Zhao. Disciple Zhao walked up to Li Shan and they talked among themselves until they made an exchange, both with smiles on their faces.

Among the inner disciples, there were people who knew about the sword and mockingly said, “It is just a simple iron sword with some broken spirit gold and someone dared to try to sell it? It seems the Xuan Dao Sect is worth only so much.”

Li Shan immediately retorted, “What this brother said is incorrect. My elder apprentice-brother even said that this was a fake, but your Heng Yue Sect still had someone who bought it. This type of thing is best to buy for the sake of novelty.”

The Heng Yue Sect disciple who bought the sword laughed and said, “Brother Li Shan, what you said is wrong. I didn’t buy this sword to collect, but to give it to my dad. My family raises pigs, so this sword would be perfect for killing pigs.”

Li Shan didn’t get mad and said, smiling, “Since you already bought it, I don’t care what you do with it. Ok, I still have another treasure. It’s called the invincible dark stinking thunderball! This thing really is a treasure. I’m not lying. We can even do a live test.”

With that, he took out a black ball and threw it at a wall. With a boom, cracks appeared on the wall. There was a dark mist on the spot the ball hit and it emitted a foul odor.

Li Shan said, with a proud and smiling face, “How is it? This invincible dark stinking thunderball is my own personal hidden weapon. Although the power isn’t strong, if it lands on someone, this sludge is something even I can’t wash off. Especially the smell, it’s something I made after gathering dozens of beasts. Anyone would be disgusted by it.”

Everyone was stunned and stared at each other with their mouths wide open. A few of the female disciples pinched their noses and took a few steps back. Wang Lin was also surprised. He sent out his divine sense and

his expression suddenly turned strange.

The disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect all felt really awkward, but Li Shan was known in the Xuan Dao Sect for making weird things. No one dared to mess with him because no one wanted to get hit by one of those stink bombs.

The invincible black sludge stink bomb was really famous in the Xuan Dao Sect. Secretly, it could almost match one of the sect's real treasures.

"So how was it? This time, I'm showing you all hidden my ace, but I still have to say the same thing I said before; you can't use it in the exchange in 3 days, or I won't sell it to you." Li Shan revealed a serious expression, but secretly laughed in his heart, "You silly brats, the more I say you mustn't use it, the more likely you guys will use it in the exchange. Hehe, there will be a good show to see. The elders will definitely praise me and even give me a few magical treasures."

With that, his eyes lit up and he began to shout.

# Chapter 45: Low Life

With that, his eyes lit up and he began to shout.

“Fellow brothers of the Heng Yue Sect, there is an old saying: “Killing people only takes a nod of the head”. But I have to ask everyone; how could killing people be as satisfying as disgracing them? By disgracing them, they would stink for 10,000 years. Think about it, when you are fighting with your rival and you use this, even if you don’t win, you still come out with more face than them.

“Or when escaping, if you have this move, it also works wonders. If you run into a crowded area, how would he still have the face to chase after you?”

“Also, if you encounter a love rival, this could also be a deciding move. Hehe, if anyone dares to steal your woman, use this on them and then he would never have a chance as she would never want to be around the stink.”

Li Shan’s advertising moved a lot of the inner sect disciples, especially when he talked about how it could be used against love rivals. That really resonated with some of the disciples.

This thing was really a top quality item to get rid of love rivals.

Li Shan’s gaze turned shifted toward Wang Lin in the distance. He knew that Wang Lin was considered trash in the Heng Yue Sect. People like him were big customers for Li Shan. The trash back in the Xuan Dao Sect had already been cleaned out by him, so, when he saw Wang Lin, he excitedly continued:

“This bomb is especially useful for brothers with lower cultivation. With this stink bomb in hand, who would dare to bully you again? If anyone dares to bully you, throw one at them. I, Li Shan, can promise you that you can walk tall in the sect without anyone daring to bother you.” With that, Li Shan secretly laughed in his heart. No one daring to bully you was impossible. It was more like it would invite a beating.

Li Shan saw that he had almost won many people over. He quickly tried to seal the deal. "This stink bomb is a really good self defense weapon for the people with lower cultivation. Today, I'll have a sale. Buy two, get one. Consider it a gift from me. When we meet again in the cultivation world, don't forget to take care of me."

Among the disciples that were moved by everything he said, one asked, "Is this item really as amazing as you say? Take out a few more and let me randomly test one. If it's really that good, I'll buy a few to play with."

Li Shan took out a dozen of the stink bombs from his bag of holding and gently placed them on the ground, as if he was afraid they would explode, and said, "You must keep in mind to be careful with this treasure. Gently pick it up and place it down. When using it, just toss it. When it meets any resistance, it will explode."

The inner disciple that had spoken up was Sun Hao.

Sun Hao stepped up and randomly carefully picked up one of the stink bombs and examined it in his hand.

Li Shan's expression remained normal, but he quietly mocked him in his heart. "Little brat, think you can understand it? Besides the sect's elders, not even the senior brothers are able to see through its secret."

Sun Hao looked at it for a long time and wasn't able to find anything special about the stink bomb. He threw the stink bomb into a distant clearing and as the bomb flew in an arc, the moment it was about to hit the ground, Li Shan thought in his mind, "Explode!"

With a bang, the stink bomb exploded, making the ground black and filled with a foul odor.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. No one knew that his divine sense had covered the area. When the stink bomb exploded, he detected a fluctuation of spirit power from Li Shan.

When Li Shan threw the stink bomb the first time, it was the same. Wang Lin chuckled, but he didn't point it out and kept on watching.

Li Shan said, smiling, "How was it? These stink bomb are really

powerful right? But I, Li Shan, am an honest man, so I'll say the ugly stuff now. This treasure doesn't explode all the time. To make it explode requires a certain throwing technique. Once you guys have bought it, you can figure it yourself, so don't come to me about it."

Sun Hao walked up to Li Shan and whispered something to him. They walked over to the side and he took out quite a few things.

Li Shan thought about it for a while and took out 10 stink bombs to exchange.

Li Shan whispered, "You normally only get 3 free for buying 6, but since you are the first buyer, I'll throw in one more for free."

After one person traded for them first and even tested it, a few other inner disciples came up and bought a few.

Every time Li Shan finished his sale, he would always add a few words. Things like "This thing isn't guaranteed to succeed all the time", "If it doesn't work, practice it a few more times." If there was any question, they could come and ask him and he could teach them the throwing technique.

When saying this, Li Shan laughed in his heart, "You guys will try several times and fail, then try a different one and succeed after one or two tries. I'm only going to be here for a few days, so by the time you guys suspect me, I'll be long gone."

But there were still many disciples who were cautious and didn't buy any.

After a while, there were only a few stink bombs left. Li Shan proudly looked at the Heng Yue Sect disciples and thought, "A bunch of idiots. Hmph, if you guys don't use it in the exchange in three days, then all you'll have done is get cheated by me, but if you do use it, then there will be something good to watch. These stink bombs are completely under my control. Other people can't even explode it using a hammer! I really can't wait for the exchange in three days."

His gaze swept the surroundings and he noticed Wang Lin's faint smile.

He was stunned. His eyes turned and he said, “Brother, why don’t you buy a few to play with? With your cultivation, these are truly fitting for you. If anyone bothers you, just throw one at them.”

Wang Lin looked at Li Shan and revealed a mocking expression.

Li Shan was surprised. That look made him feel as if Wang Lin had seen through his secret. He carefully looked at Wang Lin and saw that Wang Lin was only at the 3rd layer. Being called trash couldn’t have been for no reason, so he thought that it must’ve been his own imagination.

Wang Lin lightly smiled. He nodded and said, “Ok, I’ll exchange for 2, but I don’t have any treasures. Only talismans from the sect.”

Li Shan hesitated for the first time. He made sure Wang Lin was only at the 3rd layer before he finally relaxed and took out three stink bombs. He smiled and said, “Brother, I’ll give you face and sell them for talismans. Buy two, get one. These stink bombs will give you an extraordinary feeling, haha.”

Finished speaking, he thought, “I’m wasn’t lying when I said it will be an extraordinary feeling. As long as you hold on to the stink bombs, even if you don’t use it during the exchange, if I ever meet you again, I’ll let you know what the extraordinary feeling is like. Something you will remember for life, haha.”

# Chapter 46: Strange Old Man

Wang Lin put away the stink bomb and looked at Li Shan. He said, "Brother Li Shan, I won't bother you anymore, so please continue selling."

Li Shan nodded. He revealed a friendly expression and said, "Brother, you must be careful with those stink bombs. Remember, they don't always work because they require a certain throwing technique. If you don't succeed, don't say I lied to you."

With that, he continued to tout to the other people.

"Fellow brothers, I still have another treasure. This is a keepsake from the He Huan Sect. With this, you can go to the He Huan Sect to get a beautiful girl. This is something I got through a lot of painstaking effort, but I'll sell it based on our friendship. Fellow brothers of the Heng Yue Sect, you mustn't miss out on this chance."

Wang Lin chuckled. He turned around and headed back to the herb garden. Not long after, he had arrived at the garden. He scanned the garden and found that Sun Dazhu was not there, so he sat down cross legged in his room and took out the three stink bombs to examine them.

After a long time, Wang Lin revealed an interested expression. These stink bombs appeared transparent under his divine sense, as if there were no secrets they could hide.

To say it plainly, there was a trace of Li Shan's divine sense in the stink bombs that allowed him to detonate them at will.

Wang Lin never knew that divine sense could be used like this. After carefully mimicking it, he overlapped the divine sense in the stink bombs with his He didn't destroy Li Shan's divine sense, but surrounded it. If he wished to, he could destroy it at any time.

The use of divine sense on this stink bomb inspired Wang Lin. He pondered a little and took out the mysterious bead.

"If divine sense can be used like this, can it be used the same way on the bead?" Wang Lin's eyes lit up and his divine sense quickly gathered on the

mysterious bead.

After a long time, Wang Lin frowned. The stone bead looked like it hadn't changed, and under his divine sense, it looked the same as always as well.

He pondered for a moment, then he took the stone bead and left the herb garden. At the fastest speed, he went to a secluded place in the mountains and entered the dream space.

The moment he entered, he knew that time was of the essence and he quickly spread out his divine sense.

One minute, three minutes, ten minutes, thirty minutes...

There was no change. Wang Lin rubbed his chin and muttered, "Can I really not leave my divine sense inside the mysterious bead?"

At that moment, one of the glowing objects suddenly began to shine brightly, then finally dimmed.

Wang Lin was stunned. Then, like a chain reaction, other glowing objects started to dim. Soon, all of the glowing objects in the dream space dimmed, until there was no light remaining and the dream space became completely dark.

Wang Lin was shocked. He carefully observed for a long time and couldn't find anything unusual.

An old voice suddenly appeared. "I don't need to observe anymore. With your Spiritual Movement stage, trying to see through the heaven-defying bead is just wishful thinking!"

Wang Lin was startled and his pupils shrank. He had been in the dream space for dozens of years and this was the first time he had heard someone else speak.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He suppressed the shock in his heart. He clasped his hands and respectfully said, "Junior's name is Wang Lin, and senior is?"

Wang Lin was a smart man. He didn't think that the person had

suddenly appeared, but had been there all along and had observed him for the 30 years he had been in here.

“As a junior of this small country, you don’t have the need to know this old man’s name. You used nearly 30 years of time with my help and the help of the stone bead, and only reached the Spiritual Movement stage. That is truly disappointing. Especially your perception. You only now thought of using your divine sense to scan the bead! Hmph!”

Wang Lin pondered for a while. He had observed the stone bead with his divine sense before, but just hadn’t observed for as long as now.

“Your way of doing things really annoys me. Cultivating is a heaven-defying act. If anyone goes against you, you should kill them. I have observed you in these few years that you been at this dog shit sect. If I were you, I would have killed all of them already. Hmph. If anyone dared to insult me, I would destroy them completely, especially that Wang Zhuo. He really gets on my nerves. With my temper, I would have taken his soul and thrown it into purgatory and then wiped out his family. I really like that Zhang Hu in your sect. Quite vicious. Also, that junior Liu really suits this old man’s tastes”

Wang Lin’s expression became odd. He wryly smiled, “Senior, I...”

“Don’t interrupt me. I haven’t finished speaking. Hmph, your small sect also has quite a few good looking ladies. You really don’t know how to enjoy yourself. If it were me, I would have caught them and refined them for their soul. Hehe, the taste really makes me reminisce about the past. I haven’t tasted it in over 30 years...”

Wang Lin was dumbfounded and couldn’t speak for a long time.

“Brat, can you work a bit harder? Hurry up and reach the Soul Transformation stage so this old man can come out. Sigh”

Wang Lin hesitated. He was somewhat confused and asked, “Senior, what is Soul Transformation stage? Also what did you mean when you said I was at the Spiritual Movement stage.? ”

“Can’t you think for yourself? Always asking about everything. Forget it!

For a little cultivator from only a rank 3 cultivation country, even if you think until your head explodes, you won't figure it out. Hmph. Listen well brat, I'm talking about the cultivation realm of a rank 5 cultivation country. In a rank 3 cultivation country like yours, there are only 4 realms: Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation and Nascent Soul. As for the Spirit Forming stage, it would be a thing of legends in your eyes."

"Once someone reaches the Spirit Forming stage, then your country's rank will be increased to a rank 4 cultivation country. With that, the country will be provided the appropriate resources from the Cultivation Alliance and the country will also gain the right to fight for cultivation stars outside the country. The country would also need to undertake missions to protect the alliance."

"Similarly, if a Soul Transformation appears in a rank 4 country, it would be raised to a rank 5 country and so on. As for the Spiritual Movement stage, it is a stage commonly used in rank 4 country or higher. It is similar to the Qi Condensation stage, but has a broader range."

# Chapter 47: Exchange (1)

Wang Lin bitterly smiled and said, “Soul Transformation is simply too far away for junior.”

“Bullshit. With me, who is from a rank 6 country, helping you, what is the Soul Transformation stage at all? Although I can’t go out, I have been using my Nascent Soul Essence to help you cultivate for these past 30 years, otherwise, with your lack of talent, how could you have reached this stage in 30 years?”

“And because you absorbed my Nascent Soul Essence, besides people on the same cultivation level as me, no one else can see through your cultivation.”

“Also, with the heaven-defying bead in your hands, what do you have to be afraid of? It took me painstaking effort to obtain this bead when it appeared in the cultivation alliance, resulting in me losing my body. My soul would’ve destroyed if I hadn’t escaped into this bead. Originally, I wanted to find another body to use, but this damned heaven-defying bead...it seems that if someone without a body enters it, they can’t leave.

“I won’t lie to you. When I first saw you, I wanted to take over your body, but this heaven-defying bead is like a cage that prevents me from leaving.”

“I studied this bead for many years. This bead must have an owner before many of its effects can be used and I can be released.”

“When I obtained this bead, I was being hunted, but I had some time to study it. It must absorb the essence of the five elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth before it would identify an owner. But even so, the owner has to have reached the Soul Transformation before they can get me out of here. Ah, little kid, show some compassion and cultivate faster! Then help me find a good body to use. I, Situ Nan, will remember your kindness, and with my protection, you can live a safe and comfortable life!”

At the end, Situ Nan’s tone wasn’t as aggressive as before, but filled

with regret.

Wang Lin pondered a little. Right when he was about to speak, Situ Nan's voice came again.

"Brat, someone came. I'll help you leave."

Suddenly, the tearing feeling appeared. Wang Lin's body shook and he opened his eyes.

He sent out his divine sense and found two disciples, one male and one female, quietly walking toward Wang Lin's direction. About 30 meters away from Wang Lin, the two stopped and started to kiss and flirt with each other. Soon, they both took off all their clothes and their moans echoed in the surroundings.

Wang Lin was very familiar with these two disciples. Both of them were at the back mountain. He curiously looked at them for a while, especially at the female disciple, before he reluctantly left.

Back at home, Wang Lin thought about what Situ Nan had said. Wang Lin didn't fully believe his words, but he had really learned a lot about how the cultivation world worked. Wang Lin didn't believe he would lie about those things.

Three days later, the exchange between the Heng Yue Sect and Xuan Dao Sect officially began.

This was a long standing tradition between the two sects, so there wasn't too much fanfare. The location was set on the pine mountain peak of the Heng Yue Sect.

An arched stone bridge connected the two peaks of the mountain. Wang Lin had seen the peak of Pine Peak Mountain from a distance, but could never get a clear look because of the clouds.

Pine Peak Mountain was one of the important locations of the Heng Yue Sect. It had high spiritual energy density, like the back mountain, and was where the two Core Formation elders went to cultivate.

On top of the Pine Peak was a large stone platform prepared for this

exchange. It was surrounded by 8 large pillars of white jade with the Heng Yue Sect's 500 years of history carved onto them.

After arriving here, a majestic air radiated from the white jade pillars and immediately transformed into killing intent that pierced the bones.

"Friend Huang Long, every time I see these white jade pillars, it feels different. No wonder this is a treasure of the cultivation country of Zhao." Old man Ouyang sighed and waved his hand to destroy the killing intent.

Behind him, all of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples were shocked. In that moment, the killing intent made them feel as if they had entered a battlefield. They felt almost crushed by this feeling, until elder Ouyang dispersed it.

"Fellow cultivator Ouyang, this is a treasure our founder personally made. Within 100 meters of the white pillars, any none Heng Yue Sect disciple will be pressured by a killing intent. I believe elder Ouyang understands, so please excuse us." Huang Long's face remained calm. His hand formed a seal and a gentle light shot out from the white jade pillars. Like large hands, the lights moved the clouds that covered the peak away. The killing intent also disappeared.

Before him, all the inner disciples cracked their knuckles.

Elder Ouyang turned and talked with the other two elders before saying, "No worries. According to the old rules, we will send the first person. Liu Feng, you can go!"

Liu Feng was the male with the pure water spirit roots. He smiled, then took a deep breath and arrived on the stage like lightning. He said, in a clear voice, "Xuan Dao Sect's Liu Feng asks the Heng Yue Sect for pointers."

Wang Lin stood behind Sun Dazhu with the flying sword on his back, wearing his red disciple clothes. He looked quite majestic.

Sun Dazhu was very satisfied with his disciple's appearance. Ever since Wang Lin had reached the 3rd layer, whenever he looked at Wang Lin, he was no longer as annoyed as before. Although he was far from liking

Wang Lin, he was at least starting to see Wang Lin as his disciple.

Of course, all of this depended on whether or not Wang Lin could manage to get past the 3rd layer. If after 8 to 10 years Wang Lin was still stuck at the 3rd layer, then Sun Dazhu would probably hate Wang Lin again.

In these three days, Wang Lin almost never left home. He spent most of that time in the dream space, talking with Situ Nan.

After a number of conversions, he came to some understanding about Situ Nan. Situ Nan was the rank 6 country of Suzaku's number one expert. His cultivation was at an unimaginable level, he would kill anyone that annoyed him, steal anything he wanted, and was extremely arrogant.

Because of the appearance of Liu Feng, the scene became very quiet. The sect head, Huang Long, looked at Liu Feng and said, "Zhao Long, you go!"

Zhao Long was a very silent disciple. He was one of the disciples that had reached the 6th layer after the intense training.

The Heng Yue Sect sent out a 6th layer disciple in the first round. This was a rare occurrence in the exchanges.

Elder Ouyang didn't mind and said, "Liu Feng, for this fight, I'll allow you to use 50% of your power."

The moment he said those words, the people of the Heng Yue Sect's expressions all changed.

# Chapter 48: Exchange (2)

"Too showy. Apprentice-brother Zhao, beat him up and make the sect proud!"

"Let that pretty face see how strong our Heng Yue Sect is. Go, brother Zhao!"

"The Xuan Dao Sect is too arrogant. Brother Zhao, you must make him look miserable! They even dared to say something like only use 50% of their power!"

"The Xuan Dao Sect is too cunning. They already have an excuse ready for when they lose. I'll be watching, brother Zhao! Go!"

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples were riled up. Those words by the Xuan Dao Sect Elder hurt their self-esteem.

The elders of the Heng Yue Sect's faces all darkened. They stayed silent, but theirs eyes became cold and their gazes toward the Xuan Dao Sect became less friendly.

Sun Dazhu chuckled. He smiled and whispered to Wang Lin, "Disciple, watch this carefully. This exchange will be more intense than before. This is the first time the Xuan Dao Sect has dared to be so arrogant."

Wang Lin looked around at the angry inner disciples and then looked at Liu Feng. There was still a layer of black fog on his body that prevented Wang Lin from seeing his cultivation level.

Liu Feng stood on the stage and gently said, "Brother Zhao, since our sect elder has spoken, I'll only use 50% of my power in this fight."

Zhao Long was of medium height. His complexion was dark and his body looked very strong. Instead of a cultivator, he looked more like a warrior in the mortal world.

He cautiously looked at Liu Feng. He clasped his hands and said, "Brother Liu, please!" When he finished speaking, he took a step, then blooming white lotuses appeared one by one around him and floated around his body.

Slivers of sword qi appeared on the white lotuses. Sounds of wind hitting Zhao Long's clothes could be heard, but there was no wind.

Sect head Huang Long smiled. "Zhao Long's lotus blade has already reached the mid rank. Very good."

The red faced elder proudly said on the side, "Haha, sect head, Zhang Long is my favorite disciple. His talent is very good and he is very hard working. This lotus blade is something he picked out himself from the sword pavilion. After 5 years, he has already reached the mid rank."

Elder Xu smiled and said to the surrounding disciples, "The lotus blade is known for its attack power. You inner disciples should take this opportunity to learn from him."

Wang Zhuo narrowed his eyes. He didn't show it on his face, but he thought, "Lotus blade? Hmph, I know it as well. Give me 5 years and I'll be stronger than him."

"Brother Zhao is usually so quiet. I didn't expect him to have already reached such a level with the lotus blade." Sun Hao secretly envied him and watched carefully.

On the stage, Zhao Long shouted, "Brother Liu, this lotus blade of mine is very powerful. You have to be careful."

At that moment, the lotuses floating around Zhao Long started to rapidly spin and sword qi rained down on Liu Feng.

Liu Feng's expression remained calm. He quickly moved backward and formed a sign with this hand and shouted, "Water screen!" At that moment, the sky darkened and specks of light appeared. They were water droplets.

The water droplets gathered like lightning in front of Liu Feng, forming a screen of water. It shined rainbow colors and looked very pretty.

Elder Ouyang faintly smiled and said to the disciples behind him, "Heng Yue Sect's Lotus Blade is a very hard technique to master. You all have to remember, if you meet this Lotus Blade, you mustn't try to take it head on, but avoid it, unless you're like Liu Feng, who has a pure water spirit root

and can control the water at will.”

All the disciples nodded in agreement, all except the middle aged man in the back, who had a look of disdain on his face.

On the stage, the sword qi raining on Liu Feng hit the water screen. Zhao Long’s face sank. This water screen was too strange. The moment the sword qi landed on it, they disappeared without any effect.

He frowned and was about to use the same technique again, but he saw Liu Feng let out a smile. Liu Feng said, “Brother Zhao, you try and take on this lotus blade!”

The water rippled and sword qi shot out from the water screen toward Zhao Long. The same technique, the same sword qi.

Zhao Long’s expression changed. He quickly moved backwards, but the sword qi was too fast. He grinded his teeth and threw out yellow talismans from his bag of holding. The yellow talismans lit up without any fire and turned into a black mist.

The sword qi landed on the black fog and dissipated. The black fog managed to block most of the sword qi before disappearing, but some sword qi still got through it and pierced Zhao Long’s body.

Zhao Long was launched into the air by the sword qi. He coughed out blood as he was flying in the air. He finally crashed into the ground. After struggling for a while, he failed to get up.

There were many small holes throughout this body, however, none of them were that serious, so he wasn’t in any life threatening danger.

Liu Feng had a very proud expression on his face. He stepped off the stage and said, “Disciple listened to teacher and only used 50% of his power on the water rebound.”

The red faced elder quickly moved. His body turned into a red mist and landed next to Zhao Long’s body. His expression darkened as he patted Zhao Long’s body a few times and fed him some precious pills. After that, he said, “A very good water screen reflect. Only someone of 8th layer or higher can break through it. My disciple isn’t that strong yet, so defeat is

normal!"

One by one, the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples revealed looks of joy as they talked amongst each other.

"Just a 6th layer disciple and he thinks he can fight with brother Liu Feng. I knew instantly that we were going to win round 1."

"So true. Brother Liu's water screen is very powerful, even the elder can't stop praising it. They must be dreaming if they think they can break it."

"True. The Heng Yue Sect's disciples are getting weaker year after year. In these past few days, I checked out the inner sect disciples and none of them are a threat to us."

"That's not completely true. None of the Heng Yue Sect's purple clothed disciples have appeared yet. I heard from the elder that those are the Heng Yue Sect's core disciples."

# Chapter 49: Exchange (3)

Like the Xuan Dao Sect disciples, the Heng Yue Sect disciples had all joined in the last 20 years and had never seen such a bloody scene before.

All of them remained silent and felt uneasy in their hearts.

Sect head Huang Long's expression remained sullen. He stayed silent for a long time. He could easily see that this Liu Feng was at the 6th layer, but didn't expect him to have such a powerful technique. His water screen couldn't be broken unless the attacker was at least at the 8th layer.

This was only the first round and it was already like this. There was bitterness in his heart. The Heng Yue Sect had really fallen. He looked at his fellow apprentice-brothers and saw that all of them had bitter expressions on their faces as well.

Sun Dazhu sucked in a breath of cold air. "Mother f\*cker! A disciple is even more powerful than me. How does the Xuan Dao Sect get disciples like this? How come I'm not this lucky?"

Wang Lin gave Liu Feng a deep look. He clearly saw what had happened. Although he was able to see through Liu Feng's cultivation when he used the water screen, Wang Lin was still shocked by the technique.

Xuan Dao Sect's elder Ouyang smiled and loudly said, "Friend Huang Long, in this second round, it's your turn to send out a disciple first."

Huang Long's gaze swept across each inner disciple. Each of the disciples lowered their heads, hoping not to be selected.

Seeing this, Huang Long became very angry. As he was about to speak, Sun Hao clenched his teeth and said, "Sect head, although disciple isn't a genius, I'm willing to fight in the second round."

The few elders' expressions all changed, and elder Xu frowned and said, "Sun Hao, you are only at the 4th layer, don't mess around!"

Sun Hao hesitated for a while and said, "Disciple...disciple has a new

technique. Although I can't win, I can still make them look bad." He thought in his heart, "Right now, no one wants to go, so if I go up now, I can leave a good impression with the sect head. Even if I can't win with this stink bomb, I won't look bad. Sorry brother Li Shan, I bought this from you and now I'm using it on you guys. I guess it can be called karma."

In these past few days, he felt that he had gained a good understanding of how to use the stink bombs. He tried it himself and failed, but after going to brother Li Shan, he finally succeeded a few times. Although, due to lack of time, he didn't get to practice more, he felt that with a few tries, he could make it work.

Huang Long pondered a while and sighed. He nodded and said, "You can go. Let me see your new technique."

Sun Hao straightened his body and stepped onto the platform. He said, "Heng Yue Sect disciple Sun Hao asks the Xuan Dao Sect for guidance."

When Li Shan saw Sun Hao, his lungs almost burst from laughing. When he saw that elder Ouyang was about to appoint a disciple, he quickly stepped up and said, "Elder, disciple Li Shan is willing to go up and spar with him." He even winked as he was talking.

Li Shan was a disciple that caused elder Ouyang many headaches, but Ouyang also knew that Li Shan was very cunning and wouldn't do anything that was disadvantageous to him. Elder Ouyang knew that if Li Shan was willingly going up, he was 100% confident in himself, so he let him go.

Li Shan excitedly went up to the stage. His heart was about to burst with excitement. He thought, "Oh Sun Hao, Sun Hao, you've brought this upon yourself."

When Sun Hao saw Li Shan come up, his expression became strange.

Li Shan loudly said, "Brother Sun Hao, come and show me your newest technique. I, Li Shan, will stand here and take your attack."

Sun Hao hesitated a bit. He had already reached the level to use flyings

words. His hand formed a seal and a red sword quickly flew out and floated around him, revealing a cold light.

“Go!” The flying sword rapid flew toward Li Shan and Sun Hao took this time to take out several stink bombs. He shouted, “See my new technique!”

Li Shan let out a loud laugh. He easily dodged the flying swords and thought in his heart, “Explode!”

The stink bombs in Sun Hao’s hands exploded with a bang before he even threw them. A putrid stench spread out to the surroundings. Sun Hao stood there, covered in black ash, dumbfounded.

He couldn’t understand why these stink bombs exploded before he even threw them. Did he use too much force earlier?

Li Shan let out a sigh and said, “Brother Sun Hao’s move is too strong. What is it called? Self destruct? I already told you before, you need to be careful with the stink bomb, but you used too much force grabbing them and they exploded.”

All of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples roared with laughter and sounds of ridicule could be heard.

Even the Heng Yue Sect disciples wanted to laugh, but they didn’t dare to as it might anger the elders.

Huang Long angrily waved his hand. A wave of wind blew the stench away and even flew the dumbfounded Sun Hao off the Pine Peak back to the Heng Yue Peak.

Elder Ouyang smiled and said, “That Sun Hao misused his technique, so we don’t know his real strength. Let’s call this a draw.” After he finished speaking, he gave Li Shan an approving look.

Huang Long gloomily said, “A loss is a loss. How is it a draw? Continue.”

Elder Ouyang laughed and said, “No less from the largest sect 500 years ago. Xu Mu, you go up!”

A disciple walked out from the Xuan Dao Sect. He was about 24 to 25

years old. He clasped his hands together on the stage and didn't say more.

Huang Long didn't call out any inner disciples, but took out a piece of jade and gently crushed it. The moment it was crushed, a flash of blue light appeared on the stage. Three people walked out of the shining blue light.

These three people wore purple clothes. The moment those three appeared, they released a very strong pressure that shocked the inner disciples.

Elder Ouyang's expression slightly changed and he carefully examined those three.

The middle aged man standing in the back of the Xuan Dao Sect suddenly turned to them. His eyes lit up and displayed an urge to fight.

When the three men appeared, they coldly looked at the audience. One of the 40 year old middle aged men said, "Xuan Dao Sect? Hmph, 20 years ago, I, Lu Song, lost, but this time, I won't."

Wang Lin's pupils contracted. Among the three people, he only knew one of them: second apprentice-brother Zhang Kuang.

Huang Long plainly said, "Lu Song, this time, you go."

Lu Song nodded. The other two besides him moved off the stage and stood next to Huang Long.

"Lu Song! Fifth senior brother Lu Song! I heard he was at the 6th layer 20 years ago. This time, our Heng Yue Sect will win for sure!"

# Chapter 50: Exchange (4)

“He is Lu Song. I heard from the elders that he is the number one genius in the Heng Yue Sect! Xuan Dao Sect is going to lose for sure!”

“5th senior bother, go! I will follow your example!”

The Heng Yue Sect disciples all cheered with excitement. All of the confidence they lost from the first two losses had started to come back. Some of the female disciples became love struck and felt dependent on Lu Song.

Huang Long also smiled faintly. He thought that since Lu Song had come out this time, he would win this round for sure.

Wang Zhuo jealously looked at Lu Song and softly snorted.

Even the Xuan Dao Sect disciples were filled with shock. Lu Song’s fame was something they had heard of as they grew up in the past 20 years. Although Lu Song ultimately lost in the exchange, he still left a deep impression in the elders’ minds.

Elder Ouyang’s face darkened. He said, “Xu Mu, I’ll allow you to remove ancestor’s seal to use your full power.”

Xu Mu’s expression became serious. He opened up his shirt and revealed a yellow talisman on his chest.

The elders of the Heng Yue Sect were stunned. After carefully looking at the talisman, they all revealed shocked expressions.

Huang Long asked, “Friend Ouyang, this talisman...”

Elder Ouyang’s eyes lit up. He indifferently said, “Huang Long, this is something that I’ll explain to you at another time. In this exchange today, I’ll add another condition. If our Xuan Dao Sect wins this time, you have to lend us the Heng Yue Mountain for 500 years!”

Everyone’s expressions changed. Huang Long narrowed his eyes and said, “Are you joking, friend Ouyang?”

Elder Ouyang shook his head. He said, “Huang Long, as you can see, this

talisman can't be created by someone not of the Nascent Soul stage. To tell you the truth, an ancestor of the Xuan Dao Sect returned from the battlefield of a rank 4 country and told me that all of the ancestors of the Heng Yue Sect have died!"

Huang Long's expression changed. After pondering for a long time, he said, "Elder Ouyang, stop this nonsense, otherwise, don't blame the Heng Yue Sect for not showing mercy!"

Elder Ouyang smiled and said, "Our Xuan Dao Sect hasn't taken this mountain by force yet because of our friendship, so we will give you guys a fair chance in this exchange. If the Heng Yue Sect wins this time, then we will leave you guys be. I already passed my message. Huang Long, let us continue this exchange."

The inner disciples of the Heng Yue Sect were all confused, but all of them felt giant rocks weighing down their hearts. Even the sky felt like it had darkened.

Wang Lin was alarmed. It seemed that what Situ Nan said was true. The cultivation world really was separated by ranks.

Sun Dazhu's face was pale and his eyes were dull. He muttered to himself, "Over...it's all over... all of the Heng Yue Sect's ancestors are dead. Before, we could at least rely on the ancestors to intimidate the other sects and barely hold on, but now that the ancestors are dead, it's all over. Damn it, if it wasn't for the rank 4 countries invading 500 years ago to steal the dragon star and resulting in the country calling away all its Nascent Soul cultivators, the Heng Yue Sect wouldn't be in the state it's in now."

Huang Long saw his fellow brothers' and inner disciples' uneasiness. He suppressed the unrest in his heart and shouted, "Everyone in the Heng Yue Sect, stop panicking. Whether this is true or not will be checked by the Core Formation elder. What are you all worrying about? Lu Song, continue the exchange!"

Lu Song, who was on the stage, was also shocked by Ouyang's words, but he regained his composure. He opened his mouth and spat out a

purple fog. The fog grew until it became a giant hand and grabbed toward Xu Mu.

Xu Mu's expression slightly changed. He didn't say a word and slammed his bag of holding. Six golden balls flew out and went toward the hand. Lu Song coldly smiled. His hand formed a seal and the giant hand waved in the air, causing an evil wind that moved the golden balls off course.

This evil wind also caused the spiritual energy in Xu Mu's body to go out of control. He quickly shouted, "Explode!"

The six golden balls simultaneously exploded. The explosion released shock waves that blew all of the audience back a bit.

Lu Song snorted and mocked, "A small trick!" The giant hand formed a fist. Ignoring the explosion, the fist quickly slammed down.

Xu Mu's face was pale. Seeing that the hand was about to land on him, he clenched his teeth and took out a yellow talisman. The talisman looked plain. Xu Mu bit his tongue and sprayed out some blood.

The blood mist in the air quickly transformed into liquid and formed a blood dragon. Xu Mu didn't bat an eye and formed a seal with his hand. The blood dragon twisted and turned. It formed into a strange image that imprinted onto the talisman.

The yellow talisman suddenly started to glow a glaring light, as if it were a small sun. The fist dissipated in front of everyone's eyes.

After Wang Lin saw this, he was shocked. He had one of those talismans as well.

"It is a magic talisman!" Lu Song frowned. He waved his sleeves and two white dragons flew out. The white dragons flew around once and charged at Xu Mu at lightning speed.

Xu Mu let out a pitiful laugh. He used all of his energy to resist the giant fist that came down on him. He had no energy to stop those two white dragons at all.

Seeing that the two white dragons were already showing their ferocious

teeth at the most dangerous moment, a cold snort came from the Xuan Dao Sect disciples.

Shortly after, a black rainbow shot out from the Xuan Dao Sect and easily surrounded the two white dragons. With a cracking sound, the two white dragons quickly disappeared and turned into two silver swords. The black rainbow tightened again and broke the two swords in half.

Lu Song's expression suddenly changed. The flying swords linked to his soul were broken, which caused him to cough out a mouthful of blood. His face revealed a horrified expression. The giant hand above Xu Mu's head dissipated as well, since Lu Song couldn't keep his concentration.

Xu Mu quickly left with the yellow talisman with the look of him getting lucky today. Lu Song also walked off the stage with a bleak expression.

Huang Long's face sank. He shouted, "Xuan Dao Sect, don't go too far!" The elders beside him also became enraged. Some of the more ill tempered elders already took out their treasures, ready to fight.

The inner disciples also saw what was going on and became angry. The remaining two yellow clothed disciples all looked at the middle aged man standing in the back of the Xuan Dao Sect.

It was him who let out that cold snort earlier.

Elder Ouyang turned back and looked at the middle aged man. He warily smiled and said, "This 3rd round is won by the Heng Yue Sect. As for what just happened, I..."

"Old man Ouyang, don't say anymore pointless words. This Heng Yue Sect is only mediocre!" The middle aged man standing in the back slowly walked forward. As he took a step, the ground suddenly split and the crack extended all the way to the stage.

# Chapter 51: Entering the Stage (1)

Meanwhile, his body moved and he appeared on the stage. He looked at the Heng Yue Sect disciples with an arrogant expression and said, "All you Heng Yue Sect inner disciples can all come at once. I, Zhou Peng, will take you all on!"

The Heng Yue Sect disciples went into an uproar. Even the Heng Yue Sect elders revealed frowns.

None of the people from the Xuan Dao Sect said anything. They only revealed respectful looks. It seemed that this person's status was not low in the Xuan Dao Sect.

Elder Ouyang coughed and shouted, "Friend Huang Long, this is Zhou Peng. He is our Xuan Dao Sect's head disciple! Let this one match decide it all. If one of your Heng Yue Sect disciples can last 10 seconds, then the Heng Yue Sect has won."

Zhang Kuang's eyes lit up. He moved his body, landed on the stage, then heavily said, "Such an arrogant kid. I'll test you!"

Zhou Peng let out a laugh and said, "You? You appear to be at the 6th layer of Qi Condensation, but you're hiding your true strength. You're actually at the 8th layer. You are not strong enough." As he was speaking, a cold light flashed across his eyes. He waved his right hand, then a black snake suddenly leapt out and grew into a giant python.

This python's large head looked coldly at Zhang Kuang's terrified face. It opened its mouth and inhaled, which produced an unimaginable suction force.

The suction was very strange. It only effected Zhang Kuang and no one else.

Zhang Kuang didn't have the power to resist. Before he could even use any techniques, his body acted like a kite with its string broken and was sucked toward the python.

Zhou Peng sneered. He raised his right hand and grabbed Zhang

Kuang's neck. He said, "Go back and train for a few dozen years before coming back to look for me!" With that, he threw Zhang Kuang out with his right hand.

The last remaining purple clothed disciple went to catch Zhang Kuang, but wasn't able to counteract the force, so they both slid on the ground for a very long distance before finally stopping.

Zhang Kuang's face was very pale. His eyes were closed and his body constantly trembled. On his neck was a black handprint, as if there was a hand firmly clamped on his neck.

The purple clothed disciple that caught him had a look of horror on his face and was silent.

Huang Long's heart was very bitter. The Xuan Dao Sect's head disciple was simply too strong. Based on what happened just now, this person was at least at the 10th layer. He surely had a talisman hiding his cultivation level, so the exact level wasn't known.

Then, he looked at the surrounding inner disciples. Huang Long let out a sigh. Even the head disciple, who was with the Core Formation elders, didn't have a good chance of winning, because he was only at the 10th layer. If he loses the fight, then the Heng Yue Sect will have completely lost!

Huang Long wryly smiled. "Fine. It seems my Heng Yue Sect has no hope. Quickly, tell the two ancestors about what old man Ouyang said so they can make a decision. If what he said is true, then there is no hope in keeping the Heng Yue Peak."

Zhou Peng arrogantly looked at the surrounding people and asked, "Who's next?"

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples became dumbfounded. None of them spoke up and all of them lowered their heads at Zhou Peng's gaze, because none of them wanted to go up.

Zhou Peng sneered. He looked down upon them in his heart. However, as his gaze was sweeping over the disciples, he was stunned when he

noticed that there was a 3rd layer disciple who wasn't afraid of his gaze.

Wang Lin's expression remained calm as he looked at Zhou Peng.

Zhou Peng stared at Wang Lin and coldly asked, "What? Do you want to come up?"

Zhou Peng's words attracted everyone's attention. When they realized that Zhou Peng's words were directed at Wang Lin, all of their expressions became strange.

Huang Long let out a sigh. Wang Lin was only at the 3rd layer and normally wouldn't be noticed among the disciples, but now, although his cultivation was low, his bravery was commendable.

Zhou Peng, seeing that Wang Lin didn't respond, sneered, "Out of the 4 battles, there is still one left. The Heng Yue Sect is such a large sect, yet no one dares to come up. I'm very disappointed! Do none of your inner disciples dare to come up?"

Elder Xu, who was standing next to Huang Long, said, "Sorry, junior brother Sun. Wang Lin, you go!"

Sun Dazhu was stunned and immediately realized what was going on. He angrily said, "Dao Xu, although you are my senior brother, you can't disgrace me like this! My disciple is only at the 3rd layer! Letting him go up will only make me lose face! Don't think I don't know what you are thinking! Their sect's head disciple is too strong, so you all are afraid that your disciples will be defeated, shamed, and hurt, so you are sending in my disciple as a scapegoat. My disciple has always been considered trash at the school, so, even if he loses, you guys can make an excuse. I refuse to agree to such a disgraceful thing."

Dao Xu frowned. He really did have such thoughts in mind, but Sun Dazhu didn't give him any face and said all of that in front of the Xuan Dao Sect.

He sneered. His eyes looked at the sect head Huang Long and sent some messages.

Huang Long sighed and said, "Junior brother Sun, don't bother saying

more. Wang Lin, you go up!"

Sun Dazhu angrily threw his sleeve to the size and looked up into the sky with a mocking smile on his face.

Wang Lin clasped his hands and respectfully exclaimed, "As you command!"

With that, he took a deep breath, then slowly walked forward and onto the stage.

All of the Xuan Dao Sect's disciples started to jeer loudly at him.

"Heng Yue Sect, you have no shame, sending a waste to compete with our eldest martial brother."

"Our eldest martial brother doesn't even need to deal with this trash! I can kill him with just a thumb!"

"Eldest martial brother, they have already given up. Just send someone else to deal with him. He is honestly pretty pitiful. Be a good person and just send him off without hurting him."

Elder Ouyang looked at the two elders and revealed a look of disdain. He laughed and said, "I really got to know the true Huang Long and Heng Yue Sect today!"

Huang Long's face sank. Without a word, he waved his sleeves and left. He didn't have any hope in Wang Lin. He only sent Wang Lin up to be fodder to end the last match. In this exchange, he had already accepted defeat.

After all, even if he lost, then if word of it were to spread, it was not so bad, but if word got out that no one even dared to fight, then it would be too disgraceful.

None of the other inner disciples dared to go up, so he could only send Wang Lin.

Behind him, all of the elders of the Heng Yue Sect shook their heads and turned around to leave.

Even the inner disciples started to move their feet, unwilling to stick

around and lose more face.

# Chapter 52: Entering the Stage (2)

Zhou Peng arrogantly laughed and said, “Wang Lin, I can knock you down with one breath, so steady yourself!” With that, he sucked in a breath. His body was like a bottomless pit. The clothes of all the spectating disciples started to make flapping sounds, as if they were about to be blown off.

Wang Lin had never fought with anyone before, so to say he was not nervous would be wrong. He concentrated all of his power into his attraction technique and fanned out.

For insurance, he took out a stink bomb. He quickly dissolved Li Shan’s divine sense from it and threw it out.

With a bang, the stink bomb exploded and Zhou Peng’s body was thrown out from the black smoke. His body heavily slammed into the ground. He was covered in black sludge and wore a dumbfounded expression just like Sun Hao.

The giant python floating in the air also disappeared.

This bang surprised the people from the Heng Yue Sect. They subconsciously turned their heads, then froze in place. Everyone present was silent.

Huang Long was dumbfounded. He thought, “This ... this...” His heart was in complete chaos and his ears buzzed. It was as if there was thunder raging right next to his head.

“No way! When did Wang Lin became this strong?! His opponent was the head disciple of the Xuan Dao Sect!” Dao Xu rubbed his eyes in disbelief.

Brother Zhang, the one who brought Wang Lin to the Heng Yue Sect, also revealed a shocked expression. He thought, “This is the junior brother Wang, the one I keep telling to work harder? He is only at the 3rd layer. How did this happen...”

“He is Wang Lin? The one that entered the sect by trying to commit

suicide...the piece of trash?" The red faced elder was shocked. He opened his mouth, but forgot to breath.

"Incredible..." Another elder named Song stood there, frozen.

Wang Zhuo was stunned. His face hardened like a wax statue's and he keep repeating in this head, "Wang Lin? Trash?" He shook his head. He felt weightless and kept telling himself that this was a dream, an illusion.

The female disciple named Xu's small hand covered her mouth and she muttered, "How can this be... when did Wang Lin became so strong... he is clearly only at the 3rd layer."

Sun Dazhu touched his head and muttered, "This is an illusion. I must be hallucinating! How can there be an illusion in broad daylight? Is this my disciple?"

The female named Zhou stared at Wang Lin. Her mind was completely blank.

Zhang Kuang had already woken up, but he was afraid of losing face, so he had been pretending to be knocked out. However, he couldn't pretend anymore as he stared at Wang Lin. His pupils shrank and he thought, "Yes, its him! It must be him!"

"Dreaming! I must be dreaming!" The middle aged man who accepted the metal from Wang Lin's fourth uncle bit his tongue.

Lu Song's reaction wasn't as strong as theirs. This was the first time he had heard Wang Lin's name. He looked at Wang Lin and thought, "When did such an expert appear among the inner disciples? Hmph, why didn't the elders just send him up instead of sending me first?!"

"Did I test wrong back then? Does Wang Lin have really good talent?" The pill house's 3rd elder thought, as he was still shocked by the scene before him.

All of the inner disciples were still frozen. They all exhibited dumbfounded expressions.

The people of the Xuan Dao Sect weren't doing any better. Elder

Ouyang's eyes widened. Zhou Peng was their secret ace, known as the number one genius in the cultivation world of Zhao. His true power was that of 13th layer of Qi Condensation, but he actually lost? If the Heng Yue Sect's elders made a move, then it would be fine, but this was someone even the Heng Yue Sect considered trash! It must be because Zhou Peng was careless, it must be!

The other two elders looked at each other. They were unable to use their voices. This battle was simply too strange. They were so flabbergasted that they were unable to talk at the moment.

Liu Feng gave Wang Lin a deep look. He was secretly glad he didn't go up, or he would have suffered the same fate, but he couldn't understand why Wang Lin was called trash in the Heng Yue Sect when he was so strong. After looking at the Heng Yue Sect's people's reactions, it didn't seem like they were faking it. Was it really because senior Zhou Peng was careless? No matter how much he looked at Wang Lin, he was only at the 3rd layer.

All of the other disciples had thoughts similar to Liu Feng's and thought that senior brother Zhou Peng was just careless. They refused to believe that he was truly defeated by Wang Lin.

Liu Mei's delicate face also became erratic. Her thoughts were very different from everyone else's. On the first day, Wang Lin had already caught her eye, and now, she looked at Wang Lin with deep interest.

Among all the present people that were shocked, Li Shan could be considered the 3rd most shocked person. His body softened and he fell to the ground, muttering to himself, "Over, it's all over! I sold him the stink bomb and he used it on Senior Martial Brother! Senior brother lost so fast, he must already be thinking about how to deal with me!"

"Li Shan, Li Shan, why didn't you realize Wang Lin was pretending to be a pig to eat a tiger? Wang Lin, you are too despicable, too shameful, too sinister! This time, you have really put me in a terrible position.... how will I be able to stay at the Xuan Dao Sect? Senior brother will definitely not forgive me!"

“No, I must think of a way to wash off that black sludge and wash away that stink....I.... this black sludge is my most proud invention! There is no cure other than half a year in the bath!”

“And that stink is something I developed to steal away other people’s girlfriends. Even I wouldn’t touch it. The only way to get rid of it is to stand at the wind tunnel for a month. There is no other way....I’m finished....finished!”

At that moment, Zhou Peng woke up. He was knocked unconscious by the stink and shouted, “Li Shan! I’m not gonna forgive you for this!”

Li Shan couldn’t stand this kind of blow. He cried, “Senior brother, I was wrong! Senior brother, please forgive me! I’ll never try to profit by cheating again!”

Zhou Peng’s face was full of anger. He moved like lightning while carrying the black sludge and the foul smell with him. He instantly made his way back onto the stage and madly shouted, “Wang Lin, that didn’t count! I wasn’t ready and you attacked early! We are going to fight again, and this time, you are not allowed to attack early!”

# Chapter 53: Entering the Stage (3)

Wang Lin was also shocked and didn't recover for a long time.

Zhou Peng was in rage because he thought that he had been careless earlier. How could a mere 3rd layer kid beat him? This time, he didn't say a word and summoned the giant python again. He formed a seal with his hand and the python was about to open its mouth.

Wang Lin's attraction force was sent out again. The python let out a whining sound as it disappeared. Zhou Peng's right cheek was swollen. He coughed out a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying again.

The moment he landed, he charged back onto the stage. His hair was completely disheveled. Ignoring the blood in the corner of his mouth, he ripped off his clothes and removed the yellow talisman from his chest. His cultivation suddenly rose and his hair flowed in the air in a strange manner.

"Wang Lin!!! That didn't count! I didn't use my real strength! Lets fight!"

Wang Lin was now confident in his strength. Without waiting for Zhou Peng, he used the attraction technique and swiped him again.

Pa! Zhou Peng, who was still raging, was hit in the face again and he coughed up more blood. This time, he didn't immediately get up. The spiritual energy in his body was in chaos. He struggled, but couldn't get up, and the sense of shame drowned him. He wasn't able to catch his breath and passed out.

Everyone was completely silent. Besides the deep breathing of the surrounding disciples, there was no other sound.

Huang Long finally recovered from the shock and his face revealed a look of ecstasy. The more he looked at Wang Lin, the more he liked him. He thought, "This Wang Lin is my Heng Yue Sect's lucky star. This brat has already become this strong and he didn't want to fight. He really needs some scolding! I also need to carefully question him on how he did it."

Sun Dazhu took a deep breath. He finally recovered a bit and thought, "Wang Lin must have some secret. That gourd must not have been the only one! Wang Lin, you have deceived me well! Hmph!"

Dao Xu was stunned. The first time could be considered luck, but the next two fights were real fights. What shocked him the most was that after the Zhou Peng took off the yellow talisman, his cultivation climbed to the 12th layer, which was same as him, but was still sent off the stage with one slap by Wang Lin's attraction technique.

What level has this Wang Lin achieved? He stared at Wang Lin for a long time. No matter how much he checked with his divine sense, he couldn't see through Wang Lin's cultivation.

The red faced elder finally recovered and thought, "When Wang Lin was accepted into the sect, it was I who approved him. Hmph, it seems my eyes weren't wrong!"

The middle aged man who accepted Wang Lin's fourth uncle's piece of metal also thought, "Fate! This is fate! It seems me and this kid have some fate, or I wouldn't have pushed for him to join the sect. I have done a good deed for the Heng Yue Sect! I have to talk with the sect head later."

Standing next to him was a yellow faced middle aged man. He nodded and thought, "When I tested this kid before, I knew that his perseverance was great. It seems he is not normal. Hmph, if he wasn't stolen by Sun Dazhu, he would be my, Zhang Rencai's, disciple!"

Wang Zhuo's mind was finally clear now. He was no long floating on a cloud, but bitterly thought, "It turns out he was this strong...all those times I mocked him...he must be thinking of ways to get revenge on me...what do I do?!"

The female named Zhou's eyes lit up. She was completely convinced that Wang Lin had been hiding his strength. She remembered when she thought that he was still at the 3rd layer and she said all those emotional things to him. Her face turned red. She thought, "This Wang Lin is really... he is already so strong, but lied to me when he said he was only at the 3rd layer. Later, I must get an answer out of him! Hmph!"

The female named Xu blinked many times while staring at Wang Lin, then looked at Wang Zhuo and thought, "How can he compare to brother Wang Zhuo? Right now is the time for brother Wang Zhuo to show off, but this Wang Lin is too strong! He was able to send the other sect's head disciple off stage with one slap not once, but three times. He really vented for us all."

One of the inner disciples secretly laughed and checked out few of the surrounding disciples and thought, "This Wang Lin turned out to be pretending to be a pig planning to eat a tiger this whole time. Too devious. Fortunately, I never mocked him before, or it would have been really bad. Hehe, I'll be able to see many good shows from all these people that used to mock him a lot."

One of the disciples that mocked Wang Lin a lot thought, "It's over! I used to point and laugh at him so much, but now he can kill me with just one finger! Your cultivation is already so high, but you still pretend to be so weak! Too shameless! Alas, this Wang Lin is known to hold grudges among the nameless disciples and was nicknamed the Black Hearted King. I should go and suck up to curry some favor later..."

Another disciple that used to mock Wang Lin a lot nervously thought, "This Wang Lin must be a cool headed genius. That must be why he didn't even bother to respond when he was the object of my ridicule! This must like how when a dog bites a person, a person won't bite the dog back. Right, it must be like this. Brother Wang Lin is a genius, how could he bother with someone like me?"

The pill house's 3rd senior brother sucked in a breath of cold air. His expression was unsettled as he thought, "This is bad. I heard that this guy and Wang Hao are relatives and that their relationship is pretty good... How to deal with this? If this was three days ago, I could have let Wang Hao go and not have angered him, but now...ah Wang Hao has already become like that. If he goes and finds Wang Hao, that means I have to face his anger...This Wang Hao can't be kept alive! If I let him go, then he might come back at me for revenge! After the exchange is over, I'll go kill him and pretend he died from something else!"

Lu Song lowered his head and looked at the purple clothes on his body. He bitterly laughed and thought, "The inner disciples of the Heng Yue Sect are about to go into an upheaval. This Wang Lin is not simple. His schemes are very deep. He probably has been keeping his cultivation hidden just for today. Hehe, I'm afraid Wang Lin's name will spread across the cultivation world of Zhao soon. I must make him a friend and not an enemy!" With that, he decided on how he will treat Wang Lin in the future.

Zhang Kuang's face was filled with a bitter look. When he got the spirit water, he just thought it was water containing a lot of spiritual power, so he didn't go after Wang Lin.

# Chapter 54: Entering the Stage (4)

But, after he compared the spirit water to the spring water in the back mountain, he found out that not only did the spirit water contain several times more spiritual energy, but it also had some other uses. After his careful analysis, he found out that the spirit water could help one retain a youthful look!

If it was regularly taken, then one could look young forever. He only took a few drops and immediately noticed this effect. This realization made him very excited.

It has to be said that only after one reaches the Nascent Soul stage would they live forever, but, when that happens, it has already been hundreds, if not thousands, of years.

Zhang Kuang knew that if this spirit water was taken out to exchange with other sects, they would go crazy for it, especially the female cultivators at the Foundation Building or Core Formation stages.

But when he went to check again, he had already lost Wang Lin's shadow. There were only a few dozen inner disciples in the Heng Yue Sect . He checked them all, but couldn't find one that was similar.

He was depressed for a long time because of this. He had also checked up on Wang Lin, but after finding that Wang Lin was only at the 3rd layer, he didn't think it was Wang Lin.

But now, he was 100% sure that that person was Wang Lin. This confirmation had no logical reason. It was purely based on his intuition.

"This Wang Lin has already reached such a high cultivation level! Good thing I didn't do anything to him back then. Alas, the secret of the spirit water must be buried in my heart. It doesn't matter if Wang Lin is really that person or not, because the cultivation world is too cruel. Not to mention fellows from the same sect, even brothers would kill each other. With Wang Lin's cultivation, I won't be able to fight back at all!" Zhang Kuang decided to never mess with Wang Lin.

He also involuntarily remembered that back in the back mountain, he thought that Wang Lin wasn't even at the first layer and gave him a lift. He wondered what Wang Lin thought about that back then.

There was that time at the river in the back mountain too. While thinking about it, Zhang Kuang shivered. He was glad that he didn't do anything back then, or it would have been over for him.

It's not that he didn't wonder about how Wang Lin had become so strong, but, with Wang Lin's current cultivation level, he immediately stopped himself. He felt that if he kept thinking about it, he would throw his life away.

Brother Zhang, who had always scolded Wang Lin to train harder, felt very perplexed. He looked at Wang Lin and gloomily said, "This Wang Lin is someone I personally brought over from the Wang family. He is clearly a normal youth. When he tried to commit suicide, it was I who saved him as well. It's been five years and so much has changed. He is now the Heng Yue Sect's number one disciple. Fate is simply too cruel! I have painstakingly cultivated for 10 years and have only reached the 6th layer."

If the Xuan Dao Sect was surprised before, they were now shocked!

Zhou Peng could explain the first time as him being careless, but, on the second and third times, he was again and again sent flying, each time with one move. Especially that third time. Zhou Peng removed his yellow talisman and used his full cultivation, but was still beat with one move.

This caused all of the Xuan Dao Sect people to be stunned.

Liu Feng's jaw fell and he didn't regain his senses for a long time. He was convinced that Wang Lin was the Heng Yue Sect's ace. He thought, "Senior brother wasn't careless before, but was simply weaker than Wang Lin. However, senior brother is already at the 12th layer. What level of cultivation has Wang Lin reached?"

Liu Feng muttered, in a tone of disbelief, "Could he have already reached Foundation Building?"

The female disciple named Ouyang, who laughed at Wang Lin before

for trying to feed the centipede small animals, was also stunned. The senior brother she admired the most lost...

Liu Mei's eyes lit up even more. She had become even more interested in Wang Lin. She secretly thought, "He indeed has many secrets. I realized that something was wrong three days ago, when he was the first person to recover from my charm technique."

Several other disciples couldn't even say a word because senior brother was their hero, an expert, but now, this expert was beaten by someone else, and beaten in one move, without any chance of fighting back. This caused them all to begin to doubt the techniques taught at the Xuan Dao Sect.

Elder Ouyang's expression was like Huang Long's expression when the Heng Yue Sect's disciples lost all those battles before. His face was very bitter. He deeply looked at Wang Lin and was shocked. With his 14th layer cultivation, no matter how he looked at Wang Lin, he could only see that Wang Lin was at the 3rd layer.

"He...is he really a Heng Yue Sect inner disciple... has he already reached Foundation Building? How else would I be unable to see his cultivation level?"

The other two elders' faces were also very pale. The three matches Zhou Peng fought made them understand Wang Lin's power.

This was when one of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples suddenly whispered, "What technique did he use? Why do I feel like he used the attraction technique?"

A disciple on the side started to analyze with a serious expression. "Attraction Technique? Not possible. That is the lowest level of technique. How could it contain that much power? If you ask me, it must be some lost ancient technique. You see him waving his hand like it's the attraction technique, but that must be used to cover up this ancient technique! This Wang Lin is too sly!"

"But from how I see it, it looks exactly like the attraction technique. I often practice it myself. I could wave my hand and make objects fly any

way I want... just like what happened to senior brother." Another disciple added, but, on those last few words, his voice became very faint.

Another disciple said, while rubbing his chin, "Forget it. You try and do what Wang Lin just did. This can't be the attraction technique, it can't be!"

The other disciples started to discuss what technique Wang Lin used. Some even went and directly asked the three elders.

Elder Ouyang and the other two elders bitterly laughed. He sighed and said, "This is not the attraction technique. I have never seen such a powerful attraction technique. From what I saw, this must be the long lost Dragon Capture Hand!"

"Dragon Capture Hand!" The other two elders were stunned. They had never heard of this Dragon Capture Hand, but they couldn't see through what technique Wang Lin used either, because it just looked too similar to the attraction technique.

Elder Ouyang let out a dark sigh and thought, "This old man can't see through it either. If I say I don't know, it will lose me too much face, so I can only make something up."

# Chapter 55: Entering the Stage (5)

The discussion of what technique Wang Lin used also happened among the Heng Yue Sect disciples.

Wang Lin stood on the stage, unable to calm his excited heart. He was able to beat Zhou Peng down with his attraction technique three times, causing his confidence to grow. His gaze swept across the Xuan Dao Sect disciples like Zhou Peng did before and said, “Today’s exchange is not over. Who is going to come up next from the Xuan Dao Sect?”

All of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples looked at each other. They all lowered their heads, unwilling to look at Wang Lin, just like how the Heng Yue Sect acted before with Zhou Peng.

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples forgot the title “trash” they gave Wang Lin. They all cheered and shouted:

“Xuan Dao Sect’s trash, how coming none of you are coming out after seeing how strong our senior brother Wang is? You were all so arrogant before. How come none of you are coming out now?”

“Where did all the drive you guys had before go? Quickly, send someone up so our senior brother Wang can teach them a lesson, then we’ll see if you guys will act cocky again!”

“Liu Feng, you looked so strong before. Come on out! Do you dare to fight with my senior brother?”

“All that the Xuan Dao Sect has left is trash. None of them dare to come out. Brother Wang is invincible!”

“Li Shan, you \*\*\*! You sold us those stink bombs with bad intentions, but we all saw through it, especially senior brother Wang Lin. Have you learned your lesson?”

“Did you guys all see? The Xuan Dao Sect is so scared of brother Wang Lin that none of them dare to come out.”

“Senior brother, I mocked you before, but I’m here to apologize to you now, before everyone else. You are now my boss! If you tell me to go east,

I definitely won't go west!"

The scene suddenly became more lively. All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples became excited and started to shout loudly. The earlier battles between the two sects were too depressing for them, but Wang Lin's performance gave them hope.

By coincidence, the title of senior brother was given to Wang Lin.

Elder Ouyang's face turned red, then white. He finally felt what Huang Long felt earlier. Then, he finally said, "Yang Yi, you go!"

A tall and thin youth reluctantly walked up. Before he got on the stage, a Xuan Dao Sect disciple shouted, "Second senior brother, go! Go and give Wang Lin a..."

Before he even finished talking, he noticed all the other disciples were looking at him with strange expressions, especially Yang Yi, who gave him a hateful look. The look made him so scared, he didn't dare to finish that sentence.

Yang Yi secretly cursed in his heart, "This moron, Wang Lin, is so strong that he is able to beat senior brother with one move, yet old man Ouyang still made me come up. So shameful. And I don't know how many stink bombs that bastard Li Shan sold him either. That Li Shan, I'll have to teach him a lesson once we go back."

While thinking that, he turned to Li Shan and shot him a fierce gaze. He then clasped his hands and respectfully said, "Brother Wang, I am Yang Yi. Brother is very handsome and has such high cultivation! You will definitely become famous in the cultivation country of Zhao! Having the chance to battle with brother is really a privilege!"

Wang Lin glanced at Yang Yi, but didn't say a word.

Yang Yi didn't feel embarrassed. He said, "Brother Wang, we are only here for a friendly exchange between the two sects. How about we fight by touch\* to determine the winner? If I can last 100 seconds, then it's my win."

Just as he finished, he immediately regretted it and said, "No, 50

seconds. Actually, let's do 30 seconds...no let's go with 20 seconds."

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples finally decided that they must properly suck up to Wang Lin, or they just wouldn't feel safe.

"Get off the stage! You're the Xuan Dao Sect's second senior brother, yet you're so shameless! Brother Wang, don't listen to him!"

"Yang Yi, are you still a man? From 100 seconds to 20 seconds? Get off the stage and send in someone else. You're not worthy of fighting our senior brother!"

"How could the Xuan Dao Sect send out such a person?! Simply too shameful!"

Huang Long's smile became wider. The more he looked at Wang Lin, the more he liked him. He turned to Sun Dazhu and said, "Junior brother Dazhu, this disciple of yours is very good!"

Sun Dazhu's body trembled. His body felt several pounds lighter. Since when did the sect head call him junior brother Dazhu with such intimacy? He proudly said, "That is true. I've had my eyes on Wang Lin from the moment he came into the sect! Hehe, good thing no one fought with me for him. Hmph, when I took him as my disciple, quite a few people even mocked me!"

Dao Xu's and the red faced elder's, along with a few other elder's, faces turned red and were about to speak.

However, Huang Long fiercely looked at them and said, "Junior brother Dazhu, you have done a great service for the Heng Yue Sect! Don't worry, your elder brother will deal with this matter for you!"

Sun Dazhu was talking proudly, but, secretly, he was even more shocked and his eyes contained a cold light.

On the stage, Yang Yi didn't even have time to bother with what the other sect's disciples were saying. He was carefully examining Wang Lin. He was afraid that he wouldn't agree to his suggestion.

Wang Lin looked at Yang Yi and said, "Ok!"

Yang Yi secretly became excited. He had always been a calm person. He was not arrogant like Zhou Peng. He thought, "Wang Lin, although your Dragon Capture Hand is strong, and I can't compare to senior brother, I specialize in speed! Hmph, let's see if you can catch me in 20 seconds. It will surely be my win!"

He clasped his hands toward Wang Lin, then quickly took out a piece of white jade and crushed it. Suddenly, white light appeared around his body and increased his speed. He shot toward the side.

He deliberately avoided Wang Lin. His objective wasn't fight him, but to use his speed to waste time.

Wang Lin revealed a mocking smile. His divine sense was far above Yang Yi's and he was easily able to keep up with the speed. His attraction technique was sent out and he slowly took out a stink bomb.

The moment Yang Yi saw the stink bomb, his face changed greatly, and he increased his speed.

Li Shan stared dumbfoundedly at the stink bomb in Wang Lin's hand as he muttered to himself, "Martial Brother Wang, Elder Brother Wang, Grandpa Wang! Please don't use it anymore! I have already angered senior brother. If I anger second senior brother as well, my life will be over..."

\*Basically is you fight but on a critical blow or something you don't hit them but stop by just before hitting them after breaking through their defenses.

# Chapter 56: Entering the Stage (6)

Unfortunately for him, his prayers didn't come true. Wang Lin's eyes flashed, then his attraction technique formed a hand and caught Yang Yi. Then, an stink bomb was tossed into the air. It flew in an arc and landed on Yang Yi's head.

Yang Yi felt the space tighten around him as if the air around him was sucked out and a force was pressing him from all sides, making him unable to move. He could only stare as the stink bomb fell toward him.

With a bang, Yang Yi was hit by the stink bomb. His entire face was black and his body emitted a disgusting stench.

He couldn't be bothered with his face being black or with the stench. His face was filled with horror. When he felt the squeezing force loosen a bit, he used all the power in his body to break free. His heart pounded as he thought, "This Dragon Capture Hand is too strong. I'll lose no matter what. Fine, let's go all out!"

Wang Lin faintly smiled at Yang Yi and said, "There are still more than ten seconds left. You can continue."

Yang Yi gritted his teeth and spat out a mouthful of red light. The red light grew large and turned into a long, sword-shaped red light and flew toward Wang Lin with strong sword qi.

Meanwhile, he moved again and threw out handfuls of talismans. The talismans all grew and activated techniques that rained down on Wang Lin.

Wang Lin sneered. He activated his attraction technique and formed a hand. He waved it and destroyed all of the talismans in the air. He then created another hand and grabbed the red light.

The red light dissipated and revealed its true form. A red flying sword! The flying sword was stopped in mid air and continued to struggled. Wang Lin scanned the flying sword and found that it had a piece of divine sense inside, just like the stink bomb. He easily erased the divine sense

left on it and used a bit more force with his attraction technique. With a cracking sound, the flying sword split in half and fell to the ground.

Yang Yi's expression changed greatly and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He took a few steps back and said, "Brother Wang's ancient technique, the Dragon Capture Hand, is very strong, but I don't admit defeat! What defeated me was not you, but your ancient technique!"

Wang Lin was stunned, but he let out a smile. "Ancient technique Dragon Capture Hand? This is the first time I've heard of it!"

"Hmph, you don't have to deny it. Your Dragon Capture Hand has already been seen through by my uncle-master!" Yang Yi walked down from the stage and all of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples got out of the way. The smell on his body was simply too awful.

Elder Ouyang's face reddened slightly. He coughed and stiffly said, "Junior Wang Lin, the technique you used is really the Dragon Capture Hand. These ancient techniques are very unpredictable and powerful. I've only ever heard of it in some old texts myself. I never thought that the Heng Yue Sect still had a technique that has been lost for thousands of years. No less from a powerful sect from 500 years ago!"

As he kept speaking, even he himself began to believe it. Even though it was not the Dragon Capture Hand, it must've been an ancient technique, or it would not have been so powerful.

Wang Lin was dumbfounded. He had practiced this attraction technique for more than 20 years in the dream world, so its power would not be weak.

This was only a small matter. What was important was that these fights made Wang Lin realize his current strength. Situ Nan said before that Wang Lin was at the half circle of the spirit movement stage, which was the 14th layer of Qi Condensation in the cultivation country of Zhao. This meant that he was one step away from reaching the peak of Qi Condensation.

As for why he felt like he was still at the 3rd layer, even Situ Nan couldn't guess what was wrong. Wang Lin had once brought up what

Brother Zhang said about cutting one's mortal ties, but, with a face full of disdain, Situ Nan told him that there was no such thing. That was only a rumor spread by the juniors of these small cultivation countries. Cultivation was a heaven defying act. These small things don't matter at all.

He stated that, in his home country, there was a cultivator at the spirit severing stage, but he couldn't let go of his family ties, so he stayed home and enjoyed life with his family, and, in the end, he still reached Spirit Transformation after a number of years.

This lifestyle becomes very dull after a long time. After all, a cultivator's life span is much longer than an average person's, so, to normal people, it looks like cultivators don't care about these things.

Situ Nan finally concluded that this had something to do with the heaven defying bead. Because Wang Lin cultivated so much in the heaven defying bead's space, it caused a desynchronization between the dream space and the real world, so, while Wang Lin's true strength was at the 14th layer, his body only showed that he was at the 3rd layer.

After a while, the desynchronization will be gone, so it was not a big deal.

With the power of the 14th layer of qi condensation and more than 20 years of hard work on the attraction technique, no wonder its power would cause people to have crazy guesses.

Huang Long narrowed his eyes and said to Wang Lin, "Wang Lin, is the technique you used really some ancient technique?" He was currently not in the mood to find what the name of the technique was, but he wholeheartedly wanted to make the Xuan Dao Sect lose face.

Wang Lin shook his head and smiled, "Sect head, the technique junior used is clearly the attraction technique. As for the Dragon Capture Hand, disciple has never heard of it before."

Huang Long secretly praised Wang Lin for being smart. He looked toward the three Xuan Dao Sect elders and laughed. "Friend Ouyang, I can tell you that this technique is not the Dragon Capture Hand, but the most

basic technique of my Heng Yue Sect: the attraction technique. Your disciples can't even defend against the most basic technique of my Heng Yue Sect, and you guys are making up this Dragon Capture Hand to justify it."

Elder Ouyang was pretty embarrassed, but, on the surface, he couldn't back down. He retorted, "Friend Huang Long, you don't have to deny it. Hmph, I already saw through it. This is the Dragon Capture Hand!"

Dao Xu let out a laugh and said to sect head Huang Long, "Sect head, I think that name is pretty good. How about we change the attraction technique's name to the Dragon Capture Hand?"

Huang Long's eyes lit up and gave Dao Xu a praising look. He said "Good! From now on, my Heng Yue Sect's attraction technique will be renamed to the Dragon Capture Hand. I'd like thank the Xuan Dao Sect for the name!"

Elder Ouyang and the two other elders' faces were full of bitterness. They shook their heads in silence.

Wang Lin stood on the stage, pondering. After the last two matches, he had gained great confidence in his strength, but the opponents were too weak to test his full power. Although his spiritual energy was at the same level as someone at the 14th layer of Qi Condensation, he was a bit short in terms of technique. He only had proficiency in the attraction technique.

In order to test how strong he truly was, he suddenly said, "Fellow senior brothers of the Xuan Dao Sect, all of you can come up at once."

# Chapter 57: Entering the Stage (7)

All of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples became furious. They all secretly cursed Wang Lin for being too arrogant, but none of them dared to go up. Elder Ouyang and the other two elders were also frowning and looking at Wang Lin with unfriendly gazes.

Wang Lin raised his head and let out a laugh. His current demeanour was exactly the same as Zhou Peng's before. He asked, "Xuan Dao Sect, are you all too scared to even all come up at once?"

All of the Heng Yue Sect disciples became very excited and started to cheer loudly.

"Is the trash of the Xuan Dao Sect too scared to come out? Where did all of that arrogance go? Come out!"

"Senior brother Wang Lin is invincible! Punch the Xuan Dao Sect! Kick the Xuan Dao Sect! Even his spit can drown the Xuan Dao Sect!"

"Your senior brother was not good enough! Your second senior brother was also not enough! Do you guys have a third senior brother? All of you, come out together!"

"Liu Feng, come out and die!"

The Heng Yue Sect disciples became even more rowdy and Huang Long's

smile became wider and wider, until one of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples who couldn't stand it anymore finally shouted:

"Wang Lin, you are too arrogant! It is you who wants all of us to come up! Fellow martial brothers, let's all go and beat him up!"

"That's right! This is his request, so it's not against the rules. Elders, let us all go up!"

"Elder, this Wang Lin is too arrogant! Let us all go up!"

The Xuan Dao Sect's disciples asked to go up one by one. Elder Ouyang clenched his teeth and said, "Since the Heng Yue Sect requested it, then, whoever wants to go, go up!"

The moment he finished speaking, three disciples immediately jumped onto the stage. Soon, 7 to 8 more disciples came onto the stage. There were even a few female disciples amongst them. With a shout from someone, all of them took out their magical treasures and attacked Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't mind at all. He activated the attraction technique. He created a few giant hands and swept them at the crowd of people. Suddenly, several people were sent flying. Then, he took a few steps back and the giant hands grabbed the Xuan Dao Sect disciples like they were flies and threw them into the distance.

Screams came from the crowd. The Xuan Dao Sect disciples were thrown from the stage one by one and were unable to get up after they

landed.

The more Wang Lin fought, the more he got used to it. His control of the attraction technique became even more refined and, after a while, there were only three people remaining. One of them was Liu Feng.

Wang Lin let out a laugh and took out the last stink bomb.

Liu Feng's expression suddenly changed. He didn't care about the other two anymore. He shouted, "Brother Wang, have mercy! I surrender, I surrender!" As he was speaking, he quickly backed up and stepped off the stage. He had already seen what happened to Zhou Peng and Yang Yi, so he didn't want the same thing to happen to him.

The last two people were Xu Mu and Li Shan.

Xu Mu saw that things weren't going well. He quickly surrendered and awkwardly got off the stage.

Li Shan's face was filled with grief. He loudly shouted at Wang Lin, "Wang Lin, come. Use your last stink bomb on me!" With his strength, he would normally not be the last person left, but, when he got on the stage, he immediately played dead. Although he was stepped on a few times, it was worth it for the sake of his future in the sect.

Li Shan planned this well. If he was also hit by the stink bomb, like senior brother and second senior brother, then he might get their pity and his beating might not be as bad.

Wang Lin faintly smiled at him. He put away the stink bomb and said, “This is a treasure, so it shouldn’t be carelessly used. You can get off the stage.”

With his attraction technique, he grabbed Li Shan like a small baby chick and threw him off the stage.

Elder Ouyang and the two other elders were furious. They wished there was a crack in the ground for them to burrow in right now.

Huang Long’s face was bursting with joy as he said, “Friend Ouyang, who is the winner between the exchange of our two sects?”

Elder Ouyang snorted and said, “Your Heng Yue Sect has good fortune to have such a good disciple. This exchange is your win! But, what I said before is true. All of your Heng Yue Sect Nascent Soul ancestors are dead! All of the things you want are in this bag of holding. Goodbye!”

With that, he waved his sleeve and a bag of holding flew out. Huang Long caught the bag of holding with a thoughtful expression.

Elder Ouyang let out a shout and, soon, a black cloud arrived at his location.

Wang Lin looked closer and found that it was the thousand foot centipede.

Without a word, elder Ouyang took one step and jumped onto the centipede. All of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples flew onto the centipede with

looks of shame, anger, and many other expressions.

Seeing the other about to leave, Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he made a decision. He shouted, "Fellow peers of the Xuan Dao Sect and elders, I have an unreasonable demand!"

With that, his body flew forward with the attraction technique and stopped before the centipede.

Elder Ouyang's expression remained unwavering. If it was any other disciple of the Heng Yue Sect, he wouldn't bother, but this Wang Lin's power was too amazing, so he suppressed the discontent in his heart and said, "Speak!"

Wang Lin looked at the thousand foot centipede and honestly said, "I would like to borrow some poison from the centipede. I hope elder Ouyang will agree!"

Before elder Ouyang could speak, all of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples became furious. One of them shouted, "Wang Lin, don't push us too far!"

"Wang Lin, this centipede is one of the guardian spirit beasts of our Xuan Dao Sect! How could its poison be just lent to you because you ask!?"

"You're too arrogant! Elder, this person is too disrespectful to our Xuan Dao Sect! I request the elder to teach him a lesson!"

The other two elders both couldn't stop sneering.

Elder Ouyang stared at Wang Lin with an eerie smile. “Junior, scram. I can’t be bothered with you!”

Huang Long and the other elders of the Heng Yue Sect all stepped onto their flying swords and flew up next to Wang Lin. Huang Long said, in a clear voice, “Friend Ouyang, your Xuan Dao Sect is too stingy. It’s only the centipede’s poison. It’s not like he is asking for its life!”

Elder Ouyang’s expression darkened. He looked around and his gaze fell back on Huang Long. He said, “Friend Huang Long, taking a bit of the poison is not a big deal, but for a junior to dare to be so arrogant is too disrespectful toward our Xuan Dao Sect!”

Huang Long hesitated for a moment. He really didn’t want to embarrass the Xuan Dao Sect too much, because the news they brought was just too shocking. If the news were true, then the balance of power in the cultivation country of Zhao was going to be shuffled.

Wang Lin hesitated for a while. He was definitely going to get the poison from this centipede. He said to elder Ouyang, “Elder Ouyang, I only want a bit of the centipede’s poison. I promise I won’t hurt him. If you agree, I’m willing to exchange something for it.”

# Chapter 58: Finished

Elder Ouyang gave Wang Lin a scornful look. He said, "You're only a little junior. What right do you have to trade with me? If you take out the treasure left behind by the Heng Yue Sect's founder, I might exchange one drop of poison with you!"

Wang Lin frowned. He secretly sneered. Then, he activated his attraction technique to full force and grabbed.

Elder Ouyang's face instantly changed. "Junior, you dare!" With that, he waved his sleeve and an old looking flying sword came out. The moment the flying sword came out, wind started to gather and formed a giant sword in the air. The sword swung down.

The moment the sword appeared, a hint of killing intent appeared in elder Ouyang's eyes. This disciple was simply too strong and he will become a threat to his Xuan Dao Sect in the future. He wanted to take this opportunity to destroy his cultivation.

Huang Long's face darkened. He realized what Ouyang's intent was and immediately took out his sword. Wang Lin let out a laugh. His attraction technique reached its limit and the invisible hand he created turned visible.

Two large hands that emitted white light appeared. Swirls of light appeared around the hands and all of the clouds surrounding them scattered.

One of the giant hands grabbed hold of the neck of the centipede. The other hand rose up and blocked the sword that was coming down.

The sword that was swinging down slowed down until it was stopped in mid air. Elder Ouyang's face was all red as he revealed a look of horror.

The other two elders clenched their teeth. Disregarding their status, one spat out a rainbow colored light that turned into a rainbow colored ribbon. It shot toward Wang Lin.

Meanwhile, the other elder threw out a piece of jade. Eight ghostly

fireballs appeared and shot at Wang Lin.

A strong heat wave reached Wang Lin, but his expression didn't change at all. He created another hand with his attraction technique. That hand created a swirl of wind around him, causing the ghostly fire to fade.

All of this happened very quickly. Huang Long let out an angry roar and formed a seal with his hand. His flying sword, the Purple Moon, flashed toward the rainbow colored ribbon.

Using this time, Wang Lin quickly moved toward the thousand foot centipede. With his attraction technique holding the centipede, no matter how hard it struggled, it couldn't break free. Wang Lin placed his right hand on the centipede's head and activated his spiritual energy. The centipede let out a painful howl and coughed out a black mist.

All of this lasted only a few seconds. No one even had the time to react yet. Both sects' elders stood on each side of the centipede, ready to fight. When Dao Xu saw the centipede cough out the poison, he was afraid that Wang Lin wouldn't have anything to hold the poison, so he waved his sleeve and threw out a white bottle. He shouted, "Disciple Wang Lin, use this to hold the poison!"

After that, he took his flying sword and started fighting the Xuan Dao Sect elder that let out the ghostly fire.

The three elders of the Xuan Dao Sect were all furious that they were stopped by the Heng Yue Sect elders and were unable to stop Wang Lin.

When Wang Lin saw that the centipede coughed out the poison, he quickly moved back a bit. He took the bottle and used his spiritual energy to move the poison into the bottle.

Elder Ouyang furiously shouted, "Heng Yue Sect, you've gone too far!"

Huang Long secretly sighed. He put away his sword and backed away. The other elders all did the same.

Wang Lin's face showed hints of regret. This centipede's poison could be the cure for his father's illness, so he was determined to get it no matter what. He clasped his hands and said, "Elder Ouyang, this

centipede's poison is very important to me. I have something that can be considered a fair trade for it." With that, he threw out a very normal looking jade bottle. The bottle was filled with the river water he had stocked up on from the back mountain.

Elder Ouyang's face was sullen. He was about to speak when carefully scanned the jade bottle. He frowned and said, "I heard that, 500 years ago, several Nascent Soul cultivators of the Heng Yue Sect created a cultivation ground with spiritual energy several times higher than normal. I guess this liquid came from there?"

When the cap on the bottle was opened, a strong aura of spiritual power leaked out. Huang Long gave the jade bottle a look, then rubbed his beard. He said, "This brat. He even brought out a bottle of river water."

Elder Ouyang grunted. He weighed the bottle in his hand, then said, "Friend Huang Long, your Heng Yue Sect has a very good disciple. Goodbye!"

With that, he glanced at Wang Lin. After pondering for a while, he sent a message to Wang Lin, "Nephew-disciple Wang, I can let this matter about the centipede's poison go, but the Heng Yue Sect no longer has any Nascent Soul ancestors behind them, so stay at your own risk!"

With that, he touched the thousand foot centipede. The centipede glared at Wang Lin and flew north.

At that moment, Wang Lin noticed that, on top of that centipede, there was a pair of attractive eyes looking at him.

He was stunned. His mind was still echoing with the words of elder Ouyang. As for the owner of that pair of attractive eyes, after looking at the person once, he didn't even take it to heart.

After the Xuan Dao Sect had left, the entire pine peak was silent. Huang Long's eyes swept the area. Smiling, he said, "Today's exchange is won by my Heng Yue Sect! All inner disciples will be rewarded! All of you can go to the pill house to get a bottle of spiritual energy gathering pills. You all have to follow Wang Lin's example.

All of the inner disciples started to cheer one by one. As of now, no one dared to call him trash anymore.

Wang Zhuo's heart was in chaos. He said to Xuan Dao, "Teacher, disciple wants to go into the life and death passage. I will no longer concern myself with other affairs."

Dao Xu let out a sigh. Wang Zhuo was his favorite disciple, so he knew of the issues between Wang Lin and Wang Zhuo. He pondered for a while, then nodded and said, "Fine. You can take this opportunity to hide from Wang Lin as well."

Wang Zhuo let out a bitter smile, but didn't say word.

Huang Long spoke again. "All of you can leave. Wang Lin, come with me."

Wang Lin nodded. His gaze swept the crowd and landed on third elder brother Lu Yun. He said, "Third elder brother, wait a moment!"

# Chapter 59: Questioning

Lu Yunjie shivered. He forced a smile and said, "Wang...brother Wang do you need something? If you need some spiritual energy gathering pills, I still have a lot left and can give some to you."

"Third brother, there's something I want from you: your helper, Wang Hao." Wang Lin stared at Lu Yunjie. Before, he was not confident enough to go against Lu Yunjie, so he didn't help Wang Hao. But, after this battle, he had a much better understanding of his own power.

Lu Yunjie's expression became unsettled. He bitterly laughed in his heart. He clenched his teeth and said, "Wang Lin, that Wang Hao is my helper and is very important to my pill creation, so I can't agree!"

Huang Long stood at the side, very puzzled, and shouted, "Lu Yunjie, it's only a helper. How important can he be?"

Lu Yunjie's face was very bitter. He decided to bite the bullet and said, "Sect head, disciple can't obey. Wang Hao has already...."

Wang Lin's expression quickly changed. He moved like lightning toward the Heng Yue Peak.

Huang Long and the other elders were all confused and followed behind. Dao Xu grabbed Lu Yunjie as he followed Wang Lin.

Soon, Wang Lin arrived above the pill house in the main courtyard. He scanned the area with his divine sense and quickly found Wang Hao's weak life force in the back room. The moment he entered the room, his anger reached its limit.

In the large room was a giant pill furnace with Wang Hao sitting cross legged inside. His life force was growing weaker and weaker.

Wang Lin didn't even blink. He moved his hand and sent out his attraction technique to grab Wang Hao. As the hand formed by the technique came closer to the pill furnace, a rainbow colored light came out from the furnace and collided with the hand.

Wang Lin coldly snorted. Immediately, the power of the attraction

technique reached its peak and broke the rainbow colored light. Wang Lin gently grabbed Wang Hao and placed him on the ground.

His placed his right hand on Wang Hao's forehead and remained silent.

At that moment, Huang Long and the other elders arrived as well. The red face elder looked at the pill furnace, then at Wang Hao. His expression suddenly changed and he shouted, "Fire Furnace Trail!"

Dao Xu carefully looked at Lu Yunjie, who was in his hand. He threw him on the ground and said, "Lu Yunjie, you sure have guts! Although this Fire Furnace Trial isn't banned, you can only use it on people outside the sect, and never on anyone inside! Did you forget?!"

Lu Yunjie's face was completely pale. He kneeled on the ground and whispered, "Disciple came, joined the sect, and became your disciple at age 15. It has been 25 years and disciple is still stuck at the 6th layer. Disciple is unwilling to give up. Once this Fire Furnace Trial is complete, the pill can not only extend my life, but will also give me a chance to break through, so I had to try, no matter what. This Wang Hao is my personal helper. According to the sect rules, I can do whatever I wish, and he is not part of the sect, so I have done nothing wrong!"

Wang Lin opened his eyes. Before, Wang Hao's life was in critical condition, but after he sent spiritual energy into Wang Hao's body, he was able to save Wang Hao's life. After he heard Lu Yunjie's words, he let out a few snorts.

Huang Long frowned. On one side was the genius Wang Lin, and on the other side was a faithful disciple of 25 years, Lu Yunjie. He found this decision very hard to make. After pondering for a while, he made a decision and said to Dao Xu, "Junior brother Dao Xu, you are in charge of disciplinary actions. How do you want to deal with Lu Yunjie?"

The moment Dao Xu heard this, he immediately understood sect head's decision and said, " Lu Yunjie will go into seclusion for 20 years."

Huang Long nodded and turned to Wang Lin. He kindly said, "Wang Lin, from now on, this Wang Hao will become an inner disciple. Consider it making it up to him. From now on, you can't go look for Lu Yunjie for

trouble anymore. After all, you are all in the same sect.”

Wang Lin glanced at Lu Yunjie and said, “Disciple obeys!”

Huang Long waved his sleeves and said, “Ok, since the thing is resolved, Dao Xu, you deal with the matter here, including Wang Hao’s retreatment. Wang Lin, you follow me.” With that, he walked out of the room and then floated into the air.

Dao Xu looked at Wang Lin and smiled, “Disciple nephew Wang Lin, don’t worry and leave Wang Hao to me. As long as he is still alive, I’ll find a way for him to recover.”

Wang Lin slightly nodded. After taking a look at Wang Hao, whose face had recovered a little, he left the pill house and followed Huang Long.

Wang Lin had been thinking this whole time. He understood fully well why sect head Huang Long wanted to talk to him alone. Before long, Huang Long brought Wang Lin into the main hall. Then, he suddenly shouted, “Wang Lin, you sure have guts!”

Wang Lin’s expression remained calm and said, “Sect head, if you have something to say, just say it.”

Huang Long grunted and said, “During that exchange, what technique did you really use?”

Wang Lin chuckled and said, “Attraction technique. If sect head doesn’t believe me, you can have a closer look.” With that, he activated the attraction technique and grabbed all the tables and chairs in the main hall. After making them circle the room a few times, he put them back to where they were.

Huang Long carefully examined the technique, then began to ponder. After a long time, he suddenly asked, “Before, you were obviously at the 3rd layer and, even now, you still look like you are at the 3rd layer. How do you have so much power? What level are you at exactly? Wang Lin, tell me the truth!”

Wang Lin’s face revealed a bitter expression and said, “Disciple doesn’t really understand. I just kept on cultivating and it became like this. As for

what level I have reached, disciple doesn't know."

Huang Long stared at Wang Lin and said, in a deep voice, "Wang Lin, you're still not going to tell me?"

Wang Lin wrily smiled and said, "Disciple really doesn't know."

Huang Long secretly sighed. He didn't want to pressure Wang Lin too much because, no matter what, Wang Lin was still a disciple of the Heng Yue Sect, and he had also just done the sect a great service. He will also very likely become a star among the inner disciples. Thinking about it, his expression became friendly and said, "What was in that bottle you gave to the Xuan Dao Sect?"

Wang Lin chuckled. He waved his right hand and took out two small bottles. He handed them to Huang Long and said, "Sect head is talking about this? Sect head should know these better than me. It's just the river water from the back mountain."

# Chapter 60: Elder

Huang Long looked at the bottles and let out a snort. “The river water from the back mountain is not allowed to be taken out. I’ll be taking these two bottles. You can go and rest. Remember to come meet me tomorrow and I’ll take you to the scripture library to find a suitable cultivation technique for you,” he said.

After Wang Lin heard this, he became very excited. On his way out, he respectfully said goodbye. Although his current cultivation was high, his only technique was the attraction technique.

After Wang Lin left, Huang Long turned. He respectfully bowed and said, “Elder Shangguan, do you think what Wang Lin said was true? And how should we deal with him?”

A skinny old man wearing a blue robe walked out into the main hall. His face was very gloomy. “How much of it is true? Huang Long, can you not tell that that little guy didn’t say a single word of truth?”

Huang Long revealed an embarrassed expression. This was one of the ten foundation building elders. In the cultivation world, strength was what mattered the most. Him being the sect head and his fellow martial brothers being elders was only a front put up for the outside world.

The rule of the Heng Yue Sect was that if one reached the Foundation Building stage, they could become an elder and enjoy that role’s privileges. If one achieved Core Formation, then they would become one of the true elders of the Heng Yue Sect, and if one reached Nascent Soul, then they would be considered an ancestor of the Heng Yue Sect.

Normally, the ten foundation building elders were in closed door training, but, after hearing the shocking news from the Xuan Dao Sect, Huang Long quickly found the ten elders to tell the two Core Formation true elders about this matter.

Wang Lin’s appearance was very unexpected for Huang Long, so he took the chance to bring Wang Lin here to question him and have the Foundation Building elders question him as well.

Elder Shangguan took a look at the bottles in Huang Long's hand. He scanned them with his divine sense, then said, "This little brat did say one thing that was true. This is indeed the river water from the back mountain, and, if consumed every day, it will help with cultivation."

Huang Long hesitated for a while. "Elder Shangguan, do you think the technique Wang Lin used was really the attraction technique?" he asked.

Elder Shangguan looked at Huang Long and said, "I saw his matches and I can confirm that the technique he used really was the attraction technique."

Huang Long's expression changed greatly. "Is it really the attraction technique? But how could it be so powerful that it could even catch magical treasures?" he asked.

Elder Shangguan coldly snorted and said, "Any technique, after practicing for an extensive period of time, will have some special effect, although it's nothing to Foundation Building cultivators. This attraction technique is the most basic technique in the cultivation world. Do you still not understand that the more basic the technique, the longer its history?"

Huang Long quickly nodded in agreement.

Elder Shangguan pondered for a while, then said, "This child's cultivation is indeed at the 3rd layer, but he has way too much spiritual energy in his body, so I can't clearly check it all. My guess is that his power is that of 14th layer Qi Condensation, so he should be able to reach the Foundation Building stage soon. It is ok for a disciple like this to have his secrets, because the sect is in a very dangerous state. Hmph, the Xuan Dao Sect really deserves to be called a small sect. Sending some Qi Condensation juniors as elders and daring to try to win Wang Lin over in front of us with voice transmission!"

Huang Long was stunned. He didn't ask further about the voice transmission, but asked, "Huang Long obeys. Elder Shangguan, regarding matters about the ancestors..."

Elder Shangguan let out a sigh. A scowl appeared on his face. He shook

his head and said, “The ancestors haven’t sent back any messages in 30 years, I’m afraid... Alas, this is not something you can do anything about. If the Xuan Dao Sect really wants the Heng Yue Peak, then there is nothing we can do. The country of Zhao is a large place and will have a spot for our Heng Yue Sect. Once the two true elders break into Nascent Soul, hmph, all of this humiliation will be paid back.”

Huang Long let out a bitter smile and silently nodded.

As for Wang Lin, after he walked out of the main hall, all of the inner disciples made way for him and were full of respect. This treatment was completely opposite compared to the day before.

“Strength, in the cultivation world strength is all that matters.” Wang Lin felt a bit emotional as he walked back to Sun Dazhu’s garden.

The moment he entered, he immediately saw Sun Dazhu walk up with a smile on his face. “Good disciple, teacher has been waiting for you for a long time. Here, have some top quality recovery tea teacher made for you. It will make you feel much better once you’ve drank it.”

With that, he picked up a cup from the stone table in the garden and handed it to Wang Lin.

Wang Lin’s expression became a bit odd. Sun Dazhu’s behavior changed too quickly, causing Wang Lin to be stunned for a bit.

Sun Dazhu saw Wang Lin’s expression. He awkwardly smiled and said, with a sincere look in his eyes, “Wang Lin, as your teacher, I wasn’t every good and we had a lot of misunderstandings.”

Wang Lin didn’t take the cup. He scanned the tea with his divine sense and found fluctuations of spiritual energy. He said, “Disciple is tired, so I won’t be drinking this tea.”

Sun Dazhu quickly said, “Tired? Then you must get some rest. The place you were staying at before is too small. From today on, you can live in my room.”

Wang Lin’s expression remained calm, but he was very cautious in his heart. It has to be said that, within the sect, Sun Dazhu was the one that

would be most suspicious of him, so Wang Lin shook his head and said, "It's fine. I won't be staying for long. I'll return to the back mountain to go into closed door training in a few days."

Sun Dazhu opened his mouth to say something, but Wang Lin quickly said goodbye and left. Sun Dazhu looked at the tea in his hand. His eyes were filled with a cold light.

Wang Lin suddenly turned around with a faint smile on his face and thoughtfully looked at Sun Dazhu.

Sun Dazhu's face suddenly stiffened and he said, "Good disciple, is there anything else?"

Wang Lin revealed a sarcastic expression. He took a few steps forward and said, "Teacher, you look very nervous."

Sun Dazhu's heart skipped a beat. He took two steps back and regained his composure. "Teacher is indeed nervous. You, the disciple, are much stronger than me. I am only at the 5th layer of Qi Condensation," he said.

Wang Lin looked at the tea and said, "Teacher, drink this tea for disciple."

Sun Dazhu's expression suddenly changed and he forced a smile. "What is this? If you don't want to drink it, I'll just dump it." With that, he threw the cup to the ground and moved back a few more steps, until his feet were at the gate.

"Teacher, drink it." Wang Lin's expression remained calm. He activated his attraction technique. The cup that was falling to the ground stopped and floated toward Sun Dazhu. Wang Lin let out a sigh. He knew that Sun Dazhu had hostile intentions. There was indeed something wrong with the tea.

Sun Dazhu's expression became unsettled. After pondering for a long time, he suddenly frowned and said, "Wang Lin, it seems you still have misunderstandings about your teacher. You believe there is something wrong with this tea? Fine, I'll drink it."

Sun Dazhu picked up the tea and drank it. Then, he threw the cup on

the ground and said, with discontent, “Is that ok? The sect head has asked me to talk to him. It will be bad if I’m late. If there is anything else, let’s talk afterward.” With that, he turned to leave.

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up and he moved his body. Sun Dazhu’s expression changed and he quickly backed up, but how could his 5th layer cultivation compare to Wang Lin?

In a moment, he arrived next to Sun Dazhu. His eyes lit up and he slapped Sun Dazhu’s chest. Before, when Sun Dazhu drank the tea, he realized that Sun Dazhu didn’t really drink the tea, but surrounded it with spiritual energy.

With that slap, Sun Dazhu’s spiritual energy was scattered and the tea quickly dissolved into Sun Dazhu’s body.

Sun Dazhu’s expression suddenly changed to one containing a hint of fury. He quickly said, “Wang Lin, what are you doing? Do you want to kill your teacher? If you kill me, the Heng Yue Sect will not forgive you!”

Wang Lin remained silent. He sent out his divine sense and found that the tea had completely dissolved in Sun Dazhu’s body. Then, he felt slivers of wires making their way from the tea to Sun Dazhu’s head.

Sun Dazhu also felt that something was wrong, but before he could speak, the wire-like object had already reached his head. Instantly, his grim expression started to relax.

Wang Lin stared at Sun Dazhu and immediately realized that something was off. Sun Dazhu’s expression seemed a bit dull.

He pondered a little, then asked, “Teacher, disciple is not trying to kill you, but you try to act against me. However, if teacher really did drink the tea, I wouldn’t have done this.”

Sun Dazhu’s expression stayed dull. He quickly said, “The tea should not be drunk.”

Wang Lin was stunned. He carefully examined Sun Dazhu for a while, then asked, “Why shouldn’t it be drunk?”

Sun Dazhu said, with a dull expression, “There is Three Thread Nematode Grass in the tea.”

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up. “What effect does the Three Thread Nematode Grass have?” he asked.

“The ability to control the person who drunk it for a short period of time. It is a key ingredient for making puppets.”

Killing intent flashed across Wang Lin’s eyes. “Why did you want me to take it?” he asked.

“Ever since I found out that you had those gourds, I had some doubts in my heart, so I took you in as my disciple. Originally, I wanted to get you to the first layer so I could use the soul searching technique on you, but I had already given you the Spiritual Energy Scattering Grass, so I thought it would take you more than ten years to reach the first layer and gave up on that idea. In the competition, you suddenly showed great strength, so I thought you must have had more of those gourds, and even other secrets. I want to increase my cultivation as well, so I thought of giving you this tea.”

Wang Lin took a deep breath and asked, “What is the Spiritual Energy Scattering Grass? Also, have you told anyone else about me? And why didn’t you use this Three Thread Nematode Grass on me before?”

“Spiritual Energy Scattering Grass is used to help remove all of your cultivation. As for the matter about you, I never told anyone. I didn’t want anyone besides me to steal the gourds, and, after that, things changed too suddenly, so talking now would end up hurting me instead, so I decided to act.”

“As for the Three Thread Nematode Grass, I didn’t have it before. I got it from another cultivator when I left the mountain last year. That cultivator said that if it’s used on a cultivator below Foundation Building, it has a 90% success rate. I originally wanted to use it on Lun Yunjie, to get some pills out of him.”

Wang Lin became furious and sneered. “Were you not afraid of me finding out?”

“In order to find the secret you hold, I can’t worry about too many things. I’m already old. If I don’t improve, then I will never be able to reach foundation building in my lifetime. In fact, I wasn’t sure if you were going to come back today, so I decided to gamble and prepared this tea. If you came back, I would offer you the tea, and if you didn’t, I assume you would be with the sect head and will live in the back mountain most of the time, so I wouldn’t have another chance to act.”

A cold light flashed across Wang Lin’s eyes. He coldly asked, “Before, you said that the sect head was looking for you. Is that true?”

“No.”

The moment Sun Dazhu’s word came out, Wang Lin’s eyes lit up and he slammed his hand on Sun Dazhu’s head. Blood started to pour out from Sun Dazhu’s orifices and he fell on the ground.

Wang Lin stared at Sun Dazhu’s body. He felt an indescribable feeling. This was the first time he had killed anyone, and it was his teacher.

After pondering for a long time, Wang Lin put away Sun Dazhu’s body. He walked out of the Heng Yue Sect with a dull expression until he reached a mountain, then threw the body down.

# Chapter 61: Ancestor

After returning to his room, Wang Lin sat cross legged on his bed. He spread out his divine sense and left a trace of it around his room in order to detect anyone who was trying to probe in with their divine sense.

After that, he took out the mysterious bead and began to think. Around three days ago, all of the cloud images on the bead disappeared and were replaced by the image of a leaf.

In regard to this, Situ Nan said that the heaven defying bead had enough water element and now needed wood element. Because of this, he had urged Wang Lin multiple times to leave the Heng Yue Sect to get material with wood element and quickly fill the heaven defying bead with it.

Wang Lin had gained an understanding of his current power. He was currently at the 14th layer of Qi Condensation. However, he was curious about how he didn't need any of the chants and just progressed this far through cultivation. He suspected that it had something to do with Situ Nan.

While holding the bead, he entered the dream space. Right as he was about to enter, he quickly put the bead away.

The moment he entered the dream space, Situ Nan said, with discontent, "Why didn't you kill those people in the competition earlier? If it was me, I would have killed all of the males and sucked dry all of the females, then used that centipede to make wine. It would be very nutritious. But one thing you did that suited my taste was killing that Sun Dazhu. Not bad. Just like me in my youth. Wang Lin, you have to remember that the cultivation world is a cruel place. The strong consume the weak. If you keep up your naive thinking, then I'm afraid you won't live for long."

Wang Lin pondered for a long time. "Senior, should the next step be to prepare for Foundation Building? Junior doesn't know any chants to enter Foundation Building."

Situ Nan snorted and said, "I know the chant, but entering the

Foundation Building stage is the true step into the world of cultivation and is very difficult. You should find a secluded place to go into closed door training in to help increase your chances of breaking through. Also, your spiritual spring water and snow water won't be enough anymore. When you enter Foundation Building, you need a lot of spiritual energy, so you better prepare some spiritual dew.

Wang Lin nodded and said, "The dew is easy to get. It just requires a lot of time."

Situ Nan sighed and said, "The Spirit Movement stage, which is also the Qi Condensation stage, is to use the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to refine the body. This has all been laying the foundation for the Foundation Building stage. As of now, you can already attempt to break into the Foundation Building stage, but I recommend you wait until you reach the 15th layer. Your talent isn't that good, and even though I've been using my own essence to help you in these past few decades, entering the Foundation Building stage is a heaven defying act. If I still had my body, I would be able to just barely help you through it, but I can't do much now."

"In addition to this, your means of attack is too simple. Just one technique won't do. But sadly, all the techniques I have require you to be at least at the Foundation Building stage to use. You should quickly reach the Foundation Building stage so I can pass the Underworld Ascension Method to you."

Wang Lin was stunned and said, "Underworld Ascension Method?"

Situ Nan proudly said, "Correct. Hehe, even in my home, a rank 6 country, it is still a top quality method. Unfortunately, it requires a place with a lot of yin element, or the cultivation will be too slow, but the cold spiritual energy it creates is incredibly powerful. Hmph, once you have reached the peak of this method, you can even fight against the experts of rank 7 countries. This is settled. Tomorrow, you can go to the scripture library of this small sect and see what they have, but, once you reach Foundation Building, you must practice the Underworld Ascension Method."

Wang Lin pondered for a bit and nodded.

"Also, Wang Lin, it's best that you don't put the heaven defying bead in your bag of holding. Place it as close to your chest as possible, so I can still communicate with you when you're not in the dream space, and you can enter the dream space through me."

Time slowly passed as Situ Nan talked. After two days in the dream space, Wang Lin woke up.

He sat cross legged and put the bead close to chest, then took a drink of the spiritual liquid and cultivated all night in silence. The next morning, Wang Lin opened the door. His body floated into the air as he moved toward the main hall.

The moment he arrived in the air of the main hall, Huang Long walked out and let out a kind smile when he saw Wang Lin. The smile on his face was much warmer than it was yesterday. He said, "Wang Lin, come with me."

With that, he waved his sleeves and jumped into the air. Wang Lin quickly followed behind. After a while, they arrived at a sub peak of the Heng Yue Mountain, the pine peak.

When they passed over the area where the competition was held yesterday, Huang Long didn't stop, but flew straight past it and went deeper into the pine peak, until he stopped in front of some strange rocks and said, "Wang Lin, this is a restricted place in the Heng Yue Sect. This is where the Core Formation true elders and Foundation Building elders cultivate, so don't carelessly spread out your divine sense, or you might offend them."

Wang Lin immediately agreed.

Huang Long took a deep breath. He took out a piece of purple jade and threw it into the air. Then, he formed a seal with his hand, swiped his hand through the air, and whispered, "Open!"

The piece of jade quickly started to shine and a circle started to expand from it, forming a circular passage wide enough for one person to pass

through.

Huang Long didn't say a word and walked inside. Wang Lin hesitated a little and followed him in.

The moment he entered, his eyes blurred. When his eyes cleared up, he saw a few old and tall buildings. The buildings gave off a very heavy aura, making him feel like he couldn't breath in here.

Meanwhile, 7 to 8 powerful divine senses came out and scanned him. Then, a slow and ancient voice came out:

"So you are Wang Lin. Not bad."

Wang Lin became alert and respectfully said, "Disciple Wang Lin greets elder." And at the same time, Situ Nan's voice echoed in his mind, "This place makes it look much more like what a small sect should be. 2 Core Formation and 10 Foundation Building cultivators, not bad."

Huang Long's expression suddenly changed and growled, "What, elder? This is ancestor!"

Wang Lin was stunned. The voice came again. "It's fine. Sect customs are useless here. Wang Lin, this time, you have done a great deed for the sect, so you can choose any technique you like in this scripture library. This scripture library can't be compared to the one in the courtyard. This is where the real techniques of the Heng Yue Sect are stored. There are more than 10,000 techniques inside this library. If you were to take this library and compare it to all of the other sects in the country of Zhao, there is no other sect with a larger collection. You must not be too greedy and you must pick the right one! Huang Long, you can take him there now."

In Wang Lin's mind, Situ Nan scornfully said, "A mere Core Formation as ancestor? When I was young, all of the Core Formation cultivators tried to suck up to me, and some of the female Core Formation cultivators would even take off their pants to try to sleep with me."

Wang Lin's expression remained normal, as if he hadn't heard anything Situ Nan just said.

Huang Long quickly and respectfully responded. He pulled Wang Lin to one of the buildings. This building gave off a very ancient atmosphere. It looked like an old library.

# Chapter 62: Calamity

Outside the building, Huang Long stopped and whispered to Wang Lin, "Here is the scripture library. You can go inside. On the first floor are mainly techniques for the Qi Condensation stage. You can look around in there, but focus your attention on the second floor, because that's where the techniques for foundation building stage are. I'll wait for you outside."

Wang Lin was a bit nervous. He took a deep breath and walked inside. This building had four floors. On the first floor were numerous pieces of green jade, floating on shelves and emitting green light.

Situ Nan mocked, "There is no need to look. What kind of things are there? These are all low quality techniques. Back then, I won't even bother to look at them."

Wang Lin didn't rush up to the second floor or listen to Situ Nan's words. He walked to each piece of jade and checked out what techniques were inside them. His hand also formed seal to test out the techniques.

Wang Lin picked up a piece of jade and closely looked at it. "Top quality technique: Fire Dragon."

Situ Nan immediately said, "Piece of shit top quality technique. This is clearly the low quality fire control technique. My soul fire technique is a real top quality technique."

Wang Lin was stunned. He put it down and picked up another one.

"Top quality technique: Earth Escape."

"Trash, complete trash! Where I come from, you can get this from anywhere and they dare to call it a top quality technique! My five element escape is a real top quality technique!"

"Top quality technique: Wind Blade."

"This is still trash! I know Howling Gale. It is 100 times more powerful!"

"Nine day thunder formation."

"What is all all crap? It is clearly just a bad thunder technique. Why

give it such an powerful sounding name? Trash!"

"Immortal transformation."

"This is kind of interesting, but still trash. I know greater immortal transformation. It is 100 times more powerful."

Situ Nan mocked each technique one by one, making Wang Lin frown even more. He finally couldn't stand it anymore and went to the second floor.

There weren't as many jades on the second floor, just a few dozen jade floating in the air.

Situ Nan lazily said, "All of these are low quality. There is no need to look at them."

Wang Lin wryly smiled and thought, "You are a senior from a rank 6 cultivation country, of course none of these techniques are good enough for you."

Situ Nan urged, "Wang Lin, you don't need to look at this. Quickly find a place to go into closed door training in, and, once you reach foundation building, you can leave this small sect."

The previous mood of anticipation had all been destroyed by Situ Nan, so Wang Lin walked out of the scripture library, frowning.

When Huang Long saw Wang Lin leaving, he was stunned and asked, "You picked that quickly? You have to carefully choose. This scripture library contains the best techniques in the cultivation country of Zhao. Other people don't even have the qualifications to enter. You shouldn't waste it."

Wang Lin's expression was a bit odd. Situ Nan's mocking and elder's praise caused a large conflict in his heart. He said, "Disciple has already chosen."

Huang Long frowned and was about to ask him which technique he chose when the entire pine peak suddenly started to shake.

"I am Xuan Dao Sect's Pu Nanzi. Juniors of the Heng Yue Sect, quickly

come out and greet me.”

Huang Long’s expression suddenly changed. At that moment, more than ten figures rushed out from the surrounding buildings. The two figures in front were the most noticeable. One of those two had a red complexion with eyes that were clear and piercing.

Next to him was a old woman. Her face was full of wrinkles and was very gloomy. She coldly looked at Huang Long and Wang Lin, then silently looked into the sky.

Behind those two were ten elders, all with bitter expressions on their faces.

Situ Nan’s seriously said, “Wang Lin, there is a nascent soul cultivator outside. The Heng Yue Sect is in big trouble now. You should find the chance and escape. With me here, I can temporarily make it so that he can’t sense you. Hmph, if I had my body, I wouldn’t be afraid of a mere Nascent Soul.”

Wang Lin took a deep breath. His expression was very unsettled.

The red faced old man loudly said, “Senior Pun Nan, I don’t know why you have come to my Heng Yue Sect. Please tell us.”

A tall figure appeared in the air. His face was very dignified and said, in a low voice, “If it was 500 years ago, I would be intimidated by the Heng Yue Sect’s defense formation, but, looking at it now, it is only so so. After I have broken this formation, I’ll talk to you juniors.”

With that, he waved his hand and a small black colored hill appeared. This small hill started moving and created wind, which soon created a giant tornado. Both of his hands formed a seal and a few very complex words came out of his mouth.

The giant hill slammed down toward the ground. A light screen appeared between the pine peak and the Heng Yue peak. The light screen formed a concave bowl and blocked the blow for the Heng Yue Sect.

“No less from a great sect from 500 years ago. This defensive formation will have some advanced techniques behind it. It can spread the power of

the impact around, but I have to see without a nascent soul to maintain it how many of my attack can it take.” Pun Nanzi let out a cold smile, his hand quickly moved and formed another giant tornado and slammed down again.

The red faced man’s expression became pale. He swiped in the air before him and created a rift. He quickly went into the rift and the people behind him followed.

Huang Long quickly whispered, “Wang Lin, follow closely.” With that, his body shot like an arrow and went into the rift.

Wang Lin took a step and closely followed behind them.

At that moment, the tornado smashed down again. A thunderous roar appeared when the tornado hit the light screen. Rainbow color lights shone from the light screen, which was barely holding up.

Wang Lin entered the rift. After he exited the rift, he appeared again on the stage on the pine peak. Right now, the red faced man and the old woman sat on top of one of the 8 white jade pillar. Their hands formed many different seals while chanting some complicated chants..

On the other six white jade pillars sat six other foundation building elders. Each of their faces were bitter and unsettled.

The old woman said, “Huang Long, quickly, gather all of the inner disciples here. The greatest disaster my Heng Yue Sect will face is this.” With that, she spit out a mouthful of core energy into the white pillar.

Huang Long’s body shook. Without a word, he charged toward the bridge back to the Heng Yue Peak.

“Hmph. It was able to withstand two attacks. Break for me on this third attack!” Pun Nanzi let out a cold snort. He spit out a mouth full of Nascent Soul energy into the small hill and it grew 10 time its size, covering the sky over pine peak.

With a bang, one of the white jade pillars broke and the foundation building elder on top of the white pillar bleed from his orifices and fell onto the ground.

# Chapter 63: Powerful

“Break for me! Break! Break!” Pun Nanzi’s expression became serious. His hands were constantly swinging as the giant tornado slammed against the mountain.

All of the people in the surrounding towns and villages were too scared to go outside, so they hid in their houses. The more brave people looked out of their windows and saw a giant mountain floating in the air, constantly slamming down.

Another white jade broke and another Foundation Building elder coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell down.

Pun Nanzi took out a purple gourd. His hand formed a seal and he spoke some complicated chants. The gourd trembled and red liquid came out of it. The moment the liquid appeared, it lit on fire and surrounded the tornado.

“Break!” Pun Nanzi let out a roar and slammed the flaming tornado down. With a boom, numerous cracks appeared on the light screen and began to spread.

Two more white jades broke and two more elders fell down.

Of the eight white pillars, only 4 remained. Aside from the two Core Formation elders, the two Foundation Building elders’ faces were completely ashen and their bodies trembled. They had clearly reached their limit.

Huang Long had already brought all of the inner disciples here. All of their faces were filled with shock and fear. Wang Hao was also among them. His face was still pale, but a lot better than before. When he saw Wang Lin, he walked up to him and stared dumbfounded into the sky, unable to say a word.

Pun Nanzi’s face was dark as he floated in the sky. This defense formation’s strength was beyond his expectation. He knew that this formation wasn’t at full powerful. If there was a Nascent Soul cultivator

controlling it, it would be a lot more powerful.

Right now, this formation could only defend and do nothing else, but, if there was a Nascent Soul cultivator here, its power would be terrifying.

As the red faced elder watched his Foundation Building juniors fall one by one, his heart bled. He shouted, "Senior Pun Nanzi, your Xuan Dao Sect has always had a good relationship with our Heng Yue Sect. Do you really want to kill us all?"

Pun Nanzi snorted and said, "Liu Wenju, you went from being just a junior 500 years ago to a core member of the Heng Yue Sect and have even reached Core Formation. It is a shame to destroy this formation. If you open it yourself, things will be easier for you all."

The Core Formation expert, Liu Wenju, hesitated and the old woman suddenly shouted, in an angry voice, "Senior Pun Nanzi, I can't obey!"

Pun Nanzi let out a crazed laugh. His face sunk and he shouted. "Fine! This defense formation, break for me!" With that, he waved his hand and the giant tornado rose high in the air. His face turned red as he spat out more Nascent Soul energy and the tornado grew even larger.

"Fall!" Pun Nanzi's hand seal changed and he signaled the tornado to go down.

The giant tornado released buzzing sounds as it pushed down a bit more.

With a cracking sound, the cracks in the light screen increased and another white pillar broke as another Foundation Building elder fell.

The giant tornado fell another inch and the last Foundation Building elder coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell down.

"Break!" With Pun Nanzi's shout, the giant tornado pressed down and sunk three inches. The pine peak shook. With a thunderous roar, the entire mountain sunk dozens of meters into the ground.

The stone bridge connected to the Heng Yue Sect broke in half and fell down the cliff.

Meanwhile, the Heng Yue Sect's defense formation finally couldn't hold out anymore and shattered into tiny pieces and disappeared.

The last two white jade pillars broke and Liu Wenju and the old woman fell onto the ground with bitter expressions, unable to say a word.

Pun Nanzi let out a cold snort. He slowly floated to the ground and the giant tornado still floated in the air, releasing a powerful pressure.

After Pun Nanzi landed, he said, with a cold expression, "Who here is Wang Lin?"

Wang Lin had already backed up into the crowd of inner disciples. He never thought that the first thing this Nascent Soul expert would do was look for him.

All of the surrounding disciples' gazes turned to him. Pun Nanzi scanned the group and his gaze fell on Wang Lin. He raised his brow and figured that this must be Wang Lin. Before, his junior Ouyang had mentioned Wang Lin many times and said that their losses were entirely due to Wang Lin. He really wanted to recruit Wang Lin. Pun Nanzi had always wanted the Heng Yue Sect's land. This time, he thought that, with Zhou Peng, they would win for sure and would take over the Heng Yue Sect's land without openly using force.

But this Wang Lin's appearance disrupted his plan and forced him to appear and forcibly take the land.

Pun Nanzi's demeanor was cold as he asked, "You are Wang Lin?"

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He clasped his hands and respectfully said, "Disciple is Wang Lin, and he greets senior Pun Nanzi."

Pun Nanzi nodded his head. He turned to Liu Wenju and the Core Formation old woman and said, "The Nascent Soul ancestors of the Heng Yue Sect have all died fighting in another country. You guys no longer have the ability to keep this Heng Yue mountain. Instead of letting another sect steal it, why not give it to my Xuan Dao Sect?"

Liu Wenju gave the old woman a bitter look and said, "Senior, please consider the good relationship between the two sects and not..."

Without letting Liu Wenju finish speaking, Pun Nanzi interrupted him and impatiently said, “Leave! Besides the people, nothing else can leave! If you keep bugging me, I don’t mind wiping out the entire sect!”

The old woman became furious and was about to charge in when Liu Wenju stopped her. He took a deep breath and respectfully said, “Junior obeys, but this Heng Yue Mountain has been our sect for thousands of years and junior doesn’t have the right to give it away. Junior can only agree to lend it. If in the future...”

Pun Nanzi sneered. He once again interrupted and said, “Lend? That’s fine. Lend it to my Xuan Dao Sect for 100,000 years.”

All of the inner disciples were furious, but none of them dared to display it. They all felt very depressed and stayed silent. Some of the disciples began to think about themselves.

Pun Nanzi’s face swept the area and landed on Huang Long. He said, “You. Leave behind your Purple Moon Sword. My junior Ouyang has his eyes on it.”

Huang Long endured the humiliation and clenched his hands. He looked toward Liu Wenju and the old woman. When he found that they were waiting for him, he let out sigh, took out the sword, and threw it on the ground.

Pun Nanzi grabbed with his right hand and the purple moon sword flew into his hand. The moment the sword entered his grasp, a purple gas came out of the sword and formed into a giant dragon.

# Chapter 64: Sect Scatters

The dragon roared at Pun Nanzi and attacked him.

Pun Nanzi sneered. He flicked the sword and said, “Animal, restrain yourself!”

The dragon’s body shook and immediately lost its will. It reluctantly returned back into the sword. The sword stopped glowing.

Liu Wenju and the old woman looked at each other and let out a sigh. She said, “Fine. All Heng Yue Sect disciples, listen to my order: follow me off the mountain.” With that, she took a look around and let out another sigh before floating up into the air.

Pun Nanzi narrowed his eyes and said, “My Xuan Dao Sect is going to recruit more disciples. If anyone wishes to join, they can stay here.”

The ten Foundation Building elders’ faces all turned strange. Besides the two who were next to the old woman, the other eight didn’t follow her.

Liu Wenju’s expression changed. He wanted to say something, but ended up staying silent. He let out another sigh, then shook his head and stood next to the old woman.

The old woman suppressed the anger in her heart and shouted, “Everyone has their own path. If anyone doesn’t want to follow us, I won’t force you.”

Among Haung Long’s generation, all of the elders hesitated and, in the end, besides Huang Long, Dao Xu, and the red faced elder, none of the other elders moved. Only those three moved and stood next to the two Core Formation elders.

Among the dozens of inner disciples, only about 10 or so flew next to the Core Formation elders. Wang Zhuo hesitated for a long time. He didn’t dare to look at Dao Xu as he raised his foot and put it down. Ultimately, he didn’t follow.

The female named Zhou hesitated for a while, but didn’t follow. As for the female named Xu, she saw that Wang Zhuo didn’t move, so she pulled

back the step she took forward.

Wang Hao could already walk. He wrily smiled and said to Wang Lin, "Brother Tie Zhu, I'm not going to go anywhere. I plan on heading home and helping my dad. Don't worry, brother Tie Zhu, I'll take care of your family."

Wang Lin hesitated. He had too many secrets and, if he joined the Xuan Dao Sect, there would be too many uncertain dangers, so, after pondering for a while, he started to move.

At that moment, Pun Nanzi's eyes lit up as he stared at Wang Lin. He suddenly said, "Wang Lin, you stay!"

Wang Lin was stunned and respectfully said, "Senior Pun Nanzi, why do you want junior to stay?"

Pun Nanzi raised his head and said, "If I tell you to stay, you stay. What's with all the questions?!"

Liu Wenju hesitated for a while and suddenly said, "Senior Pun Nanzi, this Wang Lin is my Heng Yue Sect's head disciple, so I would like to request senior not to make it hard on him and let him leave with us." He had heard a few things about Wang Lin and also observed him for a bit. He was really unwilling to give up this future Foundation Building disciple.

Pun Nanzi grunted and said to Wang Lin, "The Heng Yue Sect only exist in name. Are you going to follow them as they drift around the world? If you join my Xuan Dao Sect, your future will be much brighter. You decide for yourself what you want. You wouldn't want rumors to spread, would you? Rumors saying that my Xuan Dao Sect not only stole the mountain, but the disciples a well."

Pun Nanzi was confident that, unless this Wang Lin was retarded, he wouldn't follow the Heng Yue Sect.

Wang Lin pondered a little. Without a word, he clasped his hands, rose into the air, and stood next to Huang Long.

Pun Nanzi's eyes lit up. "Ungrateful brat!" he said.

Liu Wenju and the old woman gave Wang Lin thoughtful looks. They waited for a while longer, but after seeing all of the disciples of the Heng Yue Sect with their heads down, the old woman let out a sigh and said, "Fine, let's go."

With that, she flew off into the distance. The other ten or so people followed her with bitter expressions.

The people of the Heng Yue Sect followed the two Core Formation elders and flew away from the Heng Yue Sect like homeless dogs.

Along the way, no one said a word. Besides anger, they were filled with a sense of loss.

After flying for a long time, until the sky darkened, Liu Wenju and the old woman debated for a while, then landed on the side of a mountain.

The old woman let out a sigh. She looked at the people around her. Besides the two Foundation Building elders, everyone else was at the Qi Condensation stage. There were only four people from Huang Long's generation and 12 people from Wang Lin's generation. She bitterly smiled and forced herself to calm down. She said, "You guys shouldn't lose heart just because the Heng Yue Sect has met this disaster. Things always change in the cultivation world. Today, he stole the Heng Yue Mountain from us, but, once I and ancestor Liu reach Nascent Soul, we will be able to take it back!"

Among the two Foundation Building elders was elder Shang Guan, who observed Wang Lin in the main hall a few days ago. He let out a dry cough and said, "Ancestor Wang is correct. The more miserable we feel now, the higher our fighting spirit will be. We must carve this humiliation into our hearts. If we are successful in the future, we must take back the mountain!"

The other Foundation Building elder had a wide face and body. His face was filled with worry as he looked at the remaining disciples and said, "When disaster came, everyone flew in different directions. In the end, only you guys were willing to follow us from Heng Yue Sect." he sighed.

Among the inner disciples that followed, aside from brother Zhang and

Lu Song, Wang Lin didn't know the names of any of them, but they looked familiar.

There was also a little fatty, which was the person he met outside the word pavilion.

Liu Wenju took a deep breath and said, with a serious expression, "There is no point in dwelling on the past. The most important thing right now is to find a place to house our sect. Many years ago, I built a house at a snake-like mountain thousands of kilometers from here. For now, let's go live there."

The old woman pondered for a while. She nodded and said, "That is good. Once we reach it, we must go into closed door training and reach Nascent Soul within 100 years."

Liu Wenju's gaze shifted. He said to the two Foundation Building elders, "Shang Guan and Song Yu, you two stand guard while I and ancestor Wang recover the spiritual energy used on maintaining the formation. Then, we can carry all of you to move faster."

Shang Guan and Song Yu quickly did as they were told.

Liu Wenju took out a few pieces of green jade. He tossed them into the air and they began emit a green light. His hand formed a few seals and the green jade suddenly shook and created a dome of green light that covered everything within a 20 meters radius.

After that, he sat down cross legged and held a spirit stone in his hand and began to cultivate. The old woman did the same and began to cultivate to recover her spiritual energy.

# Chapter 65: Sect Mourning

Huang Long touched his bag of holding and looked toward the Heng Yue Sect with a complex expression. Dao Xu stood at his side and said, "Sect head, there will be a time when we will take back the Heng Yue Mountain."

Huang Long bitterly smiled and said, "The purple moon sword was given to me by ancestor Liu when I became the sect head. I told him that as long as the sword is there, I'll be there, but now, alas."

The red faced elder named Ma darkly said, "Sect Head, the Xuan Dao Sect had a Nascent Soul cultivator. Not fighting him was the logical thing to do. There is no need to feel remorse about things like this. The cultivation world has always been like this. Back when the heng Yue Sect was powerful, we did the same thing."

Huang Long secretly sighed and didn't say a word.

Wang Lin sat down cross legged in the corner, looking at the Heng Yue mountain. All of this happened too quickly and he was still in a state of shock, but he was mostly worried about his parents.

After pondering for a while, he still couldn't set aside his worries. He was afraid that the Xuan Dao Sect disciples would go find his parents for revenge. Thinking about this, a cold light appeared in Wang Lin's eyes. Although he didn't want to kill people, if they wanted to hurt his parents, he wouldn't mind killing them.

Situ Nan proudly boasted, "This is the right way, Wang Lin. Hehe, you should have been like this a long time ago. It's only killing people, what's the big deal? I have 10,000 ways for people to wish they were dead."

Wang Lin frowned and said to Situ Nan, "Killing people is no the solution to this problem. If I kill one, there will be another, unless I kill all of the disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect."

Situ Nan kept trying to push him. "What's so difficult about that? I'll teach you a technique, the puppet technique. Then, you can capture

someone and reform them into a loyal puppet. How's that? With this, you will be able to live worry free."

Just as Situ Nan finished speaking, the fat youth from the sword pavilion came up to Wang Lin and sat down next to him. He wrily smiled and said, "Head senior brother, my name is Huang Dashan. In the future, please take care of junior here."

Wang Lin glanced at the other, but, before he could respond, the black clothed disciple named Zhang came and said, "Huang Dashan, if you have time, you should cultivate more instead of asking someone to take care of you."

Huang Dashan wrily smiled and said, "The sect is gone. Among the inner disciples left, senior brother Wang Lin is the strongest. No matter how much I cultivate, I won't be able to beat him, so I might as well be his underling."

Brother Zhang turned and looked at Wang Lin. He remembered when he brought the three disciples up to the mountain to be tested to join the sect. He secretly sighed and said, "Wang Lin, your progress has really been unexpected. I truly admire you."

Wang Lin let out a wry smile, but was unable to say anything. He always had a lot of respect for brother Zhang. Brother Zhang was one of the few inner disciples in the sect that not only had never mocked him, but even encouraged him.

At this point, Lu Song walked toward the three, frowning, and said, "Zhang Dekun, we haven't seen each other for several years and you have finally reached the 6th layer. Do you still remember the promise from 10 years ago?"

Brother Zhang's eyes lit up. He stared at Lu Song and said, "Of course I remember."

Lu Song let out a sigh. He sat down next Wang Lin, then patted Wang Lin's shoulder and said "Wang Lin, the Heng Yue Sect exist only in name. I'll say something ugly. If you had stayed at the Xuan Dao Sect, you would have a much better future than coming here with us."

With that, he bitterly smiled at brother Zhang and said, “Zhang Dekun, your stubborn temper is still the same as ever. What’s the point of that 10 year promise when the sect doesn’t even exist anymore? Sigh.”

Wang Lin looked at Lu Song. He moved his shoulder to get away from Lu Song and said, “Didn’t elder brother Lu Song also not stay at the Xuan Dao Sect?”

Lu Song shook his head and said, “Don’t call me elder brother. According to the rules, I should be calling you elder brother. Hehe, if I were stay there, I would have no future, because I have offended too many people in the Xuan Dao Sect.”

Zhang Dekun coldly said, “Not only have you offended people from the Xuan Dao Sect, you have offended a lot of people in the Heng Yue Sect as well.”

Lu Song raised his head. He looked at Zhang Dekun and sighed. “Junior brother Zhang, before I became a core disciple, I was a very hated person, but that was in the past. What use is there in talking about it now? Back then, there was only one slot for a core disciple that year, and I had to help. I offer my apologies to you, junior brother Zhang.”

Zhang Dekun’s face remained cold and he didn’t say a word. During the competition for the core disciple slot that year, he was up against one of Lu Song’s relatives. Before the fight, Lu Song appeared and injured him, causing him to lose the fight.

Lu Song told him that he was not convinced then he could find Lu Song in 10 years to fight again.

Lu Song honestly said, “Brother Zhang, I’ll do my best to make up for what happened 10 years ago, but, currently, the sect is in hardship, so us inner disciples should band together. Forget the disciples under 5th layer. Between us four, Huang Dashan is at the 5th layer, Zhang Dekun is at the 6th layer, and I’m at the 8th layer. So, what layer are you at Wang Lin?”

Wang Lin saw that everyone was looking at him. He for pondered a little, then honestly answered, “14th layer of Qi Condensation.”

The moment the words were said, the three people next to him all sucked in breaths of cold air. They all knew Wang Lin was strong, but they didn't expect him to be this strong.

Lu Song's mouth dried up. He wrily smiled and said, "Congratulations elder brother Wang. You will soon reach the Foundation Building stage. When that happens, I'll have to call you elder."

Zheng Dekun gave Wang Lin a deep and thoughtful look before letting out a sigh, while Huang Dashan's eyes lit up.

The other surrounding inner disciples carefully observed the four. The few with sharper ears heard what Wang Lin said. Their eyes were filled with even more respect towards him.

Lu Song took a deep breath and said, "Senior brother Wang Lin, from now on, we are the top disciples in the Heng Yue Sect. You will be the Elder Senior disciple, I'll be the second disciple, Zhang Dekun will be 3rd and Huang Dashan will be the 4th. We should from now our share our experience and form a group. What do you think?"

Wang Lin pondered for a little. Before he could say anything, Huang Dashan quickly said, "What second senior brother said is correct. That is how it should be."

Zhang Dekun hesitated for a while. He nodded and said, "There should be leaders among the inner disciples. This will help the elders and make it so that they have less things to worry about."

When Wang Lin saw that the other two had already agreed, he nodded in agreement. He didn't really care about this matter as he had other plans.

Just at that moment, Liu Wenju and the old woman opened their eyes.

# Chapter 66: (Untitled)

Liu Wenju got up and took out a piece of jade. He threw it into the air and quickly formed several seals with this hand. He then spit out a mouthful of core energy and the jade started to spin in the air.

The old woman named Wang also tossed out a piece of jade. It fused with the first jade. The jade kept spinning and released rainbow colored light. The rays of rainbow colored light fell onto the ground and covered everything within a ten meter radius of the jade until it formed a disc of light.

Liu Wenju looked at Wang Lin's group of four and said, "The four of you, aside from Wang Lin, will be in charge of protecting the other inner disciples because there will be powerful fluctuations, so be careful not to fall off. Also, Huang Long and you three, you will be in charge of 2 disciples each. Shang Guan, you two and Wang Lin will be in charge of keeping balance on the sides.

With that, he stepped onto the disc and the old woman followed behind.

The others immediately followed Liu Wenju's order and took charge of a disciple and walked onto the disc. The two foundation building elders and Wang Lin formed a triangle while standing at the edges.

Liu Wenju took a deep breath. His hand formed a seal and he shouted, "Rise!"

The surroundings started to tremble. The light disc began to rise, then it flew off into the distance at a very fast speed.

This speed was several times faster than flying swords. A moment after it started moving, the inner disciples couldn't withstand it anymore. If there was no one helping them, they would have fallen off already.

All of the force the inner disciples were experiencing got transferred to Shang Guan, Song Yu, and Wang Lin via a mysterious method.

Wang Lin felt a huge force hitting his body. He almost fell off, but he used his attraction technique to stabilize his body. Even so, he felt his

body tremble as if he was going to be thrown off.

He looked at Shang Guan and Song Yu and found that the two elders were very relaxed and didn't look even a bit strained. Wang Lin secretly sighed and thought, "No wonder they are foundation building elders, not something I can match."

Situ Nan dismissively said, "This is nothing special. It is simply an air travel technique. Back when I used the air travel technique, I could carry 10,000 people and didn't need people to keep balance!"

Wang Lin didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He said, "There is no need to compare yourself every time. I already know you are powerful."

Situ Nan snorted and said, "When I had my body, I wouldn't even bother with a junior like you. If it wasn't for the fact that you're the only person who can hear me, I wouldn't even talk to you."

Not long after, the light disc's speed became even faster. Wang Lin barely managed to keep his body stable. He secretly complaining the whole time. Then, a dark cloud suddenly appeared in front of them.

This dark cloud was very strange. Lights arched within the cloud and its speed was also very fast. It looked like it was about to collide with the light disc. Liu Wenju's face sank and he said, "Shang Guan, Song Yu, Wang Lin, you three, keep yourselves steady!"

With that, he took a deep breath and formed a seal. The light disc paused for a bit, then quickly moved in an arc around the black clouds.

This sudden stop and start of the light disc caused an enormous amount of pressure on everyone on board. Almost everyone immediately fell down. Some of the inner disciples were even sent flying and one of them flew in Wang Lin's direction.

Wang Lin was already barely able to keep his body steady. With the sudden stop and start, the burst of force made his body unstabilized and caused him to move back.

A cold energy came out of the mysterious bead on his chest and entered this body. After the energy made its way through his body, it helped

stabilize his body on the disc.

The moment the inner disciple that was thrown out arrived in front of Wang Lin, he could see the fearful look on that disciple's face. Without a word, Wang Lin grabbed the disciple's hand and, with a spin, threw him back into the disc.

After doing all of that, he let out a breath. He knew that that cold energy was from Situ Nan. Just when he was about to thank Situ Nan, he heard a voice from the dark cloud.

"Fellow cultivators of the Heng Yue Sect, have you all met my Xuan Dao Sect's ancestor, Pun Nanzi?"

Wang Lin turned his head. He saw a giant centipede come out of the black cloud. In front was elder Ouyang and behind him were 7 or 8 people, all sneering at them.

Three of them released powerful auras and coldly looked at Liu Wenju and the old woman named Wang.

The person who just spoke was a black faced man among the three powerful ones.

Liu Wenju's face was very grim. He didn't say a word and quickly made the light disc fly even faster, pulling away from the dark cloud without even turning his head around. Soon, the large dark cloud was only a dark spot in the sky.

After a long time, the scene on the ground started to change. Patches of desert started to appear, reflecting the change in location. The light disc circled the area for a bit, as if it was searching for something. Suddenly, it sped to the north until it reached the peak of a mountain and slowly landed on it.

The moment the light disc landed on the ground, all of the inner disciples fell to the ground and started puking. Their faces were very pale.

Wang Lin also felt very dizzy and his chest felt tight.

Liu Wenju formed a seal and sent out a technique. The entire mountain

shook and a crack appeared in the mountain. Without a word, Liu Wenju jumped into the crack.

The old woman named Wang looked around and followed him in.

The remaining people all entered the crack with the support of the elders. After they all entered, the crack slowly closed.

The moment he entered, Wang Lin swept the entire cave with his divine sense and found that there was nothing there except for a few stone rooms.

Liu Wenju waited until everyone came in and said, with a serious expression, "Most of you have reached a cultivation level where you don't need to eat anymore. As for those of you who are too low and need to eat, there is food in the stone room over there that should last for several years. Me and your ancestor Wang will go into closed door training and won't bother with other matters. Listen to the elders for your arrangements."

The old woman named Wang said, with a depressed voice, "My Heng Yue Sect will go into closed door training for 100 years, then we will wipe away all our disgrace. From now on, if any of the disciples need the chants for reaching the next layer, they can get it from the elders. For the next century, unless there are any major events, none of the disciples are allowed to leave. Huang Long's group of three, you guys should also go into closed door training and try to reach foundation building as soon as possible.

Huang Long's group of three nodded in agreement.

Liu Wenju's gaze swept across the inner disciples and said, "Lu Song, you are in charge of all the inner disciples. Wang Lin, you follow me. I'll arrange a special place for you.

# Chapter 67: (Untitled)

The old woman named Wang nodded and said, “Wang Lin, if you have any questions, you can come and ask us at any time.”

Wang Lin hesitated for a while, then said, “Disciple has one request that I hope ancestors will agree to.”

The old woman named Wang knitted her eyebrows and said, “What is it?”

Wang Lin raised his head and said, “Disciple wants to go out once.”

The old woman quickly refused. “You must focus on reaching Foundation Building first. You can’t go out.”

Wang Lin raised his brow and said, “Disciple must go out to do something. Once I finish, I can focus on cultivation.”

The old woman gave Wang Lin a harsh stare and was about to speak when Liu Wenju pulled her and warmly said, “Your ancestor Wang is worried about your safety outside. Can you tell me what are you going to do outside?”

Wang Lin honestly said, “Disciple hasn’t see his parents in many years, and this closed door training will probably last a very long time, so I would like to go home and see my parents first.”

Liu Wenju pondered for a bit. He and the old woman looked at each other. Then, he took out a piece of jade and said, “Ok, go quickly and return quickly. This piece of jade can take one hit from a Core Formation cultivator. Only use it when your life is in danger.”

Wang Lin was surprised. He quickly took it and put it away in his bag of holding. The number of treasures he had was simply too low. The only two he had were the talisman from Zhang Hu and this piece of jade.

“This is the technique to open up the formation here. Remember it well.” Liu Wenju took out another piece of jade, then walked into a room for closed door training with the old woman.

After saying his goodbyes to everyone, he used the technique to open up the formation. He took a deep breath and jumped out of the cave.

After he left the cave, he didn't pause, but jumped into the air, activated the attraction technique around his body, and flew upwards.

Situ Nan said to Wang Lin, "You finally left. Do you plan on returning?"

After pondering a little, Wang Lin said, "I will not be returning any time soon. After I settle the matters at home, I have my own plans."

Situ Nan said, "If my guess is correct, once you give the heaven defying bead enough wood element, its ability to slow time will increase greatly. Right now it is 10 times, but once the wood element is filled, it might be 100 times. By then, your cultivation speed will increase greatly."

As the two talked, Wang Lin flew at a very fast speed, leaving a red trail behind him.

After a day, he entered the Heng Yue Sect's southern mountain range. He was afraid of attracting attention, so he slowed down a bit. On the second day, he arrived at the small village.

From a distance, the village looked about the same as before. There wasn't too much difference besides his own house. It turned from one house to a three room house with a giant "Fortune" sign on the main gate. Although there was barely any light, sounds of dogs and roosters could be heard.

Smoke floated from the village early in the morning as everyone got up to cook breakfast.

Wang Lin stood at the village entrance, staring at his own home. Five years had passed in the blink of an eye, but he could still clearly feel his parents' hopeful gazes.

He hesitated a little, but he didn't go in. He circled the village for a bit, then found a place to sit down and cultivate with the trees hiding his body.

He wasn't sure if the people from the Xuan Dao Sect would come kill

his parents as a form of revenge on him, so, before he settled the matter, he didn't want to go home and worry his parents.

Time slowly passed by and in the blink of an eye, Wang Lin had lived outside of the village for a month.

In this month, Wang Lin kept his divine sense spread at all times. On a certain day, a cold light flashed across Wang Lin's eyes. He said, "So, they came after all."

Two sword lights quickly flew toward the village. After they landed, they revealed their figures. One person was wearing a black cloak that covered their entire body, making it impossible to see who it was, but this person was emitting a disgusting smell.

A voice filled with hate came from the black cloaked individual. He said, "Zhang Kuang, Wang Lin's parents live here?"

At his side was a very handsome youth. He had a very sharp look and very masculine features, but his eyes weren't bright. They were filled with a bit of greed. He whispered, "Senior brother, that Wang Zhuo is really despicable. I thought that with how much he taunted Wang Lin, he would tell me where his parents were, but he wouldn't say a word. Thankfully, I was smart and checked the Heng Yue Sect's disciple registration and found that he was from this village, but I don't know which house."

After he said that, he thought, "Wang Lin, we were from the same sect before, so I still had some concern about you, but now, I'm a disciple of the Xuan Dao Sect. No matter what, I must steal the treasure you possess."

The person wrapped in the black cloak was the Xuan Dao Sect's head disciple, Zhou Peng. His hatred for Wang Lin had reached its limit. He wished that he could eat Wang Lin's flesh and drink Wang Lin's blood because his entire reputation was ruined by Wang Lin. Now, his body was covered in a black dust that couldn't be washed off, so he had to cover himself in a black cloak so people couldn't see him.

This black dust was at least hideable by clothes, but the smell emitted by the black dust was still there. Not to mention others, even when he

smelled it himself, he felt like puking.

He coldly snorted and said, “Zhang Kuang, you said that Wang Lin went from being trash to an expert so quickly because of that liquid?”

Zhang Kuang endured the smell. Because Zhou Peng was too close, his stomach churned and he felt like puking, but he didn’t dare show it in front of Zhou Peng. He quickly answered, “Senior brother, why would I dare fool you? I already showed you the liquid. That was the liquid Wang Lin traded with me for the chants for Qi Condensation stages. I swear that if I’m lying to you, I will never reach the Foundation Building stage.”

Zhou Peng took off his hood, exposing his black face covered in dust. A vicious light flashed across his eyes and he said, “Good. Zhang Kuang, if what you said is true, then, in the future, as long as I’m around, no one will dare to mess with you in the Xuan Dao Sect.”

Zhang Kuang’s face revealed an excited expression, but as he lowered his head, he thought, “Hmph, I, Zhang Kuang, am not someone who needs to follow in another’s shadow. Once I have my footing in the Xuan Dao Sect, I will be able to reach the Foundation Building stage in a few dozen years.”

Zhou Peng revealed a mocking expression when Zhang Kuang lowered his head. Zhou Peng then asked, “Have you told anyone else about this liquid?”

# Chapter 68: (Untitled)

Zhang Kuang shook his head and said, "Senior brother, in the entire Xuan Dao Sect, only the two of us know about this. I didn't tell anyone else."

Zhou Peng's eyes narrowed. He grabbed Zhang Kuang by the neck and shouted, "Zhang Kuang, you are lying!"

Zhang Kuang didn't dare strike back. His face turned red as he saw killing intent in Zhou Peng's eyes. He clenched his teeth and said, "Senior brother, if you don't believe me, you can use the soul search technique. What I say is 100% true. I didn't tell anyone else."

Zhou Peng's eyes lit up. He snorted and said, "I'll believe you for now. Go catch Wang Lin's parents and kill them. I'll refine their souls into spirit flags. We can use those to find Wang Lin. Then, using his parents' souls to attack him, unless he's reached the Foundation Building stage, his soul will break."

Zhang Kuang's body shivered. He had never heard of such a vicious technique before, so he hesitated for a bit.

Zhou Peng's eyes narrowed. "Go!" he shouted.

Zhang Kuang clenched his teeth and ran toward the village.

Killing intent filled Wang Lin's eyes. This was the first time he wanted to kill someone.

Situ Na immediately shouted, "That's right! Kill, kill, kill, kill them all! You are too weak now, but if you were strong enough, you should kill your way to the Xuan Dao Sect and kill them all. Back then, I loved doing these things."

This was the first time Wang Lin didn't oppose Situ Nan's idea. He moved his body and chased after Zhang Kuang.

Zhang Kuang's step slowed down until he almost stopped, but in the end, he took a deep breath and became more determined, then moved faster toward the village.

Just at that moment, his expression suddenly changed. He turned his head and saw Wang Lin following behind him like a ghost in the air.

Zhang Kuang took a few steps back and forced a smile. "Senior brother, you...you..."

Wang Lin remained silent. He displayed a cold smile."

"Senior brother, I..." When Zhang Kuang saw Wang Lin's expression, his heart skipped a beat and he took a few steps back while placing his hand on his bag of holding.

"Zhang Kuang, aren't you looking for my home? It's over there." Wang Lin pointed toward his home.

Zhang Kuang's heart pounded like crazy. He fell to the ground, kneeling, with a face filled with shame, and shouted, "Senior brother, I was wrong. It's Zhou Peng's fault! He forced me to come. I..." At that moment, he took out a piece of jade and threw it into the air with a serious expression.

The piece of jade suddenly turned into a flying sword and flew toward Wang Lin. Zhang Kuang quickly started to chant as he took out pieces of black wood. The pieces of black wood fused together into a whip.

The moment the whip appeared, it released a dangerous aura. Zhang Kuang threw the whip at Wang Lin. He didn't even wait to see the result, he just ran away.

Wang Lin revealed a mocking expression. He activated his attraction technique, which surrounded his body, and moved to the side. He sent out two invisible hands with his attraction technique. One of them pinched the sword and the other went toward Zhang Kuang. Zhang Kuang suddenly felt pain around his neck, as if a hand had a firm hold on it. His face turned purple. He let go of the technique he had formed with his hand and reached toward his neck.

Killing intent filled Wang Lin's eyes. With a cracking sound, Zhang Kuang's neck bent as his eyes were filled with despair. Blood came out of his mouth, and, after Wang Lin released the attraction technique, he fell to the ground. His body twitched a bit before finally going limp forever.

The moment Zhang Kuang died, the flying sword shook and turned back into a piece of jade. Wang Lin grabbed the jade out of the air.

As for his long black whip, it also lost its support and turned back into pieces of black wood, which were also put away by Wang Lin. After Wang Lin took Zhang Kuang's bag of holding, he used the fireball technique to burn the body, then rushed toward where Zhou Peng was.

Zhou Peng waited for half a day. He secretly cursed Zhang Kuang for being so slow. He was about to head over to see what was going on when his expression suddenly changed. He felt a fluctuation of spiritual energy from the village. Just as he was about to go check it out, he felt a powerful killing intent moving quickly toward him.

Zhou Peng was shocked. He shouted, "Who killed Zhang Kuang? His presence has completely disappeared, meaning he has died." Before he could think about it further, Wang Lin appeared in his view.

Zhou Peng's expression changed greatly. Without a word, he turned around and ran away. He cursed in his heart, "Zhang Kuang, oh, Zhang Kuang. You're going to get me killed! How come Wang Lin suddenly came back?"

Wang Lin's eyes remained cold. He was determined to kill Zhou Peng. He wrapped himself in the attraction technique and chased after Zhou Peng

Zhou Peng didn't even try to turn his head. He took out a flying sword and charged toward the Heng Yue Peak.

"You won't be able to run away!" Wang Lin's voice entered Zhou Peng's ear like a ghost's whisper, causing his hair to stand. He shivered and found in horror that Wang Lin was getting closer. He shouted in desperation, "Wang Lin, there is no feud between us. What are you going to do?!"

Wang Lin smiled coldly and said, "No feud between us? You know it well yourself. Zhou Peng, you will die today!"

Zhou Peng groaned in his heart. He clenched his teeth and forced the

flying sword to its limit. He thought, “As long as I reach the sect, no matter how strong he is, he won’t be able to kill me.”

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up. He activated his attraction technique and grabbed toward Zhou Peng. Zhou Peng had been on guard against the dragon capture hand this entire time. When the dragon capture hand came, he flew closer to the ground. He almost dodged the technique. His body was safe, but his sword was hit, causing him to spin for a bit before he steadied himself.

Zhou Peng’s face darkened. His flying sword didn’t stop as he continued his escape.

Wang Lin started to get nervous. His attraction technique only had a certain range and once he passed that range, the power of the technique decreased a lot. He was starting to get worried. He might not be able to catch Zhou Peng before Zhou Peng returned to the sect. He knew that he must not let Zhou Peng get away because not only would it put himself in danger, but also put his parents in danger.

He immediately said to Situ Nan, “Senior Situ, is there any way for me to catch him immediately?”

Situ Nan calmly said, “There is...but...”

Wang Lin frowned and immediately said, “If Zhou Peng gets away, then I’ll just take my parents and move away. As for cultivation, I’ll just give it up and live as a mortal.”

Situ Nan immediately said, “What are you in a rush for? I’m only talking a bit slowly. If it was the me from before, I would kill you with one slap for being such a disrespectful disciple.”

“What disciple, you fart? Hurry up!” Wang Lin became even more anxious. He even lost his respectful tone.

# Chapter 69: (Untitled)

Situ Nan muttered a few words. He knew that Wang Lin was very worried, so he didn't waste anymore time. "There is still a bit of my soul essence left. I can help you teleport once, but only once, because if too much of my soul essence is used up, then I'll disappear before you reach Spirit Transformation," he said.

With that, Situ Nan didn't say anymore. Wang Lin suddenly felt a cold air enter his body. This cold air was overwhelming. It was many times stronger than the time he was teleported by the white light.

The cold air cycled through his body. Every part of his body that the air would pass through started to freeze. Wang Lin became like an ice sculpture and started to lose control of his attraction technique.

Zhou Peng noticed Wang Lin's change, particularly when Wang Lin stopped chasing him, but he didn't even dare to turn around. He began to move even faster.

When Wang Lin's body turned into an ice sculpture, Situ Nan shouted, "Keep your mind calm. I'm about to teleport!"

Suddenly, dark swirls cycled through Wang Lin's body and, in the blink of an eye, his body disappeared.

Zhou Peng's divine sense had been locked onto Wang Lin this whole time. When Wang Lin suddenly disappeared, he was stunned. Before he could even understand what had just happened, a black dot appeared 5 meters in front of him. The black dots split up into smaller black dots and each one them turned into a black swirl.

At the same time, Wang Lin's body suddenly appeared. The ice on his body quickly melted and he said, in a cold voice, "You can't run away!"

Zhou Peng was shocked. His face became pale. He clenched his teeth and spat out a mouthful of green light. This green light grew until it became a giant python. He bit the tip of his tongue and spat out some blood. That blood turned into a bell. He rang the bell and the python grew

even larger. Then, it swiped its tail at Wang Lin.

Situ Na said, with a lazy voice, “Brat, there is still a bit of my power in your body. It would be a waste not to use it. I’m going to borrow your body and show you one of my famous techniques.”

With that, blue lights appeared from Wang Lin’s body, forming a blue ball of light before him.

The moment the ball appeared, the sky darkened and a destructive force appeared. With a boom, the ball broke and sent out waves of destructive force.

When the wave touched the python’s tail, the ice traveled all the way to its head. The python fell to the ground, frozen solid.

Zhou Peng coughed out a mouthful of blood because of his connection with the python, but just as he coughed out the blood, the blood froze into red droplets. Then, Zhou Peng’s body also slowly froze, until he became an ice sculpture.

Situ Nan proudly said, “It is unfortunate that there are no more people. This technique of mine works best when there is a lot of people. Hey kid, this is the power of the Underworld Ascension Method. Can you see how strong the cold energy of this technique is?”

Wang Lin’s body moved. He caught Zhou Peng’s frozen body. Without stopping, he rushed away from the Heng Yue Mountain.

After finding an isolated place, he placed Zhou Peng’s frozen body to the side and asked Situ Nan, “Is Zhou Peng already dead?”

Situ Na slowly said, “This little baby is not dead yet, but he is close. If you want him to die faster, you can just break the ice, then he will die for sure.”

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up. After pondering for a while, he said, “Before, you said you would teach me a puppet technique. Teach me that technique now.”

Situ Nan let out a laugh. He was very happy with how things were

turning out. He hadn't told Wang Lin what the puppet technique was like or where it was from. Actually, this puppet technique was a demonic technique. He thought that Wang Lin was lacking killing intent. With his lack of killing intent, even if Wang Lin had ten lives, it wouldn't be enough to survive in the cultivation world. Situ Nan had been trying very hard to change Wang Lin's nature and it seemed he was finally having some success.

Situ Nan was very happy. "This puppet technique must be performed by you. I'll tell you how it's done once you find a secluded cave," he happily said.

Wang Lin grabbed Zhou Peng. He searched around until he found a cave and went inside.

Situ Nan slowly said, "I'll release the ice now. Zhou Peng is in a near death state. You must open up his body, take out his inner organs, and start refining them."

Wang Lin was stunned. He hesitated for a bit, then said, "Take out his inner organs and refine them? This..."

Situ Na secretly laughed and said, "This is a necessary step for making puppets. If you can't do it, then I can't help you." He secretly thought, "Brat, you have never seen blood, so how will you ever be bloodthirsty? This puppet technique is actually not this complicated, but this is a good opportunity to open your eyes a bit. Kid, you will definitely be my demon sect's member. You can't escape it!"

While thinking that, Situ Nan quickly shouted, "I'm going to remove the ice. You have half an hour, so don't waste any time. Think about what he was planning to do to your parents."

With that, the ice surrounding Zhou Peng quickly melted and turned into blue light. The blue light returned to the heaven defying bead.

Wang Lin hesitated for a while. He thought that if he didn't solve this problem now, there will definitely be more problems in the future. He clenched his teeth and waved his hand over Zhou Peng's body to cut it open. The strange thing was that there was no blood dripping out.

While suppressing his sense of nausea, Wang Lin followed the directions Situ Nan gave him. He was forming different seals with his hands as his divine sense focused on the task. This half an hour felt like a whole year. When Situ Nan proudly said it was over, Wang Lin couldn't help but rush out of the cave and puke.

Situ Na laughed. "Good. This first step is over. Now, this second step is the most important step. You must surround his body with your divine sense and refine it for 3 days and 3 nights. Once you do that, the puppet can be considered complete. You will need to perform some techniques during those 3 days. I'll explain them one by one, so listen carefully."

Wang Lin's face was pale as he bitterly nodded. He took a deep breath and returned to the cave.

# Chapter 70: Returning Home

Three days later, Wang Lin left the cave covered in sweat. Zhou Peng walked out behind him with misty eyes.

"Zhou Peng, you return to the Xuan Dao Sect. Follow my directions and kill all of the people that want to harm me. Also, protect my parents afterwards." Wang Lin's voice was very cold and filled with bloodlust.

Zhou Peng respectfully nodded and moved toward the Xuan Dao Sect.

Wang Lin looked at Zhou Peng. After a long time, Wang Lin asked, "Senior Situ, this puppet technique didn't really require the first step, right?"

Situ was stunned. He quickly said, "Says who?! The first step was a must. Without the first step, you couldn't do the second step."

After Wang Lin had personally made a puppet himself, he felt that there was something off. He wanted to say more, but instead asked, "Will Pun Nanzi see through Zhou Peng?"

Situ Nan hesitated for a bit, then answered, "Truth to be told, when you were making the puppet, I placed some of my essence inside it, so, if a nascent soul cultivator doesn't look very carefully, they shouldn't be able to find anything wrong. Also, that Pun Nanzi should be in closed door training most of the time, so the chances of him finding out are low"

Wang Lin pondered for a while. He moved his body and shot out like a rainbow toward the village. He didn't stop at all and flew toward his home.

Before he even entered the gate, he heard a familiar voice coming from inside

"Little brat, how can anyone be as bad a carpenter as you? Just look at it... this isn't even half as good as what my son can do."

"Master, Tie Zhu is an immortal now. How could I ever compare to him? If I can be even half as great as he is, I'll be satisfied."

When Wang Lin heard this, he was stunned. He immediately sent out his divine sense. Then, he let out a smile. He remembered this person. It was a playmate of his that often bugged Wang Lin's dad to teach him carpentry.

He gently pushed the door open and said to the old figure in the yard, "Dad, Tie Zhu is back."

The old figure quivered. He immediately dropped the tool in his hand, turned his head, and saw a 20 or so year old youth that looked exactly like his son.

"Tie Zhu?" Wang Lin's dad rubbed his eyes hard as tears flowed out.

Wang Lin stepped forward and embraced his dad. He wiped away the tears on his dad's face as he carefully studied that familiar face. He took a few steps back, knelt on the ground, and said, "Dad, Tie Zhu hasn't been a good son, not visiting at all in the last 5 years."

"It really is Tie Zhu! Wife, come out! Our son is back!" Tie Zhu's dad pulled Wang Lin up. He looked Wang Lin over with a smile on his face.

Tie Zhu's dad excitedly said, "Tie Zhu, you grew taller. You've almost caught up to your dad. You also have became sturdier. Good, that's my son!"

At that moment, an old woman walked out of the house. She stared at Wang Lin as tears fell from her eyes.

Wang Lin went up and knelt before the old woman with a yearning expression. He said, "Mother, Tie Zhu came back to see you."

"You...how could you be so heartless? You haven't come back to see us at all in the last 5 years. Do we still exist in your heart? In these 5 years, your father and I have been constantly thinking about you..." As she kept speaking, she ended up hugging Tie Zhu and started to cry.

Tie Zhu's dad looked at Tie Zhu's mom, then said, "Our child is an immortal, so he must focus on more important matters. Just look at how you're acting. It will become the joke of the town. Little Six, you can go home. Don't bother coming back for a few days. I'll call you when Tie

Zhu leaves.”

Little Six smiled. He quickly responded and left after giving Wang Lin a look of admiration.

That night, Wang Lin’s mom made a plethora of good food. All of the dishes were Wang Lin’s favorites. They ate and talked about the changes that had happened in these past 5 years.

Wang Lin didn’t need to eat in these past few years, but his mother’s cooking smelled too delicious for him to resist.

During the conversation, Wang Lin’s parents asked about the giant mountain appearing on top of the Heng Yue Sect. Wang Lin hesitated for a bit and lied that the Heng Yue Sect moved, so he won’t be able to come back as often. His parents didn’t ask dig any deeper about this matter. They just told him to take care of his body.

In these past 5 years, a lot had changed. Relatives often visited and, with fourth uncle’s help, Wang Lin’s dad was able to get back his part of the family inheritance.

His dad didn’t do much carving himself anymore, but he accepted a few apprentices and passed on his trade.

Little Six was the smartest of the apprentices. He managed to learn 50 or 60 percent of the skills already.

When Wang Lin heard this, he smiled and said, “Dad, I saw the wood carving Little Six made. They were pretty good, not nearly as bad as you were saying.”

Wang Lin’s dad snorted and said, “They are still far too poor! When I taught you how to carve, you were only 8 years old, and you were already doing better than him!”

Tie Zhu’s mom looked at her son with eyes filled with love and said, “Yes, our Tie Zhu has always been smarter than them. I have to say, Tie Zhu, you aren’t young anymore. In these past 5 years, many families have come to ask about marriage. Mom heard that immortals can also have families. Since you are back, stay for a while and go see them with mom.

If there are any good ones, we can decide on the matter.”

Wang Lin was stunned and wrily smiled. “Mother, how old do I look? Please don’t worry about this.”

Tie Zhu’s mom immediately became unhappy and stared at Wang Lin. “Little brat, all of the people your age in the village already have kids running around.”

Wang Lin rubbed his nose and said, “Mom, creating a family is a big deal. Wait a few years and I’ll bring one back. How’s that?”

Tie Zhu’s dad saw that his wife was about to say more. He coughed and said, “Wife, why are you worried about these pointless things? Our son is an immortal. Do you understand immortals? How could they marry a mortal? Tie Zhu is saying that he will bring back an immortal wife. Do you understand?”

Tie Zhu’s mom paused and muttered, “What’s so good about immortals? Immortals can leave home and not come back for 5 years. If I have a immortal daughter in law, then my son probably won’t even bring her back after 10 years.”

Wang Lin wrily smiled. Right as he was about to speak, his mom glared at him and said, “Fine, I’ll listen to your dad. I guess you have your sights set on something high and the girls in the villages won’t catch your eye. Mom will wait and see what kind of girl you bring back.”

When Wang Lin saw that his mom was angry, he immediately said, “Mom, don’t worry. Your son will definitely bring you back a good daughter in law.”

After dinner, Wang Lin’s parents asked him endless questions until late into the night before they finally went to sleep.

# Chapter 71: Four Years

With Wang Lin's current cultivation, he didn't need to sleep at all. After lying in his bed for a while, he sat up and looked at the moon outside his window. He waved his right hand and took out a gourd, then drank a big gulp from it.

Wang Lin muttered to himself, "The amount of spiritual energy needed to break through from Qi Condensation to Foundation Building is simply too great. It is time to start gathering dew."

Situ Nan asked, "That's right. Hey brat, when do you plan on going to find wood element to help complete the heaven defying bead?"

Wang Lin pondered for a while, then said, "First, I'll find a place nearby to prepare to break through to Foundation Building. Then, I'll have to see how things are going with Zhou Peng. If nothing unusual happens, I'll leave this place."

The night passed in silence. For the next few days, Wang Lin spent time with his parents. After half a month, Wang Lin left. After the reluctant farewell of his parents, he left in a rainbow colored light.

Wang Lin felt very gloomy when he left. He didn't know when his next chance to come back home will be. It might be in a few years, or he might not come back ever again.

Originally, the place he planned to use for closed door training was the cave with the hole in the wall, but he decided against it. Unlike other cultivators, he needed water in the cave, otherwise, no matter how rich the spiritual energy was, it would not be a good enough spot. Also, it was very close to the Heng Yue Mountain, so it was too dangerous.

After searching the surrounding area, Wang Lin found a cave near the top of an empty mountain. There was a pool of underground water and lot of animal droppings in the cave. It seemed wild animals visited this area a lot. After carefully checking the cave and making sure that there was no other exit, Wang Lin quickly used the attraction technique and sealed the cave entrance with rocks.

As a result, the cave became completely sealed and Wang Lin began his second closed door training.

After he started his closed door training, time flew by. 1 year, 2 years, 3 years, 4 years. Without him realizing it, 4 years had passed by.

As for the remaining people of the Heng Yue Sect, they gradually forgot about Wang Lin, thinking that he had died. Liu Wenju and the old woman regretted letting him out.

The one who was most happy about this matter had to be Lu Song, because he managed to become the senior disciple of that small group.

As for Huang Long and the others of his generation, they never had much contact with Wang Lin to begin with. They only noticed Wang Lin due to recent events, so, after 4 years, they had completely forgotten about him.

During the first year of Wang Lin's closed door training, he kept in contact with Zhou Peng and found that all of the Foundation Building and above elders were in closed door training in the back mountains, so no one found out about what happened to Zhou Peng. In addition to this, he had his status as the senior disciple of the Xuan Dao Sect, so none of the disciples dared to mess with him. This allowed him to gather information and secretly take care of some disciples that had ill intentions toward Wang Lin. With Zhou Peng secretly taking care of these people, Wang Lin gradually faded from everyone's memories.

The entrance of the cave that Wang Lin was cultivating in was now covered with plants, making the cave impossible to detect.

In these 4 years, the entrance to the cave became a gathering place for various animals. Some even sat outside the entrance and cultivated.

On a certain day, two rainbow colored lights flew toward the cave. Two male and one female appeared from the light as they stopped near the cave. The person in front was a middle aged man wearing black. His body stopped in mid air with a green flying sword under him. The sword released a cold aura that would cause fear in others.

Next to the middle aged man stood a young girl. The girl was very attractive and her voice was very clear. “Third senior brother, you have to help me find a crystal spirit beast. The competition to enter the back mountain is soon and I need a good wood crystal spirit beast to refine into a sword spirit. With that sword spirit, I’ll win for sure.”

If Wang Lin saw this girl, he would find her to be very familiar. This was the female named Xu who was secretly in love with Wang Zhuo. She had now grown from a pretty teenager to a beautiful woman.

The middle aged man was in a trance. He suddenly regained his senses and said, “Junior sister, work hard and strive to get into the back mountain. After I help you capture a crystal spirit beast, I’ll have to go into closed door training.”

There was another teenager who stood next to the girl. He was every young and was clinging to the girl. He said, “Senior brother and sister, you two are flying too fast. I can’t even keep my eyes open. Since we are here already, let’s go down.”

The girl named Xu said, “Junior brother, didn’t you say that you had follow? I already told you that your cultivation isn’t high enough. Just this speed and you can’t stand it.”

The middle aged man turned, looked at the two, and said, “Junior brother, your talent is good, but if you can’t even stand this little bit of hardship, how will you cultivate in the future?”

The youth was clearly very afraid of the middle aged man and said, “Third brother, I know I was wrong.”

The girl named Xu tapped the youth’s head and said, “Junior brother, just wait a bit. Once we capture the crystal beast, we can return to the sect.”

The youth quickly nodded and whispered, “Senior sister, you are one of the Xuan Dao Sect’s geniuses. You managed to go from the 4th layer to the 7th layer in only 4 years. This time, after you capture the crystal beast and refine it into a sword spirit, you will become one of the experts in the Xuan Dao Sect. You’ll have to help me when Li Shan bullies me in the

future.”

The girl shook her head and wrily smiled. “Speaking of geniuses, elder brother Liu Feng is definitely one. He has almost caught up to senior brother’s cultivation and is going to break through into the 13th layer soon. There is also elder sister Liu Mei, who has already reached the 12th layer. They were all originally Xuan Dao Sect disciples, so they naturally have access to the back mountain. I am originally from the Heng Yue Sect, so I have to fight for one of the remaining spots in the back mountain. I hope I can win this time.”

The middle aged man let out a snort and disgruntledly said, “That bat Liu Feng only grew so fast because he was able to enter the back mountain. It was only because the ancestor had his eyes on the Heng Yue Sect’s back mountain that he made it this far. If it wasn’t for the ancestor, how could Liu Feng grow so fast? Even if he has great talent, without a great amount of spiritual energy, it would take years to break through.”

The girl named Xu smiled and changed the topic “Third brother, look at this place. I remember it being very different from before. Why are there so many wild animals cultivating around here?”

# Credits

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